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NEW YORK

POPE.

Thus while she spoke, a side long glance she cast,
Where Damian kneeling, worshipp'd as she past.

Drawn by W. Westall, R.A. Engraved by J. Heagle.

THE

WORKS

OF THE

BRITISH POETS,

WITH

LIVES OF THE AUTHORS.

EDITED BY

ROBERT WALSH, Jr.

VOL. XX.

POPE.

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1819.

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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ALEXANDER POPE.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

FROM DR. JOHNSON.

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LIFE OF POPE.

ALEXANDER POPE was born in London, May 22, 1688, of parents whose rank or station was never ascertained: we are informed, that they were of "gentle blood;" that his father was of a family of which the earl of Downe was the head; and that his mother was the daughter of William Turner, esquire, of York, who had likewise three sons, one of whom had the honour of being killed, and the other of dying, in the service of Charles the First; the third was made a general officer in Spain, from whom the sister inherited what sequestrations and forfeitures had left in the family.

This, and this only, is told by Pope; who is more willing, as I have heard observed, to show what his father was not, than what he was. It is allowed that he grew rich by trade; but whether in a shop or on the Exchange was never discovered, till Mr. Tyers told, on the authority of Mrs. Racket, that he was a linen-draper in the Strand. Both parents were papists.

Pope was, from his birth, of a constitution tender and delicate; but is said to have shown remarkable *gentleness and* sweetness of disposition. The

weakness of his body continued through his l
but the mildness of his mind perhaps ended
his childhood. His voice, when he was young,
so pleasing, that he was called, in fondness, '
little nightingale."

Being not sent early to school, he was taugl
read by an aunt; and when he was seven or
years old, became a lover of books. He
learned to write by imitating printed books; a
cies of penmanship in which he retained gre
cellence through his whole life, though his
nary hand was not elegant.

When he was about eight he was plac
Hampshire, under Taverner, a Romish priest,
by a method very rarely practised, taught hin
Greek and Latin rudiments together. He was
first regularly initiated in poetry by the peru
Ogilby's Homer, and Sandy's Ovid. Ogilby
sistance he never repaid with any praise: b
Sandys, he declared, in his notes to the Iliad,
English poetry owed much of its beauty t
translations.

From the care of Taverner, under whor
proficiency was considerable, he was remove
school at Twyford, near Winchester, and ag
another school about Hyde-park Corner;
which he used sometimes to stroll to the
house; and was so delighted with theatrical
bitions, that he formed a kind of play from
by's Iliad, with some verses of his own intern
which he persuaded his school-fellows to act,
the addition of his master's gardener, who p
ated Ajax.

At the two last schools he used to represen

* This weakness was so great that he constantly wore s
I have been assured by a waterman at Twickenham, who
ing him into his boat, had often felt them. His method o
the air on the water was to have a sedan chair in the boat, i
he sat with the glasses down. H.

self as having lost part of what Taverner had taught him; and on his master at Twyford he had already exercised his poetry in a lampoon. Yet under those masters he translated more than a fourth part of the Metamorphoses. If he kept the same proportion in other exercises, it cannot be thought that his loss was great.

He tells of himself, in his poems, that "he lisp'd in numbers;" and used to say, that he could not remember the time when he began to make verses. In the style of fiction, it might have been said of him as of Pindar, that, when he lay in his cradle, "the bees swarmed about his mouth."

About the time of the revolution, his father quitted his trade, and retired to Binfield, in Windsor Forest, with about twenty thousand pounds: for which, being conscientiously determined not to intrust it to the government, he found no better use than that of locking it up in a chest, and taking from it what his expenses required; and his life was long enough to consume a great part of it, before his son came to the inheritance.

To Binfield Pope was called by his father, when he was about twelve years old; and there he had, for a few months, the assistance of one Deane, another priest, of whom he learned only to construe a little of Tully's Offices. How Mr. Deane could spend, with a boy who had translated so much of Ovid, some months over a small part of Tully's Offices, it is now vain to inquire.

Of a youth so successfully employed, and so conspicuously improved, a minute account must be naturally desired; but curiosity must be contented with confused, imperfect, and somtimes improbable intelligence. Pope, finding little advantage from external help, resolved thenceforward to direct himself, and at twelve formed a plan of study, which he completed with little other incitement than the desire of excellence.

His primary and principal purpose was to be a poet, with which his father accidentally concurred, by proposing subjects, and obliging him to correct his performances by many revisals; after which the old gentleman, when he was satisfied, would say, "these are good rhymes."

In his perusal of the English poets he soon distinguished the versification of Dryden, which he considered as the model to be studied, and was impressed with such veneration for his instructor, that he persuaded some friends to take him to the coffee-house which Dryden frequented, and pleased himself with having seen him.

Dryden died May 1, 1701, some days before Pope was twelve; so early must he therefore have felt the power of harmony, and the zeal of genius. Who does not wish that Dryden could have known the value of the homage that was paid him, and foreseen the greatness of his young admirer.

The earliest of Pope's productions is his Ode on Solitude, written before he was twelve, in which there is nothing more than other forward boys have attained, and which is not equal to Cowley's performances at the same age.

His time was now wholly spent in reading and writing. As he read the Classics, he amused himself with translating them; and at fourteen made a version of the first book of the Thebais, which, with some revision, he afterwards published. He must have been, at this time, if he had no help, a considerable proficient in the Latin tongue.

By Dryden's Fables, which had then been not long published, and were much in the hands of poetical readers, he was tempted to try his own skill in giving Chaucer a more fashionable appearance, and put January and May, and the Prologue of the Wife of Bath, into modern English. He translated likewise the Epistle of Sappho to Phaon *from* Ovid, to complete the version which was

before imperfect; and wrote some other small pieces, which he afterwards printed.

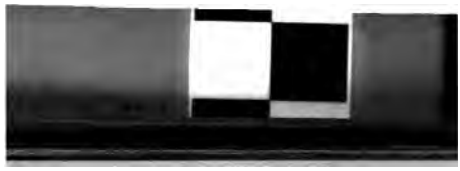
He sometimes imitated the English poets, and professed to have written at fourteen his poem upon Silence, after Rochester's Nothing. He had now formed his versification, and the smoothness of his numbers surpassed his original: but this is a small part of his praise; he discovers such acquaintance both with human life and public affairs, as is not easily conceived to have been attainable by a boy of fourteen, in Windsor Forest.

Next year he was desirous of opening to himself new sources of knowledge, by making himself acquainted with modern languages; and removed for a time to London, that he might study French and Italian, which, as he desired nothing more than to read them, were by diligent application soon dispatched. Of Italian learning he does not appear to have ever made much use in his subsequent studies.

He then returned to Binfield, and delighted himself with his own poetry. He tried all styles, and many subjects. He wrote a comedy, a tragedy, an epic poem, with panegyrics on all the princes of Europe; and, as he confesses, "thought himself the greatest genius that ever was." Self-confidence is the first requisite to great undertakings. He, indeed, who forms his opinion of himself in solitude, without knowing the powers of other men, is very liable to error: but it was the felicity of Pope to rate himself at his real value.

Most of his puerile productions were, by his maturer judgment, afterwards destroyed; Alcander, the epic poem, was burnt by the persuasion of Atterbury. The tragedy was founded on the legend of St. Genevieve. Of the comedy there is no account.

Concerning his studies it is related, that he translated Tully on Old Age; and that, besides his



books of poetry and criticism, he read T
Essays, and Locke on Human Understandin
reading, though his favourite authors are not
appears to have been sufficiently extensive a
tifarious; for his early pieces show, with su
evidence, his knowledge of books.

He that is pleased with himself easily in
that he shall please others. Sir William Tr
who had been ambassador at Constantinop
secretary of state, when he retired from b
fixed his residence in the neighbourhood
field. Pope, not yet sixteen, was introdu
the statesman of sixty, and so distinguished
that their interviews ended in friendship a
respondence. Pope was, through his whe
ambitious of splendid acquaintance; and he
to have wanted neither diligence nor succe
tracting the notice of the great; for, from
entrance into the world, and his entrance w
early, he was admitted to familiarity with
whose rank or station made them most
cuous.

From the age of sixteen the life of Pope
author, may be properly computed. He no
his pastorals, which were shown to the po
critics of that time: as they well deserve
were read with admiration, and many praise
bestowed upon them: they were, howev
published till five years afterwards.

Cowley, Milton, and Pope, are distin
among the English poets by the early exe
their powers; but the works of Cowley alon
published in his childhood, and therefore
only can it be certain, that his puerile p
ances received no improvement from his
studies.

At this time began his acquaintance wi
cherley, a man who seems to have had am
contemporaries his full share of reputation.

was proud of his notice; Wycherly wrote verses in his praise, which he was charged by Dennis with writing to himself, and they agreed for a while to flatter one another. It is pleasant to remark how soon Pope learned the cant of an author, and began to treat critics with contempt, though he had yet suffered nothing from them.

But the fondness of Wycherley was too violent to last. His esteem of Pope was such, that he submitted some poems to his revision; and when Pope, perhaps proud of such confidence, was sufficiently bold in his criticisms, and liberal in his alterations, the old scribbler was angry to see his pages defaced, and felt more pain from the detection, than content from the amendment of his faults. They parted; but Pope always considered him with kindness, and visited him a little time before he died.

Another of his early correspondents was Mr. Cromwell, of whom I have learned nothing particular, but that he used to ride a hunting in a tye-wig. He was fond, and perhaps vain, of amusing himself with poetry and criticism; and sometimes sent his performances to Pope, who did not forbear such remarks as were now-and-then unwelcome. Pope, in his turn, put the juvenile version of Statius into his hands for correction.

Their correspondence afforded the public its first knowledge of Pope's epistolary powers; for his letters were given by Cromwell to one Mrs. Thomas; and she, many years afterwards, sold them to Curll, who inserted them in a volume of his Miscellanies.

Walsh, a name yet preserved among the minor poets, was one of his first encouragers. His regard was gained by the Pastorals, and from him Pope received the counsel by which he seems to have regulated his studies. Walsh advised him to correctness, which, as he told him, the English

poets had hitherto neglected, and which the was left to him as a basis of fame; and bein lighted with rural poems, recommended to l write a pastoral comedy, like those which ar so eagerly in Italy; a design which Pope pr did not approve, as he did not follow it.

Pope had now declared himself a poet thinking himself entitled to poetical conver began at seventeen to frequent Will's, a c house on the north side of Russel-street, in C garden, where the wits of that time used to ble, and where Dryden had been accuston preside.

During this period of his life he was inde bly diligent, and insatiably curious; wanting for violent, and money for expensive pleasur having excited in himself very strong desi intellectual eminence, he spent much of hi over his books; but he read only to store hi with facts and images, seizing all that his a presented with undistinguishing voracity, an an appetite for knowledge too eager to be n a mind like his, however, all the faculties w once involuntarily improving. Judgment is upon us by experience. He that reads many must compare one opinion or one style wit ther; and, when he compares, must nece distinguish, reject, and prefer. But the a given by himself of his studies was, that fro teen to twenty he read only for amusement twenty to twenty-seven for improvement struction; that in the first part of his time sired only to know, and in the second he voured to judge.

The pastorals, which had been for som handed about among poets and critics, were printed (1709) in Tonson's Miscellany, in lume which began with the Pastorals of I and ended with those of Pope.

The same year was written the Essay on Criticism; a work which displays such extent of comprehension, such nicety of distinction, such acquaintance with mankind, and such knowledge both of ancient and modern learning, as are not often attained by the maturest age and longest experience. It was published about two years afterwards; and, being praised by Addison in the Spectator with sufficient liberality, met with so much favour as enraged Dennis, "who," he says, "found himself attacked, without any manner of provocation on his side, and attacked in his person, instead of his writings, by one who was wholly a stranger to him, at a time when all the world knew he was persecuted by fortune; and not only saw that this was attempted in a clandestine manner, with the utmost falsehood and calumny, but found that all this was done by a little affected hypocrite, who had nothing in his mouth at the same time but truth, candour, friendship, good-nature, humanity, and magnanimity."

How the attack was clandestine is not easily perceived, nor how his person is depreciated; but he seems to have known something of Pope's character, in whom may be discovered an appetite to talk too frequently of his own virtues.

Thus began the hostility between Pope and Dennis, which, though it was suspended for a short time, never was appeased. Pope seems, at first, to have attacked him wantonly; but, though he always professed to despise him, he discovers, by mentioning him very often, that he felt his force or his venom.

Of this Essay, Pope declared, that he did not expect the sale to be quick, because "not one gentleman in sixty, even of liberal education, could understand it." The gentlemen, and the education of that time, seem to have been of a lower charac-

an they are of this. He mentioned a thou-
copies as a numerous impression.

.e Essay has been translated into French by
ilton, author of the Comte de Grammont,
se version was never printed; by Robotham se-
ary to the king for Hanover, and by Resnel;
commented by Dr. Warburton, who has disco
red in it such order and connection as was not
rceived by Addison, nor, as is said, by the au-
or.

As the end of method is perspicuity, that series
s sufficiently regular that avoids obscurity; and
where there is no obscurity, it will not be difficult
to discover method.

In the Spectator was published the Messiah,
which he first submitted to the perusal of Steele,
and corrected in compliance with his criticisms.

It is reasonable to infer, from his Letters, that
the Verses on the Unfortunate Lady were written
about the time when his Essay was published. The
lady's name and adventures I have sought with
fruitless inquiry.*

I can therefore tell no more than I have learne
from Mr. Ruffhead, who writes with the confidenc
of one who could trust his information. She w
a woman of eminent rank and large fortune, t
ward of an uncle, who, having given her a pro
education, expected, like other guardians, that
should make at least an equal match; and such
proposed to her, but found it rejected in favo
a young gentleman of inferior condition.

Having discovered the correspondence bet
the two lovers, and finding the young lady
mined to abide by her own choice, he sup
that separation might do what can rarely b
by arguments, and sent her into a foreign c

* See Gent. Mag. Vol. LI. p. 314.

where she was obliged to converse only with those from whom her uncle had nothing to fear.

Her lover took care to repeat his vows; but his letters were intercepted and carried to her guardian, who directed her to be watched with still greater vigilance, till of this restraint she grew so impatient, that she bribed a woman servant to procure her a sword, which she directed to her heart.

Not long after, he wrote the Rape of the Lock, the most airy, the most ingenious, and the most delightful of all his compositions, occasioned by a frolic of gallantry, rather too familiar, in which lord Petre cut off a lock of Mrs. Arabella Fermor's hair. This, whether stealth or violence, was so much resented, that the commerce of the two families, before very friendly, was interrupted. Mr. Caryl, a gentleman who, being secretary to king James's queen, had followed his mistress into France, and who, being the author of Sir Solomon Single, a comedy, and some translations, was entitled to the notice of a wit, solicited Pope to endeavour a reconciliation by a ludicrous poem, which might bring the parties to a better temper. In compliance with Caryl's request, though his name was for a long time marked only by the first and last letters, C—l, a poem of two cantos was written (1711) as is said, in a fortnight, and sent to the offended lady, who liked it well enough to show it; and, with the usual process of literary transactions, the author, dreading a surreptitious edition, was forced to publish it.

The event is said to have been such as was desired, the pacification and diversion of all to whom it related, except sir George Brown, who complained with some bitterness, that, in the character of sir Plume, he was made to talk nonsense. Whether all this be true, I have some doubt; for at Paris, a few years ago, a niece of Mrs. Fermor, who

presided in an English convent, mentioned Pope's work with very little gratitude, rather as an insult than an honour; and she may be supposed to have inherited the opinion of her family.

At its first appearance it was termed by Addison "merum sal." Pope, however, saw that it was capable of improvement; and, having luckily contrived to borrow his machinery from the Rosicrucians, imparted the scheme with which his head was teeming to Mr. Addison, who told him that his work, as it stood, was "a delicious little thing," and gave him no encouragement to retouch it.

This has been too hastily considered as an instance of Addison's jealousy; for, as he could not guess the conduct of the new design, or the possibilities of pleasure comprised in a fiction of which there had been no examples, he might very reasonably and kindly persuade the author to acquiesce in his own prosperity, and forbear an attempt which he considered as an unnecessary hazard.

Addison's counsel was happily rejected. Pope foresaw the future efflorescence of imagery then budding in his mind, and resolved to spare no art, or industry of cultivation. The soft luxuriance of his fancy was already shooting, and all the gay varieties of diction were ready at his hand to colour and embellish it.

His attempt was justified by its success. The Rape of the Lock stands forward, in the classes of literature, as the most exquisite example of ludicrous poetry. Berkeley congratulated him upon the display of powers more truly poetical than he had shown before: with elegance of description and justness of precepts, he had now exhibited boundless fertility of invention.

He always considered the intermixture of the machinery with the action as his most successful exertion of poetical art. He indeed could never

afterwards produce any thing of such unexampled excellence. Those performances, which strike with wonder, are combinations of skilful genius with happy casuality; and it is not likely that any felicity, like the discovery of a new race of preternatural agents, should happen twice to the same man.

Of this poem the author was, I think, allowed to enjoy the praise for a long time without disturbance. Many years afterwards Dennis published some remarks upon it, with very little force, and with no effect; for the opinion of the public was already settled, and it was no longer at the mercy of criticism.

About this time he published the Temple of Fame, which, as he tells Steele in their correspondence, he had written two years before; that is, when he was only twenty-two years old, an early time of life for so much learning and so much observation, as that work exhibits.

On this poem Dennis afterwards published some remarks, of which the most reasonable is, that some of the lines represent motion as exhibited by sculpture.

Of the epistle of Eloisa to Abelard, I do not know the date. His first inclination to attempt a composition of that tender kind arose, as Mr. Savage told me, from his perusal of Prior's Nut-brown Maid. How much he has surpassed Prior's work it is not necessary to mention, when perhaps it may be said with justice, that he has excelled every composition of the same kind. The mixture of religious hope and resignation gives an elevation and dignity to disappointed love, which images merely natural cannot bestow. The gloom of a convent strikes the imagination with far greater force than the solitude of a grove.

This piece was, however, not much his favourite

in his latter years, though I never heard up
principle he slighted it.

The Epistle of Eloise to Abelard is one
most happy productions of human wit: the
is so judiciously chosen, that it would be d
in turning over the annals of the world, to
other which so many circumstances concur
commend. We regularly interest ourselv
in the fortune of those who most deserve
tice. Abelard and Eloise were conspicuous
days for eminence of merit. The heart n
loves truth. The adventures and misfort
this illustrious pair are known from undispu
tory. Their fate does not leave the mind i
less dejection; for they both found quiet a
solation in retirement and piety. So new
affecting is their story, that it supersedes
tion; and imagination ranges at full liberty
straggling into scenes of fable.

The story, thus skilfully adopted, has be
gently improved. Pope has left nothing
him, which seems more the effect of studi
severance and laborious revisal. Here is
larly observable the *curiosa felicitas*, a frui
and careful cultivation. Here is no crude
sense, nor asperity of language.

In the next year (1713) he published
Forest; of which part was, as he relates, w
sixteen, about the same time as his Pastora
the latter part was added afterwards; wh
addition begins, we are not told. The line
ing to the peace confess their own date.
dicated to lord Lansdowne, who was then
reputation and influence among the Tories
is said, that the conclusion of the poem gav
pain to Addison, both as a poet and a po
Reports like this are always spread with b
very disproportionate to their evidence.
should Addison receive any particular distr

from the last lines of Windsor Forest? If contrariety of opinion could poison a politician, he would not live a day; and, as a poet, he must have felt Pope's force of genius much more from many other parts of his works.

The pain that Addison might feel it is not likely that he would confess; and it is certain that he so well suppressed his discontent, that Pope now thought himself his favourite; for, having been consulted in the revisal of Cato, he introduced it by a prologue; and, when Dennis published his Remarks, undertook, not indeed to vindicate, but to revenge his friend, by a "Narrative of the Frenzy of John Dennis."

There is reason to believe, that Addison gave no encouragement to this disingenuous hostility; for, says Pope, in a letter to him, "indeed your opinion, that 'tis entirely to be neglected, would be my own in my own case; but I felt more warmth here, than I did when I first saw his book against myself, (though indeed in two minutes it made me heartily merry.)" Addison was not a man on whom such cant of sensibility could make much impression. He left the pamphlet to itself, having disowned it to Dennis, and perhaps did not think Pope to have deserved much by his officiousness.

This year was printed in the Guardian, the ironical comparison between the Pastorals of Philips and Pope; a composition of artifice, criticism, and literature, to which nothing equal will easily be found. The superiority of Pope is so ingeniously dissembled, and the feeble lines of Philips so skilfully preferred, that Steele being deceived, was unwilling to print the paper, lest Pope should be offended. Addison immediately saw the writer's design; and, as it seems, had malice enough to conceal his discovery, and to admit a publication, which, by making his friend Philips ridiculous, made him for ever an enemy to Pope

It appears, that about this time Pope had a
inclination to unite the art of painting with t
poetry, and put himself under the tuition of J
He was near-sighted, and therefore not form
nature for a painter: he tried, however, h
he could advance, and sometimes persuad
friends to sit. A picture of Betterton, suppo
be drawn by him, was in the possession c
Mansfield: if this was taken from the life, h
have begun to paint earlier: for Betterton w
dead. Pope's ambition of this new art pro
some encomiastic verses to Jervas, which ce
show his power as a poet; but I have bee
that they betray his ignorance of painting.

He appears to have regarded Betterto
kindness and esteem; and after his death p
ed, under his name, a version into modern F
of Chaucer's Prologues, and one of his Tales,
as was related by Mr. Harte, were belie
have been the performance of Pope hims
Fenton, who made him a gay offer of five p
if he would show them in the hand of Bette

The next year (1714) produced a bolder at
by which profit was sought as well as praise.
poems which he had hitherto written, h
they might have diffused his name, had mad
little addition to his fortune. The all
which his father made him, though, propor
to what he had, it might be liberal, could
large; his religion hindered him from the o
tion of any civil employment; and he comp
that he wanted even money to buy books.

He therefore resolved to try how far the
of the public extended, by soliciting a subsc
to a verson of the Iliad, with large notes.

To print by subscription was, for some t
practice peculiar to the English. The fir
siderable work, for which this expedient w

ployed, is said to have been Dryden's Virgil*; and it had been tried again with great success when the Tatlers were collected into volumes.

There was reason to believe, that Pope's attempt would be successful. He was in the full bloom of reputation, and was personally known to almost all whom dignity of employment or splendour of reputation had made eminent; he conversed indifferently with both parties, and never disturbed the public with his political opinions; and it might be naturally expected, as each faction then boasted its literary zeal, that the great men, who on other occasions practised all the violence of opposition, would emulate each other in their encouragement of a poet, who had belighted all, and by whom none had been offended.

With those hopes, he offered an English Iliad to subscribers, in six volumes in quarto, for six guineas; a sum, according to the value of money at that time, by no means inconsiderable, and greater than I believe to have been asked before. His proposal, however, was very favourably received; and the patrons of literature were busy to recommend his undertaking, and promote his interest. Lord Oxford, indeed, lamented that such a genius should be wasted upon a work not original; but proposed no means by which he might live without it. Addison recommended caution and moderation, and advised him not to be content with the praise of half the nation when he might be universally favoured.

The greatness of the design, the popularity of the author, and the attention of the literary world, naturally raised such expectations of the future sale, that the booksellers made their offers with great eagerness; but the highest bidder was Bernard Lintot, who became proprietor, on condition of

* Earlier than this, viz. in 1688, Milton's Paradise Lost had been published *with great success* by subscription, in folio, under the *patronage of Mr.* (afterwards Lord) Somers. R.

supplying, at his own expence, all the copies whic were to be delivered to subscribers, or presented t friends, and paying two hundred pounds for ever volume.

Of the quartos it was, I believe, stipulated, th: none should be printed but for the author, that th subscription might not be depreciated; but Lint impressed the same pages upon a small folio, an paper perhaps a little thinner; and sold exactly : half the price, for half a guinea each volume, bool so little inferior to the quartos, that by a fraud trade, these folios, being afterwards shortened b cutting away the top and bottom, were sold : copies printed for the subscribers.

Lintot printed two hundred and fifty on roy: paper in folio, for two guineas a volume; of th small folio, having printed seventeen hundred an fifty copies of the first volume, he reduced th number in the other volumes to a thousand.

Pope, having now emitted his proposals, and e gaged not only his own reputation, but in som degree that of his friends who patronised his sul scription, began to be frighted at his undertaking and finding himself at first embarrassed with diff culties, which retarded and oppressed him, he w for a time timorous and uneasy, had his nights di turbed by dreams of long journeys through u known ways, and wishes, as he said, "that som body would hang him*."

This misery, however, was not of long contin ance; he grew by degrees more acquainted wit Homer's images and expressions, and practice i creased his facility of versification. In a short tim he represents himself as dispatching regularly fift verses a day, which would show him by an eas computation the termination of his labour.

His own diffidence was not his only vexatio

* Spence.

He that asks a subscription soon finds that he has enemies. All who do not encourage him, defame him. He that wants money will rather be thought angry than poor: and he that wishes to save his money conceals his avarice by his malice. Addison had hinted his suspicion, that Pope was too much a Tory; and some of the Tories suspected his principles, because he had contributed to the Guardian, which was carried on by Steele.

To those who censured his politics were added enemies yet more dangerous, who called in question his knowledge of Greek, and his qualifications for a translator of Homer. To these he made no public opposition; but in one of his letters escapes from them as well as he can. At an age like his, for he was not more than twenty-five, with an irregular education, and a course of life which much seems to have passed in conversation, it is not very likely that he overflowed with Greek. But when he felt himself deficient, he sought assistance; and what man of learning would refuse to help him? Minute inquiries into the force of words are less necessary in translating Homer than other poets, because his positions are general, and his representations natural, with very little dependance on local or temporary customs, on those changeable scenes of artificial life, which, by mingling originally with accidental notions, and crowding the mind with images which time effaces, produces ambiguity in diction, and obscurity in books. To this open display of an unadulterated nature it must be ascribed, that Homer has fewer passages of doubtful meaning than any other poet, either in the learned or in modern languages.

Literal translations were always at hand, and from them he could easily obtain his author's sense with sufficient certainty; and among the readers of Homer the number is very small of those who find

much in the Greek more than in the Latin, except the music of the numbers.

If more help was wanting, he had the poetical translation of Eobanus Hessus, an unwearied writer of Latin verses; he had the French Homers of La Valterie and Dacier, and the English of Chapman, Hobbes, and Ogilby. With Chapman, whose work, though now totally neglected, seems to have been popular almost to the end of the last century, he had very frequent consultations, and perhaps never translated any passage till he had read his version, which indeed he has been sometimes suspected of using instead of the original.

Notes were likewise to be provided; for the six volumes would have been very little more than six pamphlets without them. What the mere perusal of the text could suggest, Pope wanted no assistance to collect or methodize; but more was necessary; many pages were to be filled, and learning must supply materials to wit and judgment. Something might be gathered from Dacier; but no man loves to be indebted to his contemporaries, and Dacier was accessible to common readers. Eustathiu was therefore necessarily consulted. To read Eusta thius, of whose work there was then no Latin ve sion, I suspect Pope, if he had been willing, not have been able; some other was therefore to found, who had leisure as well as abilities; and was doubtless most readily employed who could much work for little money.

The history of the notes has never been tra Broome, in his preface to his poems, declares self the commentator "in part upon the Ili and it appears from Fenton's letter, preserv the Museum, that Broome was at first engag consulting Eustathius; but that after a time, ever was the reason, he desisted; another n *Cambridge* was then employed, who soon weary of the work; and a third, that was

mended by Thirlby, is now discovered to have been Jortin, a man since well known to the learned world, who complained that Pope, having accepted and approved his performance, never testified any curiosity to see him, and who professed to have forgotten the terms on which he worked.

Broome then offered his service a second time, which was probably accepted, as they had afterwards a closer correspondence. Parnell contributed the Life of Homer, which Pope found so harsh, that he took great pains in correcting it; and by his own diligence, with such help as kindness or money could procure him, in somewhat more than five years he completed his version of the Iliad, with notes. He began it in 1712, his twenty-fifth year; and concluded in 1718, his thirtieth year.

When we find him translating fifty lines a day, it is natural to suppose, that he would have brought his work to a more speedy conclusion. The Iliad, containing less than sixteen thousand verses, might have been dispatched in less than three hundred and twenty days by fifty verses in a day. The notes, compiled with the assistance of his mercenaries, could not be supposed to require more time than the text.

According to this calculation, the progress of Pope may seem to have been slow; but the distance is commonly very great between actual performances and speculative possibility. It is natural to suppose, that as much as has been done to-day may be done to-morrow; but on the morrow some difficulty emerges, or some external impediment obstructs. Indolence, interruption, business, and pleasure, all take their turns of retardation; and every long work is lengthened by a thousand causes that can, and ten thousand that cannot, be recounted. Perhaps no extensive and multifarious performance was ever effected within the term originally fixed in the undertaker's mind. He that runs

against Time has an antagonist not subject to ca
ties.

The encouragement given to the transla
though report seems to have overrated it, was
as the world has not often seen. The subscri
were five hundred and seventy-five. The co
for which subscriptions were given, were six
dred and fifty-four; and only six hundred and
were printed. For these copies Pope had not
to pay; he therefore received, including the
hundred pounds a volume, five thousand three
dred and twenty pounds four shillings withou
duction, as the books were supplied by Lintot

By the success of his subscription Pope wa
lieved from those pecuniary distresses, with w
notwithstanding his popularity, he had hitl
struggled. Lord Oxford had often lamente
disqualification for public employment, but n
proposed a pension. While the translation of
mer was in its progress, Mr. Craggs, then se
tary of state, offered to procure him a pen
which, at least during his ministry, might b
joyed with secrecy. This was not accepted by F
who told him, however, that, if he should be p
ed with want of money, he would send to hi
occasional supplies. Craggs was not long in
er, and was never solicited for money by Pope,
disdained to beg what he did not want.

With the product of this subscription, whic
had too much discretion to squander, he sec
his future life from want, by considerable annu
The estate of the duke of Buckingham was f
to have been charged with five hundred pou
year, payable to Mr. Pope, which doubtles
translation enabled him to purchase.

It cannot be unwelcome to literary curiosity,
I deduce thus minutely the history of the En
Iliad. It is certainly the noblest version of p
which the world has ever seen; and its public

must therefore be considered as one of the great events in the annals of learning.

The Iliad was published volume by volume, as the translation proceeded: the four first books appeared in 1715. The expectation of this work was undoubtedly high, and every man who had connected his name with criticism, or poetry, was desirous of such intelligence as might enable him to talk upon the popular topic. Halifax, who, by having been first a poet, and then a patron of poetry, had acquired the right of being a judge, was willing to hear some books while they were yet unpublished. Of this rehearsal Pope afterwards gave the following account*.

"The famous lord Halifax was rather a pretender to taste, than really possessed of it.—When I had finished the two or three first books of my translation of the Iliad, that lord desired to have the pleasure of hearing them read at his house.—Addison, Congreve, and Garth, were there at the reading. In four or five places, lord Halifax stopt me very civilly, and with a speech each time of much the same kind, "I beg your pardon, Mr. Pope; but there is something in that passage that does not quite please me. Be so good as to mark the place, and consider it a little at your leisure.—I am sure you can give it a little turn.'—I returned from lord Halifax's with Dr. Garth, in his chariot; and, as we were going along, was saying to the doctor, that my lord had laid me under a great deal of difficulty by such loose and general observations; that I had been thinking over the passages almost ever since, and could not guess at what it was that offended his lordship in either of them. Garth laughed heartily at my embarrassment; said I had not been long enough acquainted with lord Halifax to know his way yet; that I need not puzzle myself about

* Spence.

looking those places over and over when I
home. 'All you need do (says he) is to leave t
just as they are; call on lord Halifax two or tl
months hence, thank him for his kind observat
on those passages, and then read them to hi
altered. I have known him much longer than
have, and will be answerable for the event.' I
lowed his advice; waited on lord Halifax s
time after; said, I hoped he would find his ob
tions to those passages removed; read them to
exactly as they were at first; and his lordship
extremely pleased with them, and cried out, '
now they are perfectly right: nothing can be
ter."

The reputation of this great work deprived
of a friend. Addison and he were now at the l
of poetry and criticism; and both in such a sta
elevation, that, like the two rivals in the Ro
state, one could no longer bear an equal, nor
other a superior. Of the gradual abatemen
kindness between friends, the beginning is o
scarcely discernible to themselves, and the pro
is continued by petty provocations, and incivil
sometimes peevishly returned, and sometimes
temptuously neglected, which would escape al
tention but that of pride, and drop from any men
but that of resentment. That the quarrel of tl
two wits should be minutely deduced, is not t
expected from a writer, to whom, as Homer s
"nothing but rumour has reached, and who ha
personal knowledge."

Pope doubtless approached Addison, when
reputation of their wit first brought them toget
with the respect due to a man whose abilities w
acknowledged, and who, having attained that
nence to which he was himself aspiring, had i
hands the distribution of literary fame. He
court with sufficient diligence by his prologu
Cato, by his abuse of Dennis, and with praise

more direct, by his poem on the Dialogues on Medals, of which the immediate publication was then intended. In all this there was no hypocrisy; for he confessed that he found in Addison something more pleasing than in any other man.

It may be supposed, that as Pope saw himself favoured by the world, and more frequently compared his own powers with those of others, his confidence increased, and his submission lessened; and that Addison felt no delight from the advances of a young wit, who might soon contend with him for the highest place.

From the emission and reception of the Proposals for the Iliad, the kindness of Addison seems to have abated.

When the first volume of Homer was published, a rival version of the first Iliad, for rivals the time of their appearance inevitably made them, was immediately printed, with the name of Tickell. It was soon perceived, that, among the followers of Addison, Tickell had the preference, and the critics and poets divided into factions. "I," says Pope, "have the town, that is, the mob, on my side; but it is not uncommon for the smaller party to supply by industry what it wants in numbers.—I appeal to the people as my rightful judges, and while they are not inclined to condemn me, shall not fear the high-flyers at Button's." This opposition he immediately imputed to Addison, and complained of it in terms sufficiently resentful to Craggs, their common friend.

When Addison's opinion was asked, he declared the versions to be both good, but Tickell's the best that had ever been written; and sometimes said, that they were both good, but that Tickell had more of Homer.

Pope was now sufficiently irritated; his reputation and his interest were at hazard. He once intended to print together the four versions of Dry-

den, Mainwaring, Pope, and Tickell, that they might be readily compared, and fairly estimated. This design seems to have been defeated by the refusal of Tonson, who was the proprietor of the other three versions.

Pope intended, at another time, a rigorous criticism of Tickell's translation, and had marked a copy, which I have seen, in all places that appeared defective. But, while he was thus meditating defence or revenge, his adversary sunk before him without a blow; the voice of the public was not long divided, and the preference was universally given to Pope's performance.

He was convinced, by adding one circumstance to another, that the other translation was the work of Addison himself; but, if he knew it in Addison's lifetime, it does not appear that he told it. He left his illustrious antagonist to be punished by what has been considered as the most painful of all reflections, the remembrance of a crime perpetrated in vain.

The other circumstances of their quarrel were thus related by Pope*.

"Phillips seemed to have been encouraged to abuse me in coffee-houses, and conversations: and Gildon wrote a thing about Wycherley, in which he had abused both me and my relations very grossly. Lord Warwick himself told me one day, that it was in vain for me to endeavour to be well with Mr. Addison; that his jealous temper would never admit of a settled friendship between us; and, to convince me of what he had said, assured me, that Addison had encouraged Gildon to publish those scandals, and had given him ten guineas after they were published. The next day, while I was heated with what I had heard, I wrote a letter to Mr. Addison, to let him know that I was not unacquainted

* Spence.

with this behaviour of his; that, if I was to speak severely of him in return for it, it should be not in such a dirty way; that I should rather tell him, himself, fairly of his faults, and allow his good qualities; and that it should be something in the following manner; I then adjoined the first sketch of what has since been called my satire on Addison. Mr. Addison used me very civilly ever after."*

The verses on Addison, when they were sent to Atterbury, were considered by him as the most excellent of Pope's performances; and the writer was advised, since he knew where his strength lay, not to suffer it to remain unemployed.

This year (1715) being, by the subscription, enabled to live more by choice, and having persuaded his father to sell their estate at Binfield, he purchased, I think only for his life, that house at Twickenham, to which his residence afterwards procured so much celebration, and removed thither with his father and mother.

Here he planted the vines and the quincunx which his verses mention; and being under the necessity of making a subterraneous passage to a garden on the other side of the road, he adorned it with fossile bodies, and dignified it with the title of a grotto, a place of silence and retreat, from which he endeavoured to persuade his friends and himself, that cares and passions could be excluded.

While the volumes of his Homer were annually published, he collected his former works (1717) into one quarto volume, to which he prefixed a preface, written with great sprightliness and elegance, which was afterwards reprinted, with some passages subjoined that he at first omitted: other marginal additions of the same kind he made in the later editions of his poems. Waller remarks, that

* See however the Life of Addison, in the Biographia Britannica, last edition. *R.*

poets lose half their praise, because the re
knows not what they have blotted. Pope's
city of fame taught him the art of obtaining
accumulated honour, both of what he had pul
ed, and of what he had suppressed.

The publication of the Iliad was at last com
ed in 1720. The splendour and success of
work raised Pope many enemies, that endeavo
to depreciate his abilities. Burnet, who was
wards a judge of no mean reputation, cens
him in a piece called Homerides, before it was
lished. Duch[illegible]t likewise endeavoured to make
ridiculous. [illegible]is was the perpetual perse
of all his stu[illegible]ut, whoever his critics
their writings a[illegible]d the names whic
preserved are prese[illegible]he Dunciad.

In this disastrous year [illegible] of national in
tion, when more riches tha[illegible]can boast
expected from the South Sea, wh[illegible] cont
of avarice tainted every mind, and even [illegible]ts
ed after wealth, Pope was seized with the u
sal passion, and ventured some of his money.
stock rose in its price; and for a while he th
himself the lord of thousands. But this dre
happiness did not last long; and he seems to
waked soon enough to get clear with the l
what he once thought himself to have won,
perhaps not wholly of that.

Next year he published some select poems
friend Dr. Parnell, with a very elegant dedic
to the earl of Oxford; who, after all his stru
and dangers, then lived in retirement, still u
the frown of a victorious faction, who could
no pleasure in hearing his praise.

He gave the same year (1721) an editi
Shakspeare. His name was now of so much a
rity, that Tonson thought himself entitled, b
nexing it, to demand a subscription of six gu
for Shakspeare's plays in six quarto volumes;

did his expectation much deceive him; for, of seven hundred and fifty which he printed, he dispersed a great number at the price proposed. The reputation of that edition indeed sunk afterwards so low, that one hundred and forty copies were sold at sixteen shillings each.

On this undertaking, to which Pope was induced by a reward of two hundred and seventeen pounds twelve shillings, he seems never to have reflected afterwards without vexation; for Theobald, a man of heavy diligence, with very slender powers, first, in a book called Shakspeare Restored, and then in a formal edition, detected his deficiencies with all the insolence of victory; and, as he was now high enough to be feared and hated, Theobald had from others all the help that could be supplied, by the desire of humbling a haughty character.

From this time Pope became an enemy to editors, collaters, commentators, and verbal critics; and hoped to persuade the world, that he miscarried in this undertaking only by having a mind too great for such minute employment.

Soon after the appearance of the Iliad, resolving not to let the general kindness cool, he published proposals for a translation of the Odyssey, in five volumes, for five guineas. He was willing, however, now to have associates in his labour, being either weary with toiling upon another's thoughts, or having heard, as Ruffhead relates, that Fenton and Broome had already begun the work, and liking better to have them confederates than rivals.

In the patent, instead of saying, that he had "translated" the Odyssey, as he had said of the Iliad, he says, that he had "undertaken" a translation; and in the proposals the subscription is said to be not solely for his own use, but for that of "two of his friends who have assisted him in this work."

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In this disastrous year (1720) of national infatu tion, when more riches than Peru can boast we expected from the South Sea, when the contagi of avarice tainted every mind, and even poets pan ed after wealth, Pope was seized with the unive sal passion, and ventured some of his money. Tl stock rose in its price; and for a while he thoug himself the lord of thousands. But this dream happiness did not last long; and he seems to ha waked soon enough to get clear with the loss what he once thought himself to have won, a perhaps not wholly of that.

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In 1723, while he was engaged in his new sion, he appeared before the lords at the me ble trial of bishop Atterbury, with whom he lived in great familiarity, and frequent corre dence. He was called at the trial to give a count of Atterbury's domestic life, and pr employment, that it might appear how little he had left for plots. Pope had but few wor utter, and in those few he made several blunc

His letters to Atterbury express the u esteem, tenderness, and gratitude; "Perh says he, "it is not only in this world that I have cause to remember the bishop of Roche At their last interview in the Tower, Atte presented him with a bible.

Of the Odyssey Pope translated only tv books; the rest were the works of Broome Fenton: the notes were written wholly by Br who was not over-liberally rewarded. The p was carefully kept ignorant of the several sh and an account was subjoined at the concl which is now known not to be true.

The first copy of Pope's books, with tho Fenton, are to be seen in the Museum. The of Pope are less interlined than the Iliad; an latter books of the Iliad less than the former. grew dexterous by practice, and every sheet bled him to write the next with more facility. books of Fenton had very few alterations b hand of Pope. Those of Broome have not found; but Pope complained, as it is reported he had much trouble in correcting them.

His contract with Lintot was the same as fc Iliad, except that only one hundred pounds to be paid him for each volume. The numb subscribers were five hundred and seventy and of copies eight hundred and nineteen; sc his profit, when he had paid his assistants, wa very considerable. The work was finished in

and from that time he resolved to make no more translations.

The sale did not answer Lintot's expectations; and he then pretended to discover something of fraud in Pope, and commenced or threatened a suit in Chancery.

On the English Odyssey a criticism was published by Spence, at that time prelector of poetry at Oxford; a man whose learning was not very great, and whose mind was not very powerful. His criticism, however, was commonly just; what he thought, he thought rightly; and his remarks were recommended by his coolness and candour. In him Pope had the first experience of a critic without malevolence, who thought it as much his duty to display beauties as expose faults; who censured with respect, and praised with alacrity.

With this criticism Pope was so little offended, that he sought the acquaintance of the writer, who lived with him from that time in great familiarity, attended him in his last hours, and compiled memorials of his conversation. The regard of Pope recommended him to the great and powerful; and he obtained very valuable preferments in the church.

Not long after, Pope was returning home from a visit in a friend's coach, which, in passing a bridge, was overturned into the water; the windows were closed, and being unable to force them open, he was in danger of immediate death, when the postillion snatched him out by breaking the glass, of which the fragments cut two of his fingers in such a manner, that he lost their use.

Voltaire, who was then in England, sent him a letter of consolation. He had been entertained by Pope at his table, where he talked with so much grossness, that Mrs. Pope was driven from the room.

He soon afterwards (1727) joined with Swift, who was then in England, to publish three volumes

of Miscellanies, in which, amongst other thin
inserted the Memoirs of a Parish Clerk, in ri
of Burnet's importance in his own History,
Debate upon Black and White Horses, writt
all the formalities of a legal process, by the
ance, as it is said, of Mr. Fortescue, after
Master of the Rolls.

In these Miscellanies was first publishe
"Art of Sinking in Poetry," which, by such
of consequences as usually passes in literary
rels, gave in a short time, according to Pop
count, occasion to the Dunciad.

In the following year (1728) he began t
Atterbury's advice in practice; and showe
satirical powers by publishing the Dunciad,
his greatest and most elaborate performanc
which he endeavoured to sink into contem
the writers by whom he had been attacked
some others whom he thought unable to d
themselves.

At the head of the Dunces he placed poor
bald, whom he accused of ingratitude; but
real crime was supposed to be that of havi
vised Shakspeare more happily than himself.
satire had the effect which he intended, by
ing the characters which it touched. Ralph,
unnecessarily interposing in the quarrel, got a
in a subsequent edition, complained that for
he was in danger of starving, as the books
had no longer any confidence in his capacity.

The prevalence of this poem was gradua
slow; the plan, if not wholly new, was little
stood by common readers. Many of the all
required illustration; the names were ofte
pressed only by the initial and final letters, a
they had been printed at length, were such
had known or recollected. The subject itsel
nothing generally interesting, for whom did i
cern to know, that one or another scribbler

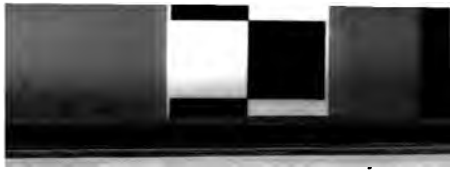
dunce? If therefore it had been possible for those who were attacked to conceal their pain and their resentment, the Dunciad might have made its way very slowly in the world.

This, however, was not to be expected; every man is of importance to himself, and, therefore, in his own opinion, to others; and, supposing the world already acquainted with all his pleasures and his pains, is perhaps the first to publish injuries or misfortunes, which had never been known unless related by himself, and at which those that hear them will only laugh; for no man sympathises with the sorrows of vanity.

Pope appears to have contemplated his victory over the Dunces with great exultation; and such was his delight in the tumult which he had raised, that for awhile his natural sensibility was suspended, and he read reproaches and invectives without emotion, considering them only as the necessary effects of that pain which he rejoiced in having given.

It cannot however be concealed, that, by his own confession, he was the aggressor: for nobody believes that the letters in the Bathos were placed at random; and it may be discovered, that, when he thinks himself concealed, he indulges the common vanity of common men, and triumphs in those distinctions which he had affected to despise. He is proud that his book was presented to the king and queen by the right honourable sir Robert Walpole; he is proud that they had read it before; he is proud that the edition was taken off by the nobility and persons of the first distinction.

Of the Dunciad the hint is confessedly taken from Dryden's Mac Flecnoe; but the plan is so large and so diversified, as justly to claim the praise of an original, and affords the best specimen that has yet appeared of personal satire ludicrously pompous.



The beauties of this poem are well kn
chief fault is the grossness of its image
and Swift had an unnatural delight in ide
cally impure, such as every tongue utters
willingness, and of which every ear shrin
the mention.

But even this fault, offensive as it is, ma
given for the excellence of other passag
as the formation and dissolution of Moor
count of the Traveller, the misfortune of
rist, and the crowded thoughts and stat
bers which dignify the concluding paragr

Dennis, upon the fresh provocation n
him, renewed the enmity which for a t
been appeased by mutual civilities; and p
remarks, which he had till then suppress
the Rape of the Lock. Many more grul
secret, or vented their resentment in the
pers by epigrams and invectives.

Ducket, indeed, being mentioned as lov
net with "pious passion," pretended tha
ral character was injured, and for some
clared his resolution to take vengeance
cudgel. But Pope appeased him, by
"pious passion" to "cordial friendship,"
note, in which he vehemently disclaims t
nity of meaning imputed to the first impre

Aaron Hill, who was represented as di
the prize, expostulated with Pope in a m
much superior to all mean solicitation, t
was reduced to sneak and shuffle, some
deny, and sometimes to apologize; he fir
vours to wound, and is then afraid to ow
meant a blow.

The Dunciad, in the complete editio
dressed to Dr. Swift: of the notes, part w
ten by Dr. Arbuthnot; and an apologetic
was prefixed, signed by Cleland, but sup
have been written by Pope.

After this general war upon dulness, he seems to have indulged himself a while in tranquillity; but his subsequent productions prove that he was not idle. He published (1731) a poem on Taste, in which he very particularly and severely criticises the house, the furniture, the gardens, and the entertainments, of Timon, a man of great wealth and little taste. By Timon he was universally supposed, and by the Earl of Burlington, to whom the poem is addressed, was privately said, to mean the duke of Chandos; a man perhaps too much delighted with pomp and show, but of a temper kind and beneficent, and who had consequently the voice of the public in his favour.

A violent outcry was therefore raised against the ingratitude and treachery of Pope, who was said to have been indebted to the patronage of Chandos for a present of a thousand pounds, and who gained the opportunity of insulting him by the kindness of his invitation.

The receipt of the thousand pounds Pope publicly denied; but, from the reproach which the attack on a character so amiable brought upon him, he tried all means of escaping. The name of Cleland was again employed in an apology, by which no man was satisfied; and he was at last reduced to shelter his temerity behind dissimulation, and endeavour to make that disbelieved which he never had confidence openly to deny. He wrote an exculpatory letter to the duke, which was answered with great magninimity, as by a man who accepted his excuse without believing his professions. He said, that to have ridiculed his taste, or his buildings, had been an indifferent action in another man; but that in Pope, after the reciprocal kindness that had been exchanged between them, it had been less easily excused.

Pope, in one of his Letters, complaining of the treatment *which his* poem had found, " owns that

such critics can intimidate him, nay alm
suade him to write no more, which is a con
this age deserves." The man who threa
world is always ridiculous; for the world c
go on without him, and in a short time w
to miss him.

The following year deprived him of Ga
whom he had known early, and whom he
to love with more tenderness than any oth
literary friends. Pope was now forty-fou
old; an age at which the mind begins less
admit new confidence; and the will to g
flexible; and when, therefore, the departu
old friend is very acutely felt.

In the next year he lost his mother, n
unexpected death, for she had lasted to th
ninety-three: but she did not die unlament
filial piety of Pope was in the highest deg
able and exemplary; his parents had the h
of living till he was at the summit of poeti
tation, till he was at ease in his fortune, a
out a rival in his fame, and found no dimi
his respect or tenderness. Whatever was h
to them he was obedient; and whatever w
ritability, to them he was gentle. Life ha
its soothing and quiet comforts, few thin
to give than such a son.

One of the passages of Pope's life, whic
to deserve some inquiry, was a publicatio
ters between him and many of his friend
falling into the hands of Curll, a rapacious
ler of no good fame, were by him printed
This volume containing some letters fro
men, Pope incited a prosecution against hi
house of lords for breach of privilege, an
ed himself to stimulate the resentment of hi
Curll appeared at the bar, and, knowing h
no great danger, spoke of Pope with very
verence: "He has," said Curll, "a knack

fying, but in prose I think myself a match for him." When the orders of the house were examined, none of them appeared to have been infringed; Curll went away triumphant; and Pope was left to seek some other remedy.

Curll's account was, that one evening a man in a clergyman's gown, but with a lawyer's band, brought and offered for sale a number of printed volumes, which he found to be Pope's epistolary correspondence; that he asked no name, and was told none, but gave the price demanded, and thought himself authorised to use his purchase to his own advantage.

That Curll gave a true account of the transaction it is reasonable to believe, because no falsehood was ever detected; and when, some years afterwards, I mentioned it to Lintot, the son of Bernard, he declared his opinion to be, that Pope knew better than any body else how Curll obtained the copies, because another parcel was at the same time sent to himself, for which no price had ever been demanded, as he made known his resolution not to pay a porter, and consequently not to deal with a nameless agent.

Such care had been taken to make them public, that they were sent at once to two booksellers; to Curll, who was likely to seize them as a prey; and to Lintot, who might be expected to give Pope information of the seeming injury. Lintot, I believe, did nothing: and Curll did what was expected. That to make them public was the only purpose may be reasonably supposed, because the numbers offered to sale by the private messengers showed, that hope of gain could not have been the motive of the impression.

It seems that Pope, being desirous of printing his letters, and not knowing how to do, without imputation of vanity, what has in this country been done very rarely, contrived an appearance of com-

pulsion; that when he could complain that his letters were surreptitiously published, he might decently and defensively publish them himself.

Pope's private correspondence, thus promulgated, filled the nation with praises of his candour, tenderness, and benevolence, the purity of his purposes, and the fidelity of his friendship. There were some letters which a very good or a very wise man would wish suppressed; but, as they had been already exposed, it was impracticable now to retract them.

From the perusal of those Letters, Mr. Allen first conceived the desire of knowing him; and with so much zeal did he cultivate the friendship which he had newly formed, that, when Pope told his purpose of vindicating his own property by a genuine edition, he offered to pay the cost.

This however Pope did not accept; but in tim solicited a subscription for a quarto volume, whic appeared (1737,) I believe, with sufficient profi In the Preface he tells, that his letters were rep sited in a friend's library, said to be the earl Oxford's, and that the copy thence stolen was se to the press. The story was doubtless received w different degrees of credit. It may be suspect that the Preface to the Miscellanies was writter prepare the public for such an incident; and strengthen this opinion, James Worsdale, a pair who was employed in clandestine negotiations, whose veracity was very doubtful, declared th was the messenger who carried, by Pope's d tion, the books to Curll.

When they were thus published and avow they had relation to recent facts, and persons then living or not yet forgotten, they may b posed to have found readers; but as the fact minute, and the characters, being either priv literary, were little known, or little regarde awakened no popular kindness or resentme

book never became much the subject of conversation; some read it as a contemporary history, and some perhaps as a model of epistolary language; but those who read it did not talk of it. Not much therefore was added by it to fame or envy; nor do I remember that it produced either public praise, or public censure.

It had, however, in some degree, the recommendation of novelty; our language had few Letters, except those of statesmen. Howell, indeed, about a century ago, published his letters, which are commended by Morhoff, and which alone, of his hundred volumes, continue his memory. Loveday's Letters were printed only once; those of Herbert and Suckling are hardly known. Mrs. Phillips's [Orinda's] are equally neglected. And those of Walsh seem written as exercises, and were never sent to any living mistress or friend. Pope's epistolary excellence had an open field; he had no English rival living or dead.

Pope is seen in this collection as connected with the other contemporary wits, and certainly suffers no disgrace in the comparison; but it must be remembered, that he had the power of favouring himself; he might have originally had publication in his mind, and have written with care, or have afterwards selected those which he had most happily conceived, or most diligently laboured; and I know not whether there does not appear something more studied and artificial* in his productions than the rest, except one long letter by Bolingbroke, composed with the skill and industry of a professed author. It is indeed not easy to distinguish affectation from habit; he that has once studiously formed a style rarely writes afterwards with complete ease.

* These letters were evidently prepared for the press by Pope himself. Some of the originals, lately discovered, prove this beyond all dispute—See Mr. Bowles's edition of Pope's works, recently published.

Pope may be said to write always with his reputation in his head; Swift, perhaps, like a man who remembered he was writing to Pope; but Arbuthnot, like one who lets thoughts drop from his pen as they rise into his mind.

Before these letters appeared, he published the first part of what he persuaded himself to think a system of Ethics, under the title of an Essay on Man; which, if his letter to Swift (of Sept. 14, 1725,) be rightly explained by the commentator, had been eight years under his consideration, and of which he seems to have desired the success with great solicitude. He had now many open, and doubtless many secret enemies. The Dunces were yet smarting with the war; and the superiority which he publicly arrogated, disposed the world to wish his humiliation.

All this he knew, and against all this he provided. His own name, and that of his friend to whom the work is inscribed, were, in the first editions, carefully suppressed; and the poem being of a new kind, was ascribed to one or another, as favour determined, or conjecture wandered: it was given says Warburton, to every man, except him onl who could write it. Those who like only whe they like the author, and who are under the d minion of a name, condemned it; and those a mired it who are willing to scatter praise at rando which, while it is unappropriated, excites no vy. Those friends of Pope, that were trusted w the secret, went about lavishing honours on new-born poet, and hinting that Pope was neve much in danger from any former rival.

To those authors whom he had personally off ed, and to those whose opinion the world co dered as decisive, and whom he suspected of or malevolence, he sent his Essay as a presen fore publication, that they might defeat their enmity by praises, which they could not after decently retract.

With these precautions, 1733, was published the first part of the Essay on Man. There had been for some time a report, that Pope was busy upon a System of Morality; but this design was not discovered in the new poem, which had a form and a title with which its readers were unacquainted. Its reception was not uniform; some thought it a very imperfect piece, though not without good lines. When the author was unknown, some, as will always happen, favoured him as an adventurer, and some censured him as an intruder: but all thought him above neglect; the sale increased, and editions were multiplied.

The second and third Epistles were published; and Pope was, I believe, more and more suspected of writing them; at last, in 1734, he avowed the fourth, and claimed the honour of a moral poet.

In the conclusion it is sufficiently acknowledged, that the doctrine of the Essay on Man was received from Bolingbroke, who is said to have ridiculed Pope, among those who enjoyed his confidence, as having adopted and advanced principles of which he did not perceive the consequence, and as blindly propagating opinions contrary to his own. That those communications had been consolidated into a scheme regularly drawn, and delivered to Pope, from whom it returned only transformed from prose to verse, has been reported, but can hardly be true. The Essay plainly appears the fabric of a poet; what Bolingbroke supplied could be only the first principles; the order, illustration, and embellishments, must all be Pope's.

These principles it is not my business to clear from obscurity, dogmatism, or falsehood; but they were not immediately examined; philosophy and poetry have not often the same readers; and the Essay abounded in splendid amplifications and sparkling sentences, which were read and admired

with no great attention to their ultimate pur
its flowers caught the eye, which did not see
the gay foliage concealed, and for a time flour
in the sunshine of universal approbation. So
was an evil tendency discovered, that as inno
is unsuspicious, many read it for a manual of

Its reputation soon invited a translator. I
first turned into French prose, and afterwar
Resnel into verse. Both translations fell int
hands of Crousaz, who first, when he had th
sion in prose, wrote a general censure, and
wards reprinted Resnel's version, with part
remarks upon every paragraph.

About this time Warburton began to mak
appearance in the first ranks of learning. H
a man of vigorous faculties, a mind ferven
vehement, supplied by incessant and unlimit
quiry, with wonderful extent and variety of k
ledge, which yet had not oppressed his imagin
nor clouded his perspicacity. To every wo
brought a memory full fraught, together w
fancy fertile of original combinations, and at
exerted the powers of the scholar, the reas
and the wit. But his knowledge was too m
rious to be always exact, and his pursuits too
to be always cautious. His abilities gave h
haughty confidence, which he disdained to co
or mollify; and his impatience of oppositio
posed him to treat his adversaries with such
temptuous superiority, as made his readers
monly his enemies, and excited against the adv
the wishes of some who favoured the cause.
seems to have adopted the Roman emperor
termination, *oderint dum metuant;* he used
lurements of gentle language, but wished to
pel rather than persuade.

His style is copious without selection, and
ble without neatness; he took the words tha
sented themselves; his diction is coarse and im
and his sentences are unmeasured.

Warburton, whatever was his motive, undertook without solicitation, to rescue Pope from the talons of Crousaz, by freeing him from the imputation of favouring fatality, or rejecting revelation; and from month to month continued a vindication on the Essay on Man, in the literary journal of that time called The Republic of Letters.

Pope, who probably began to doubt the tendency of his own work, was glad that the positions, of which he perceived himself not to know the full meaning, could by any mode of interpretation be made to mean well.

From this time Pope lived in the closest intimacy with his commentator, and amply rewarded his kindness and his zeal; for he introduced him to Mr. Murray, by whose interest he became preacher at Lincoln's-inn; and to Mr. Allen, who gave him his neice and his estate, and by consequence a bishopric. When he died, he left him the property of his works, a legacy which may be reasonably estimated at four thousand pounds.

Pope's fondness for the Essay on Man appeared by his desire of its propagation. Dobson, who had gained reputation by his version of Prior's Solomon, was employed by him to translate it into Latin verse, and was for that purpose some time at Twickenham; but he left his work, whatever was the reason, unfinished; and, by Benson's invitation, undertook the longer task of Paradise Lost. Pope then desired his friend to find a scholar who should turn his Essay into Latin prose; but no such performance has ever appeared.

Pope lived at this time *among the great*, with that reception and respect to which his works entitled him, and which he had not impaired by any private misconduct or factious partiality. Though Bolingbroke was his friend, Walpole was not his enemy; but treated him with so much consideration as, at his request, to solicit and obtain from the French

minister an abbey for Mr. Southcot, whoı
sidered himself as obliged to reward, by
tion of his interest, for the benefit whi
received from his attendance in a long ill

It was said, that, when the court was
mond, queen Caroline had declared her
to visit him. This may have been only
effusion, thought on no more: the repoı
notice, however, was soon in many moutl
I do not forget or misapprehend Savage'
Pope, pretending to decline what was r
fered, left his house for a time, not, I su
any other reason than lest he should b
to stay at home in expectation of an hon
would not be conferred. He was theref
at Swift, who represents him as "ref
visits of a queen," because he knew that
never been offered had never been refus

Beside the general system of moralit
ed to be contained in the Essay on Man,
intention to write distinct poems upon th
duties or conditions of life; one of wh
Epistle to Lord Bathurst (1733) On th
Riches, a piece on which he declared gr
to have been bestowed.*

This is the only piece in which the a
given a hint of his religion, by ridiculing
mony of burning the pope, and by n
with some indignation the inscription on
ment.

When this poem was first published, the
having no letters of direction, was perp
obscure. Pope seems to have writte
very distinct idea: for he calls that an
Bathurst, in which Bathurst is introducec
ing.

* Spence.

He afterwards (1734) inscribed to lord Cobham his characters of Men, written with close attention to the operations of the mind and modifications of life. In this poem he has endeavoured to establish and exemplify his favourite theory of the *ruling passion*, by which he means an original direction of desire to some particular object; an innate affection, which gives all action a determinate and invariable tendency, and operates upon the whole system of life, either openly, or more secretly by the intervention of some accidental or subordinate propension.

Of any passion, thus innate and irresistible, the existence may reasonably be doubted. Human characters are by no means constant; men change by change of place, of fortune, of acquaintance; he who is at one time a lover of pleasure, is at another a lover of money. Those indeed who attain any excellence, commonly spend life in one pursuit; for excellence is not often gained upon easier terms. But to the particular species of excellence men are directed, not by an ascendant planet or predominating humour, but by the first book which they read, some early conversation which they heard, or some accident which excited ardour and emulation,

It must at least be allowed, that this *ruling passion*, antecedent to reason and observation, must have an object independent on human contrivance; for there can be no natural desire of artificial good. No man therefore can be born, in the strict acceptation, a lover of money; for he may be born where money does not exist: nor can he be born, in a moral sense, a lover of his country; for society, politically regulated, is a state contradistinguished from a state of nature; and any attention to that coalition of interests which makes the happiness of a country, is possible only to those whom inquiry and reflection have enabled to comprehend it.

This doctrine is in itself pernicious
false; its tendency is to produce the
kind of moral predestination, or over-r
ciple which cannot be resisted; he that
prepared to comply with every desire t
or opportunity shall excite, and to flatt
that he submits only to the lawful d
Nature, in obeying the resistless authc
ruling passion.

Pope has formed his theory with so
that, in the examples by which he illust
has confounded passions, appetites, and

To the characters of Men, he added
in an epistle supposed to have been ac
Martha Blount, but which the last editio
from her, the Characters of Women.
which was laboured with great dilige
the author's opinion with great succes
lected at its first publication, as the cc
supposes, because the public was infor
advertisement, that it contained *no char*
from the life; an assertion which Pope p
not expect nor wish to have been be
which he soon gave his readers sufficier
distrust, by telling them in a note, tha
was imperfect, because part of his s
Vice too high to be yet exposed.

The time however soon came, in w
safe to display the dutchess of Marlbor
the name of Atossa; and her character w
with no great honour to the writer's gra

The characters of men and Women a
duct of diligent speculation upon humar
labour has been bestowed upon them,
very seldom laboured in vain. That
lence may be properly estimated, I re
comparison of his Characters of Wc
Boileau's Satire; it will then be seei
much more perspicuity female nature

gated, and female excellence selected; and he is surely no mean writer to whom Boileau should be found inferior. The Characters of Men, however, are written with more, if not with deeper, thought, and exhibit many passages exquisitely beautiful. The Gem and the Flower will not easily be equalled.

He published from time to time (between 1730 and 1740) Imitations of different poems of Horace, generally with his name, and once, as was suspected, without it. What he was upon moral principles ashamed to own, he ought to have suppressed. Of these pieces it is useless to settle the dates, as they had seldom much relation to the times, and perhaps had been long in his hands.

He published likewise a revival, in smoother numbers, of Dr. Donne's Satires, which was recommended to him by the duke of Shrewsbury and the earl of Oxford. They made no great impression on the public. Pope seems to have known their imbecility, and therefore suppressed them while he was yet contending to rise in reputation, but ventured them when he thought their deficiencies more likely to be imputed to Donne than to himself.

The Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot, which seems to be derived in its first design from Boileau's Address *à son Esprit*, was published in January 1735, about a month before the death of him to whom it is inscribed. It is to be regretted, that either honour or pleasure should have been missed by Arbuthnot; a man estimable for his learning, amiable for his life, and venerable for his piety.

Arbuthnot was a man of great comprehension, skilful in his profession, versed in the sciences, acquainted with ancient literature, and able to animate his mass of knowledge by a bright and active imagination; a scholar, with great brilliance of wit,

a wit, who, in the crowd of life, retained and c
covered a noble ardour of religious zeal.

In this poem Pope seems to reckon with t
public. He vindicates himself from censures; a
with dignity, rather than arrogance, enforces
own claims to kindness and respect.

His last Satires, of the general kind, were t
Dialogues, named, from the year in which th
were published, Seventeen Hundred and Thir
eight. In these poems many are praised, and ma
reproached. Pope was then entangled in the
position; a follower of the prince of Wales, w
dined at his house, and the friend of many w
obstructed and censured the conduct of the mi
ters. His political partiality was too plainly show
he forgot the prudence with which he passed,
his earlier years, uninjured and unoffendi
through much more violent conflicts of faction.

About this time Paul Whitehead, a small po
was summoned before the lords for a poem call
Manners, together with Dodsley his publish
Whitehead, who hung loose upon society, sculk
and escaped; but Dodsley's shop and family ma
his appearance necessary. He was, however, so
dismissed; and the whole process was probably
tended rather to intimidate Pope, than to pun
Whitehead.

Pope never afterwards attempted to join the
triot with the poet, nor drew his pen upon stat
men.

The Memoirs of Scriblerus, published about t
time, extend only to the first book of a work p
jected in concert by Pope, Swift, and Arbuthn
who used to meet in the time of queen Anne, a
denominated themselves the Scriblerus Club. Th
purpose was to censure the abuses of learning b
fictitious life of an infatuated scholar. They w
dispersed; the design was never completed; a

burton laments its miscarriage, as an event disastrous to polite letters.

ope had sought for images and sentiments in a on not known to have been explored by many r of the English writers; he had consulted the ern writers of Latin poetry, a class of authors m Boileau endeavoured to bring into contempt, who are too generally neglected. Pope, how-, was not ashamed of their acquaintance, nor rateful for the advantages which he might have ved from it. A small selection from the Ita-, who wrote in Latin, had been published at Lon- about the latter end of the last century, by a * who concealed his name, but whom his pre- shows to have been well qualified for his un- aking. This collection Pope amplified by more half, and (1740) published it in two volumes, injuriously omitted his predecessor's preface. hese books, which had nothing but the mere , no regard was paid; the authors were still ected, and the editor was neither praised nor ured.

om the materials which he had provided, he d, at Warburton's request, another book to Dunciad, of which the design is to ridicule studies as are either hopeless or useless.

hen this book was printed (1742), the laurel been for some time upon the head of Cibber; m whom it cannot be supposed that Pope could rd with much kindness or esteem, though in of the Imitations of Horace he has liberally igh praised the Careless Husband. In the ciad, among other worthless scribblers, he had tioned Cibber; who, in his Apology, complains e great poet's unkindness as more injurious,

* ince discovered to have been Atterbury, afterwards bishop chester.—See the Collection of that prelate's Epistolary Co- ndence, Vol. IV. p. 6.

"because," says he, "I never have c
him."

It might have been expected that Popc
have been, in some degree, mollified by t
missive gentleness, but no such conseque
peared. Though he condescended to c
Cibber once, he mentioned him afterwa
temptuously in one of his Satires, and agai
Epistle to Arbuthnot; and in the fourth
the Dunciad attacked him with acrimony, t
the provocation is not easily discoverable.
he imagined, that, in ridiculing the laureat
tirised those by whom the laurel had bee
and gratified that ambitious petulance wit
he affected to insult the great.

The severity of this satire left Cibber n
any patience. He had confidence enoug
own powers to believe, that he could dis
quiet of his adversary, and doubtless did
instigators, who, without any care about tl
ry, desired to amuse themselves by looking
contest. He therefore gave the town a p
in which he declares his resolution from t
never to bear another blow without retu
and to tire out his adversary by perseve
he cannot conquer him by strength.

The pamphlet was written with little p
thought or language, and, if suffered to
without notice, would have been very soo
ten. Pope had now been enough acquain
human life to know, if his passion had not l
powerful for his understanding, that, fron
tention like his with Cibber, the world s
thing but diversion, which is given at the
of the higher character. When Cibber la
Pope, curiosity was excited; what Pope w
of Cibber nobody inquired, but in hope tha
asperity might betray his pain and lessen
nity.

He should therefore have suffered the pamphlet to flutter and die, without confessing that it stung him.

But Pope's irascibility prevailed, and he resolved to tell the whole English world, that he was at war with Cibber; and, to show that he thought him no common adversary, he prepared no common vengeance; he published a new edition of the Dunciad,* in which he degraded Theobald from his painful pre-eminence, and enthroned Cibber in his stead. Unhappily the two heroes were of opposite characters, and Pope was unwilling to lose what he had already written; he has therefore depraved his poem by giving to Cibber the old books, the old pedantry, and the sluggish pertinacity of Theobald.

Pope was ignorant enough of his own interest, to make another change, and introduced Osborne contending for the prize among the booksellers. Osborne was a man entirely destitute of shame, without sense of any disgrace but that of poverty. He told me, when he was doing that which raised Pope's resentment, that he should be put into the Dunciad; but he had the fate of Cassandra. I gave no credit to his prediction, till in time I saw it accomplished. The shafts of satire were directed equally in vain against Cibber and Osborne; being repelled by the impenetrable impudence of one, and deadened by the impassive dulness of the other. Pope confessed his own pain by his anger; but he gave no pain to those who had provoked him.

Cibber, according to his engagement, repaid the Dunciad with another pamphlet,† which, Pope said, "would be as good as a dose of hartshorn to him;" but his tongue and his heart were at variance. I have heard Mr. Richardson relate, that he attend-

* In 1743.
† In 1744.

[illegible] to be preserved from [illegible] [illegible]
been that day the lot of Pope.

From this time, finding his diseases more opp
sive, and his vital powers gradually declining
no longer strained his faculties with any ori
composition, nor proposed any other employ
for his remaining life than the revisal and co
tion of his former works; in which he receive
vice and assistance from Warburton, whom he
pears to have trusted and honoured in the hig
degree.

He lingered through the next year; but
ceived himself, as he expresses it, "going d
the hill." He had for at least five years bee
flicted with an asthma, and other disorders, w
his physicians were unable to relieve. Tow
the end of his life he consulted Dr. Thomso
man who had, by large promises, and free cens
of the common practice of physic, forced hin
up into sudden reputation. Thomson declare
distemper to be a dropsy, and evacuated pa
the water by tincture of jalap; but confessed
his belly did not subside. Thomson had n
enemies, and Pope was persuaded to dismiss h

While he was yet capable of amusement
conversation, as he was one day sitting in the
with lord Bolingbroke and lord Marchmont, he
his favourite Martha Blount at the bottom of
terrace, and asked lord Bolingbroke to go
hand her up. Bolingbroke, not liking his err
crossed his legs and sat still; but lord Marchm
who was younger and less captious, waited on
lady, who, when he came to her, asked, "Wh

he not dead yet?" She is said to have neglected him, with shameful unkindness, in the latter time of his decay; yet, of the little which he had to leave she had a very great part.

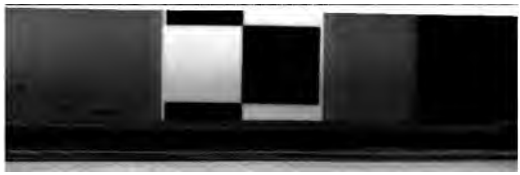
In May, 1744, his death was approaching;* on the sixth, he was all day delirious, which he mentioned four days afterwards as a sufficient humiliation of the vanity of man; he afterwards complained of seeing things as through a curtain, and in false colours, and one day, in the presence of Dodsley, asked what arm it was that came out from the wall. He said that his greatest inconvenience was inability to think.

Bolingbroke sometimes wept over him in this state of helpless decay; and being told by Spence, that Pope, at the intermission of his deliriousness, was always saying something kind either of his present or absent friends, and that his humanity seemed to have survived his understanding, answered, "It has so." And added, "I never in my life knew a man that had so tender a heart for his particular friends, or more general friendship for mankind." At another time he said, "I have known Pope these thirty years, and value myself more in his friendship than"—His grief then suppressed his voice.

Pope expressed undoubting confidence of a future state. Being asked by his friend Mr. Hooke, a papist, whether he would not die like his father and mother, and whether a priest should not be called; he answered, "I do not think it essential, but it will be very right; and I thank you for putting me in mind of it."

In the morning, after the priest had given him the last sacraments, he said, "There is nothing that is meritorious but virtue and friendship, and indeed friendship itself is only a part of virtue."

* Spence.



He died in the evening of the thirtieth day c May, 1744, so placidly, that the attendants did nc discern the exact time of his expiration. He wa buried at Twickenham, near his father and mothe where a monument has been erected to him by hi commentator, the bishop of Gloucester.

He left the care of his papers first to lord Bc lingbroke; and, if he should not be living, to th earl of Marchmont; undoubtedly expecting ther to be proud of the trust, and eager to extend hi fame. But let no man dream of influence beyon his life. After a decent time, Dodsley the book seller went to solicit preference as the publishe and was told, that the parcel had not been yet in spected; and, whatever was the reason, the worl has been disappointed of what was "reserved fo the next age."

The person of Pope is well known not to hav been formed by the nicest model. He has, in hi account of the Little Club, compared himself to spider, and by another is described as protuberan behind and before. He is said to have been beau tiful in his infancy; but he was of a constitutio originally feeble and weak; and, as bodies of tender frame are easily distorted, his deformity wa probably in part the effect of his application. Hi stature was so low, that, to bring him to a leve with common tables, it was necessary to raise hi seat. But his face was not displeasing, and his eye were animated and vivid.

By natural deformity, or accidental distortion his vital functions were so much disordered, tha his life was a "long disease." His most frequen assailment was the head-ach, which he used to re lieve by inhaling the steam of coffee, which h very frequently required.

Most of what can be told concerning his pett peculiarities was communicated by a female do *mestic of* the earl of Oxford, who knew him per

haps after the middle of life. He was then so weak as to stand in perpetual need of female attendance; extremely sensible of cold, so that he wore a kind of fur doublet, under a shirt of a very coarse warm linen with fine sleeves. When he rose, he was invested in boddice made of stiff canvass, being scarcely able to hold himself erect till they were laced, and he then put on a flannel waistcoat. One side was contracted. His legs were so slender, that he enlarged their bulk with three pair of stockings, which were drawn on and off by the maid; for he was not able to dress or undress himself, and neither went to bed nor rose without help. His weakness made it very difficult for him to be clean.

His hair had fallen almost all away; and he used to dine sometimes with lord Oxford, privately, in a velvet cap. His dress of ceremony was black, with a tye-wig, and a little sword.

The reputation which his friendship gave procured him many invitations; but he was a very troublesome inmate. He brought no servant, and had so many wants, that a numerous attendance was scarcely able to supply them. Wherever he was, he left no room for another, because he exacted the attention, and employed the activity, of the whole family. His errands were so frequent and frivolous, that the footmen in time avoided and neglected him; and the earl of Oxford discharged some of the servants for their resolute refusal of his messages. The maids, when they had neglected their business, alleged, that they had been employed by Mr. Pope.

He had another fault, easily incident to those who, suffering much pain, think themselves entitled to whatever pleasures they can snatch. He was too indulgent to his appetite: he loved meat highly seasoned and of strong taste; and, at the intervals *of the table*, amused himself with biscuits

and dry conserves. If he sat down to a va
dishes, he would oppress his stomach with
tion; and, though he seemed angry when
was offered him, did not forbear to drink it
friends, who knew the avenues to his heart
pered him with presents of luxury, which
not suffer to stand neglected. The death o
men is not always proportioned to the lu
their lives. Hannibal, says Juvenal, did not
by the javelin or the sword; the slaugh
Cannæ were revenged by a ring. The d
Pope was imputed by some of his friends t
ver saucepan, in which it was his delight t
potted lampreys.

That he loved too well to eat, is certai
that his sensuality shortened his life will
hastily concluded, when it is remembered,
conformation so irregular lasted six and fifty
notwithstanding such pertinacious dilige
study and meditation.

In all his intercourse with mankind, he ha
delight in artifice, and endeavoured to attai
purposes by indirect and unsuspected m
"He hardly drank tea without a stratagem
at the house of his friends, he wanted any
modation, he was not willing to ask for it i
terms, but would mention it remotely as som
convenient; though, when it was procur
soon made it appear for whose sake it ha
recommended. Thus he teized lord Orrery
obtained a screen. He practised his arts o
small occasions, that lady Bolingbroke used
in a French phrase, that "he played the po
about cabbages and turnips."

In familiar or convivial conversation, it d
appear that he excelled. He may be said t
resembled Dryden, as being not one that w
tinguished by vivacity in company. It is re
ble, that so near his time, so much should be

what he has written, and so little of what he has
:.
[e was fretful and easily displeased, and allowed
self to be capriciously resentful. He would
etimes leave lord Oxford silently, no one could
why, and was to be courted back by more let-
and messages than the footmen were willing
arry. The table was indeed infested by lady
y Wortley, who was the friend of lady Oxford,
who, knowing his peevishness, could by no
eaties be restrained from contradicting him,
their disputes were sharpened to such asperity,
one or the other quitted the house.
e sometimes condescended to be jocular with
ants or inferiors; but by no merriment, either
thers or his own, was he ever seen excited to
hter.
f his domestic character, frugality was a part
nently remarkable. Having determined not to
lependent, he determined not to be in want,
therefore wisely and magnanimously rejected
emptations to expense, unsuitable to his for-
:. This general care must be universally ap-
ved; but it sometimes appeared in petty arti-
s of parsimony, such as the practice of writing
compositions on the back of letters, as may be
in the remaining copy of the Iliad, by which
aps in five years five shillings were saved; or
niggardly reception of his friends, and scanti-
of entertainment, as, when he had two guests
is house, he would set at supper a single pint
n the table; and, having himself taken two
ll glasses, would retire, and say, "Gentlemen,
ve you to your wine." Yet he tells his friends,
"he has a heart for all, a house for all, and,
tever they may think, a fortune for all."
e sometimes, however, made a splendid dinner,
is said to have wanted no part of the skill or
ance which such performances require. That

this magnificence should be often displayed obstinate prudence with which he conducted affairs would not permit; for his revenue, c and casual, amounted only to about eight hu pounds a year, of which however he declare self able to assign one hundred to charity.

Of this fortune, which, as it arose from approbation, was very honourably obtaine imagination seems to have been too full; it be hard to find a man, so well entitled to not his wit, that ever delighted so much in talk his money. In his letters and in his poen garden and his grotto, his quincunx and his or some hints of his opulence, are always found. The great topic of his ridicule is po the crimes with which he reproaches his a nists are their debts, their habitation in the and their want of a dinner. He seems to be opinion not very uncommon in the world, t want money is to want every thing.

Next to the pleasure of contemplating hi sessions, seems to be that of enumerating th of high rank with whom he was acquainted whose notice he loudly proclaims not to have obtained by any practices of meanness or ser a boast which was never denied to be true, a which very few poets have ever aspired. never set his genius to sale, he never fla those whom he did not love, or praised those he did not esteem. Savage however rem that he began a little to relax his dignity wh wrote a distich for his highness's dog.

His admiration of the great seems to ha creased in the advance of life. He passed peers and statesmen to inscribe his Iliad to greve, with a magnanimity of which the had been complete, had his friend's virtue equal to his wit. Why he was chosen for so gr *honour*, it is now not possible to know; there

in literary history of any particular intimacy
:en them. The name of Congreve appears
Letters among those of his other friends,
'ithout any observable distinction or conse-
:e.

his latter works, however, he took care to
: names dignified with titles, but was not very
/ in his choice: for, except lord Bathurst,
of his noble friends were such as that a good
vould wish to have his intimacy with them
n to posterity; he can derive little honour
the notice of Cobham, Burlington, or Boling-
:.

he letters of Pope are considered merely as
ositions, they seem to be premeditated and
ial. It is one thing to write, because there is
hing which the mind wishes to discharge;
nother, to solicit the imagination, because
ony or vanity require something to be writ-
Pope confesses his early letters to be vitiated
affectation and ambition: to know whether he
antangled himself from these perverters of
dary integrity, his book and his life must be
comparison.

: of his favourite topics is contempt of his
poetry. For this, if it had been real, he
l deserve no commendation; and in this he
ertainly not sincere, for his high value of him-
:as sufficiently observed; and of what could
proud but of his poetry? He writes, he says,
"he has just nothing else to do;" yet Swift
lains that he was never at leisure for conver-
, because he had "always some poetical
ie in his head." It was punctually required
is writing box should be set upon his bed be-
ie rose; and lord Oxford's domestic related,
n the dreadful winter of forty, she was called
her bed by him four times in one night, to

supply him with paper, lest he should
thought.

He pretends insensibility to censure anc
cism, though it was observed by all who kne
that every pamphlet disturbed his quiet, ai
his extreme irritability laid him open to per
vexation; but he wished to despise his criti
therefore hoped that he did despise them.

He very frequently professes contempt
world, and represents himself as looking o:
kind, sometimes with gay indifference, as c
mets of a hillock, below his serious attentior
sometimes with gloomy indignation, as on mc
more worthy of hatred than of pity. These
dispositions apparently counterfeited. How
he despise those whom he lived by pleasing, :
whose approbation his esteem of himself w
perstructed? Why should he hate those to
favour he owed his honour and his ease? Of
that terminate in human life, the world is th
per judge; to despise its sentence, if it wer
sible, is not just; and if it were just, is not po
Pope was far enough from this unreasonabl
per: he was sufficiently *a fool to Fame*, a
fault was, that he pretended to neglect it. I
vity and his sullenness were only in his letter
passed through common life, sometimes vexe
sometimes pleased, with the natural emotic
common men.

His scorn of the great is too often repeated
real; no man thinks much of that which h
pises; and as falsehood is always in danger
consistency, he makes it his boast at anothe
that he lives among them.

In the letters both of Swift and Pope the
pears such narrowness of mind, as makes th
sensible of any excellence that has not some a
with their own, and confines their esteem ai
probation to so small a number, that whoever s

form his opinion of the age from their representation, would suppose them to have lived amidst ignorance and barbarity, unable to find among their cotemporaries either virtue or intelligence, and persecuted by those that could not understand them.

The virtues which seem to have had most of his affection, were liberality and fidelity of friendship, in which it does not appear that he was other than he describes himself. His fortune did not suffer his charity to be splendid and conspicuous; but he assisted Dodsley with a hundred pounds, that he might open a shop; and of the subscription of forty pounds a year that he raised for Savage, twenty were paid by himself. He was accused of loving money; but his love was eagerness to gain, not solicitude to keep it.

In the duties of friendship he was zealous and constant; his early maturity of mind commonly united him with men older than himself, and therefore, without attaining any considerable length of life, he saw many companions of his youth sink into the grave; but it does not appear that he lost a single friend by coldness or by injury; those who loved him once, continued their kindness.

The religion in which he lived and died was that of the church of Rome, to which, in his correspondence with Racine, he professes himself a sincere adherent. That he was not scrupulously pious in some part of his life, is known by many idle and indecent applications of sentences taken from the Scriptures; a mode of merriment which a good man dreads for its profaneness, and a witty man disdains for its easiness and vulgarity. But to whatever levities he has been betrayed, it does not appear that his principles were ever corrupted, or that he ever lost his belief of revelation. The positions which he transmitted from Bolingbroke he

seems not to have understood, and was pleased with an interpretation that made them orthodox.

A man of such exalted superiority, and so little moderation, would naturally have all his delinquencies observed and aggravated; those who could not deny that he was excellent, would rejoice to find that he was not perfect.

Perhaps it may be imputed to the unwillingness with which the same man is allowed to possess many advantages, that his learning has been depreciated. He certainly was, in his early life, a man of great literary curiosity; and, when he wrote his Essay on Criticism, had, for his age, a very wide acquaintance with books. When he entered into the living world, it seems to have happened to him as to many others, that he was less attentive to dead masters; he studied in the academy of Paracelsus, and made the universe his favourite volume. He gathered his notions fresh from reality, not from the copies of authors, but the originals of Nature. Yet there is no reason to believe, that literature ever lost his esteem; he always professed to love reading; and Dobson, who spent some time at his house translating his Essay on Man, when I asked him what learning he found him to possess, answered, "More than I expected." His frequent references to history, his allusions to various kinds of knowledge, and his images selected from art and nature, with his observations on the operations of the mind and the modes of life, shew an intelligence perpetually on the wing, excursive, vigorous, and diligent, eager to pursue knowledge, and attentive to retain it.

From this curiosity arose the desire of travelling, to which he alludes in his verses to Jervas, and which, though he never found an opportunity to gratify it, did not leave him till his life declined.

Of his intellectual character, the constituent and fundamental principle was good sense, a prompt

and intuitive perception of consonance and propriety. He saw immediately, of his own conceptions, what was to be chosen, and what to be rejected; and, in the works of others, what was to be shunned, and what was to be copied.

But good sense alone is a sedate and quiescent quality, which manages its possessions well, but does not increase them; it collects few materials for its own operations, and preserves safety, but never gains supremacy. Pope had likewise genius; a mind active, ambitious, and adventurous, always investigating, always aspiring.

To assist these powers, he is said to have had great strength and exactness of memory. That which he had heard or read was not easily lost; and he had before him not only what his own meditations suggested, but what he had found in other writers that might be accommodated to his present purpose.

These benefits of nature he improved by incessant and unwearied diligence; he had recourse to every source of intelligence, and lost no opportunity of information; he consulted the living as well as the dead; he read his compositions to his friends, and was never content with mediocrity, when excellence could be attained. He considered poetry as the business of his life; and, however he might seem to lament his occupation, he followed it with constancy; to make verses was his first labour, and to mend them was his last.

From his attention to poetry he was never diverted. If conversation offered any thing that could be improved, he committed it to paper; if a thought, or perhaps an expression more happy than was common, rose to his mind, he was careful to write it; an independent distich was preserved for an opportunity of insertion; and some little fragments have been found containing lines, or parts of lines, to be wrought upon at some other time.

He was one of those few whose labour is their pleasure. He laboured his works first to gain reputation, and afterwards to keep it.

The method of Pope, as may be collected from his translation, was to write his first thoughts in his first words, and gradually to amplify, decorate, rectify, and refine them.

With such faculties, and such dispositions, he excelled every other writer in poetical prudence: he wrote in such a manner as might expose him to few hazards. He used almost always the same fabric of verse; and, indeed, by those few essays which he made of any other, he did not enlarge his reputation. Of this uniformity the certain consequence was readiness and dexterity.

But what was yet of more importance, his effusions were always voluntary, and his subjects chosen by himself. His independence secured him from drudging at a task, and labouring upon a barren topic. His poems, therefore, were scarcely ever temporary. He suffered coronations and royal marriages to pass without a song; and derived no opportunities from recent events, or any popularity from the accidental disposition of his readers.

His publications were for the same reason never hasty. He is said to have sent nothing to the press till it had lain two years under his inspection; it is at least certain, that he ventured nothing without nice examination. He suffered the tumult of imagination to subside, and the novelties of invention to grow familiar. He knew that the mind is always enamoured of its own productions, and did not trust his first fondness. He consulted his friends, and listened with great willingness to criticism, and, what was of more importance, he consulted himself, and let nothing pass against his own judgment.

He professed to have learned his poetry from Dryden, whom, whenever an opportunity was presented, he praised through his whole life with un-

:ied liberality; and perhaps his character may :eive some illustration, if he be compared with ı master.

Integrity of understanding and nicety of discern-ınt were not allotted in a less proportion to Dry-n than to Pope. The rectitude of Dryden's nd was sufficiently shown by the dismission of poetical prejudices, and the rejection of unna-al thoughts and rugged numbers. But Dryden ver desired to apply all the judgment that he l. He wrote, and professed to write, merely for : people; and when he pleased others, he con-ıted himself. He spent no time in struggles to ıse latent powers; he never attempted to make :t better which was already good, nor often to nd what he must have known to be faulty. He ote, as he tells us, with very little consideration; en occasion or necessity called upon him, he ıred out what the present moment happened to ›ply, and, when once it had passed the press, cted it from his mind; for when he had no pe-ıiary interest, he had no further solicitude.

Pope was not content to satisfy; he desired to :el, and therefore always endeavoured to do his ıt; he did not court the candour, but dared the lgment, of his reader, and, expecting no indul-ıce from others, he showed none to himself. He ımined lines and words with minute and puncti-ıs observation, and retouched every part with .efatigable diligence, till he had left nothing to forgiven.

For this reason he kept his pieces very long in hands, while he considered and reconsidered :m. The only poems which can be supposed to ve been written with such regard to the times might hasten their publication, were the two sa-es of Thirty-eight; of which Dodsley told me, ıt they were brought to him by the author, that :y might be fairly copied: "Almost every line;"

e said, " was then written twice over; I gave him clean transcript, which he sent some time afterwards to me for the press, with almost every line written twice over a second time."

His declaration, that his care for his works ceased at their publication, was not strictly true. His parental attention never abandoned them; what he found amiss in the first edition, he silently corrected in those that followed. He appears to have revised the Iliad, and freed it from some of its imperfections; and the Essay on Criticism received many improvements after its first appearance. It will seldom be found, that he altered without adding clearness, elegance, or vigour. Pope had perhaps the judgment of Dryden; but Dryden certainly wanted the diligence of Pope.

In acquired knowledge, the superiority must be allowed to Dryden, whose education was more scholastic, and who, before he became an author, had been allowed more time for study, with better means of information. His mind has a larger range, and he collected his images and illustrations from a more extensive circumference of science. Dryden knew more of man in his general nature, and Pope in his local manners. The notions of Dryden wer formed by comprehensive speculation; and thos of Pope by minute attention. There is more di nity in the knowledge of Dryden, and more ce tainty in that of Pope.

Poetry was not the sole praise of either; for bc excelled likewise in prose; but Pope did not b row his prose from his predecessor. The style Dryden is capricious and varied; that of Pop cautious and uniform. Dryden observes the tions of his own mind; Pope constrains his min his own rules of composition. Dryden is sc times vehement and rapid; Pope is always sm uniform, and gentle. Dryden's page is a na field, rising into inequalities, and diversified b

varied exuberance of abundant vegetation; Pope's is a velvet lawn, shaven by the scythe, and levelled by the roller.

Of genius, that power which constitutes a poet; that quality without which judgment is cold, and knowledge is inert; that energy which collects, combines, amplifies, and animates; the superiority must, with some hesitation, be allowed to Dryden. It is not to be inferred, that of this poetical vigour Pope had only a little, because Dryden had more; for every other writer since Milton must give place to Pope; and even of Dryden it must be said, that, if he has brighter paragraphs, he has not better poems. Dryden's performances were always hasty, either excited by some external occasion, or extorted by domestic necessity; he composed without consideration, and published without correction. What his mind could supply at call, or gather in one excursion, was all that he sought, and all that he gave. The dilatory caution of Pope enabled him to condense his sentiments, to multiply his images, and to accumulate all that study might produce, or chance might supply. If the flights of Dryden therefore are higher, Pope continues longer on the wing. If of Dryden's fire the blaze is brighter, of Pope's the heat is more regular and constant. Dryden often surpasses expectation, and Pope never falls below it. Dryden is read with frequent astonishment, and Pope with perpetual delight.

Pope had, in proportions very nicely adjusted to each other, all the qualities that constitute genius. He had invention, by which new trains of events are formed, and new scenes of imagery displayed, as in the Rape of the Lock; and by which extrinsic and adventitious embellishments and illustrations are connected with a known subject, as in the Essay on Criticism. He had imagination, which strongly impresses on the writer's mind, and enables him to convey to the reader, the various forms of nature,

incidents of life, and energies of passion, as in his Eloisa, Windsor Forest, and the Ethic Epistles. He had judgment, which selects from life or nature what the present purpose requires, and by separating the essence of things from its concomitants, often makes the representation more powerful than the reality; and he had colours of language before him, ready to decorate his matter with every grace of elegant expression, as when he accommodates his diction to the wonderful multiplicity of Homer's sentiments and descriptions.

Poetical expression includes sound as well as meaning; "Music," says Dryden, "is inarticulate poetry;" among the excellences of Pope, therefore, must be mentioned the melody of his metre. By perusing the works of Dryden, he discovered the most perfect fabric of English verse, and habituated himself to that only, which he found the best; in consequence of which restraint, his poetry has been censured as too uniformly musical, and as glutting the ear with unvaried sweetness. I suspect this objection to be the cant of those who judge by principles rather than perception; and who would even themselves have less pleasure in his works, if he had tried to relieve attention by studied discords, or affected to break his lines and vary his pauses.

But though he was thus careful of his versification, he did not oppress his powers with superfluous rigour. He seems to have thought with Boileau, that the practice of writing might be refined till the difficulty should overbalance the advantage. The construction of his language is not always strictly grammatical; with those rhymes which prescription had conjoined he contented himself, without regard to Swift's remonstrances, though there was no striking consonance; nor was he very careful to vary his terminations, or to refuse admission, at a small distance, to the same rhymes.

remarked by Watts, that there is scarcely a combination of words, or a phrase poetically t in the English language, which Pope has ıerted into his version of Homer. How he ed possession of so many beauties of speech, e desirable to know. That he gleaned from s, obscure as well as eminent, what he thought ıt or useful, and preserved it all in a regular ion, is not unlikely. When, in his last years, Satires were shown him, he wished that he en them sooner.

r all this, it is surely superfluous to answer estion that has once been asked, Whether was a poet? otherwise than by asking in re- f Pope be not a poet, where is poetry to be ? To circumscribe poetry by a definition, nly show the narrowness of the definer, ı a definition which shall exclude Pope will sily be made. Let us look round upon the ıt time, and back upon the past; let us in- to whom the voice of mankind has decreed eath of poetry; let their productions be ex- d, and their claims stated, and the preten- of Pope will be no more disputed. Had he the world only his version, the name of poet ıave been allowed him; if the writer of the ere to class his successors, he would assign high place to his translator, without requir- y other evidence of genius.

PASTORALS.

PASTORALS.

I.

SPRING; OR DAMON.

TO SIR WILLIAM TRUMBAL.

First in these fields I try the silvan strains,
Nor blush to sport on Windsor's blissful plains:
Fair Thames! flow gently from thy sacred spring,
While on thy banks Sicilian Muses sing;
Let vernal airs through trembling osiers play,
And Albion's cliffs resound the rural lay.
You that too wise for pride, too good for pow'r,
Enjoy the glory to be great no more,
And, carrying with you all the world can boast,
To all the world illustriously are lost!
O let my Muse her slender reed inspire,
Till in your native shades you tune the lyre:
So when the nightingale to rest removes,
The thrush may chaunt to the forsaken groves;
But charm'd to silence, listens while she sings,
And all the' aërial audience clap their wings.
Soon as the flocks shook off the nightly dews,
Two swains, whom love kept wakeful, and the Muse
Pour'd o'er the whitening vale their fleecy care,
Fresh as the morn, and as the season fair;
The dawn now blushing on the mountain's side,
Thus Daphnis *spoke*, and Strephon thus replied:

Daph. Hear how the birds on every blooming
With joyous music wake the dawning day! [spray
Why sit we mute when early linnets sing,
When warbling Philomel salutes the spring?
Why sit we sad, when Phosphor shines so clear,
And lavish Nature paints the purple year? [strain,
Streph. Sing then, and Damon shall attend the
While yon slow oxen turn the furrow'd plain:
Here the bright crocus and blue violet glow;
Here western winds on breathing roses blow.
I'll stake yon lamb, that near the fountain plays,
And from the brink his dancing shade surveys.
Daph. And I this bowl where wanton ivy twines,
And swelling clusters bend the curling vines:
Four figures rising from the work appear,
The various seasons of the rolling year;
And what is that, which binds the radiant sky,
Where twelve fair signs in beauteous order lie?
Dam. Then sing by turns, by turns the Muses sing;
Now hawthorns blossom, now the daisies spring;
Now leaves the trees, and flowers adorn the ground;
Begin, the vales shall every note rebound.
Streph. Inspire me, Phebus! in my Delia's praise,
With Waller's strains, or Granville's moving lays:
A milk-white bull shall at your altars stand,
That threats a fight, and spurns the rising sand.
Daph. O Love! for Sylvia let me gain the prize,
And make my tongue victorious as her eyes:
No lambs or sheep for victims I'll impart,
Thy victim, Love, shall be the shepherd's heart.
Streph. Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain,
Then hid in shades, eludes her eager swain;
But feigns a laugh, to see me search around,
And by that laugh the willing fair is found.

Daph. The sprightly Sylvia trips along the green;
She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen;
While a kind glance at her pursuer flies,
How much at variance are her feet and eyes!

Streph. O'er golden sands let rich Pactolus flow,
And trees weep amber on the banks of Po;
Bless'd Thames's shore the brightest beauties yield,
Feed here my lambs, I'll seek no distant field.

Daph. Celestial Venus haunts Idalia's groves;
Diana Cynthus, Ceres Hybla loves:
If Windsor-shades delight the matchless maid,
Cynthus and Hybla yield to Windsor-shade.

Streph. All nature mourns, the skies relent in show'rs,
Hush'd are the birds, and clos'd the drooping flow'rs;
If Delia smile the flowers begin to spring,
The skies to brighten, and the birds to sing.

Daph. All nature laughs, the groves are fresh and fair,
The sun's mild lustre warms the vital air;
If Sylvia smiles, new glories gild the shore,
And vanquish'd nature seems to charm no more.

Streph. In spring the fields, in autumn hills I love,
At morn the plains, at noon the shady grove,
But Delia always; absent from her sight,
Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon, delight.

Daph. Sylvia's like autumn ripe, yet mild as May,
More bright than noon, yet fresh as early day:
Ev'n spring displeases, when she shines not here;
But bless'd with her, 'tis spring throughout the year.

Streph. Say, Daphnis, say, in what glad soil appears
A wondrous tree, that sacred monarchs bears?*

* An allusion to the royal oak, in which Charles II. had been hid from his pursuers after the battle of Worcester.

Tell me but this, and I'll disclaim the prize,
And give the conquest to thy Sylvia's eyes. [fiel
Daph. Nay, tell me first, in what more hap
The thistle springs, to which the lily yields* :
And then a nobler prize I will resign;
For Sylvia, charming Sylvia, shall be thine.
Dam. Cease to contend; for, Daphnis, I decr
The bowl to Strephon, and the lamb to thee.
Bless'd swains, whose nymphs in every grace exce
Bless'd nymphs, whose swains those graces sing
well!
Now rise, and haste to yonder woodbine bow'rs,
A soft retreat from sudden vernal show'rs;
The turf with rural dainties shall be crown'd,
While opening blooms diffuse their sweets aroun
For see! the gathering flocks to shelter tend,
And from the Pleiads fruitful showers descend.

II.

SUMMER; OR ALEXIS.

TO DR. GARTH.

A SHEPHERD'S boy (he seeks no better name)
Led forth his flocks along the silver Thame,
Where dancing sun-beams on the waters play'd,
And verdant alders form'd a quivering shade.
Soft as he mourn'd, the streams forgot to flow,
The flocks around a dumb compassion show,

* Alludes to the device of the Scots monarchs, the thistle, wo
by Queen Anne; and to the arms of France, the fleur de l
The two riddles are in imitation of those in Virg. Ecl. 3d.

The Naïads wept in every watry bow'r,
And Jove consented in a silent show'r.
  Accept, O Garth! the Muse's early lays,
That adds this wreath of ivy to thy bays;
Hear what from love unpractis'd hearts endure,
From love, the sole disease thou canst not cure.
  Ye shady beeches, and ye cooling streams,
Defence from Phœbus', not from Cupid's beams,
To you I mourn; nor to the deaf I sing,
The woods shall answer, and their echo ring.
The hills and rocks attend my doleful lay,
Why art thou prouder and more hard than they?
The bleating sheep with my complaints agree,
They parch'd with heat, and I inflam'd by thee.
The sultry Sirius burns the thirsty plains,
While in thy heart eternal winter reigns.
  Where stray ye, Muses! in what lawn or grove,
While your Alexis pines in hopeless love?
In those fair fields where sacred Isis glides,
Or else where Cam his winding vales divides?
As in the crystal spring I view my face,
Fresh rising blushes paint the watry glass;
But since those graces please thy eyes no more,
I shun the fountains which I sought before.
Once I was skill'd in every herb that grew,
And every plant that drinks the morning dew;
Ah, wretched shepherd, what avails thy art,
To cure thy lambs, but not to heal thy heart!
  Let other swains attend the rural care,
Feed fairer flocks, or richer fleeces sheer:
But nigh yon mountain let me tune my lays,
Embrace my love, and bind my brows with bays.
That flute is mine which Colin's tuneful breath
Inspir'd when living, and bequeath'd in death;

He said, 'Alexis, take this pipe, the same
That taught the groves my Rosalinda's name.'—
But now the reeds shall hang on yonder tree,
For ever silent, since despis'd by thee.
Oh! were I made by some transforming pow'r
The captive bird that sings within thy bow'r!
Then might my voice thy listening ears employ,
And I those kisses he receives enjoy.
And yet my numbers please the rural throng,
Rough satyrs dance, and Pan applauds the song:
The nymphs, forsaking every cave and spring,
Their early fruit and milk-white turtles bring;
Each amorous nymph prefers her gifts in vain,
On you their gifts are all bestow'd again.
For you the swains the fairest flowers design,
And in one garland all their beauties join;
Accept the wreath which you deserve alone,
In whom all beauties are compris'd in one.
See what delights in silvan scenes appear!
Descending gods have found Elysium here.
In woods bright Venus with Adonis stray'd,
And chaste Diana haunts the forest-shade.
Come, lovely nymph, and bless the silent hours,
When swains from sheering seek their nightly bow'rs;
When weary reapers quit the sultry field,
And, crown'd with corn, their thanks to Ceres yield.
This harmless grove no lurking viper hides,
But in my breast the serpent Love abides.
Here bees from blossoms sip the rosy dew,
But your Alexis knows no sweets but you.
O deign to visit our forsaken seats,
The mossy fountains, and the green retreats!
Where'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade.
Trees, where you sit, shall crowd into a shade:

Where'er you tread, the blushing flowers shall rise,
And all things flourish where you turn your eyes.
Oh how I long with you to pass my days,
Invoke the Muses, and resound your praise!
Your praise the birds shall chant in every grove,
And winds shall waft it to the powers above.
But would you sing, and rival Orpheus' strain,
The wondering forests soon should dance again;
The moving mountains hear the powerful call,
And headlong streams hang listening in their fall!
  But see, the shepherds shun the noon-day heat,
The lowing herds to murmuring brooks retreat,
To closer shades the panting flocks remove:
Ye gods! and is there no relief for love?—
But soon the sun with milder rays descends
To the cool ocean, where his journey ends:
On me Love's fiercer flames for ever prey,
By night he scorches, as he burns by day.

III.

AUTUMN; OR HYLAS AND ÆGON.

TO MR. WYCHERLEY.

Beneath the shade a spreading beech displays,
Hylas and Ægon sung their rural lays;
This mourn'd a faithless, that an absent love,
And Delia's name and Doris' fill'd the grove.
Ye Mantuan nymphs, your sacred succour bring,
Hylas and Ægon's rural lays I sing.
  Thou, whom the Nine with Plautus' wit inspire,
The art of Terence, and Menander's fire;
Whose sense instructs us, and whose humour charms,
Whose judgment sways us, and whose spirit warms:

O, skill'd in nature! see the hearts of swains,
Their artless passions, and their tender pains.
Now setting Phœbus shone serenely bright,
And fleecy clouds were streak'd with purple light
When tuneful Hylas, with melodious moan,
Taught rocks to weep, and made the mountain
groan.

'Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
To Delia's ear the tender notes convey.
As some sad turtle his lost love deplores,
And with deep murmurs fills the sounding shores
Thus, far from Delia, to the winds I mourn,
Alike unheard, unpitied, and forlorn.

'Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!
For her, the feather'd quires neglect their song;
For her, the limes their pleasing shades deny;
For her, the lilies hang their heads and die.
Ye flowers that droop, forsaken by the spring,
Ye birds that, left by summer, cease to sing,
Ye trees, that fade when autumn-heats remove,
Say, is not absence death to those who love?

'Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
Curs'd be the fields that cause my Delia's stay:
Fade every blossom, wither every tree,
Die every flower, and perish all but she.—
What have I said? Where'er my Delia flies,
Let spring attend, and sudden flowers arise!
Let opening roses knotted oaks adorn,
And liquid amber drop from every thorn.

'Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!
The birds shall cease to tune their evening song,
The winds to breathe, the waving woods to move,
And streams to murmur, ere I cease to love.
Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,
Not balmy sleep to labourers faint with pain,

Not showers to larks, or sunshine to the bee,
Are half so charming as thy sight to me.
'Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
Come, Delia, come; ah, why this long delay?
Through rocks and caves the name of Delia sounds,
Delia, each cave and echoing rock rebounds.
Ye powers, what pleasing frenzy soothes my mind!
Do lovers dream, or is my Delia kind?
She comes, my Delia comes!—Now cease my lay,
And cease, ye gales, to bear my sighs away!'
Next Ægon sung, while Windsor-groves admir'd—
Rehearse, ye Muses, what yourselves inspir'd.
'Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain!
Of perjur'd Doris, dying, I complain;
Here where the mountains, lessening as they rise,
Lose the low vales, and steal into the skies:
While labouring oxen, spent with toil and heat,
In their loose traces from the field retreat:
While curling smokes from village-tops are seen,
And the fleet shades glide o'er the dusky green.
'Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
Beneath yon poplar oft we pass'd the day:
Oft on the rind I carv'd her amorous vows,
While she with garlands hung the bending boughs:—
The garlands fade, the vows are worn away;
So dies her love, and so my hopes decay.
'Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain!
Now bright Arcturus glads the teeming grain;
Now golden fruits on loaded branches shine,
And grateful clusters swell with floods of wine;
Now blushing berries paint the yellow grove:
Just gods! shall all things yield returns but love?
'Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
The *shepherds cry*, "Thy flocks are left a prey."—

Ah! what avails it me the flocks to keep,
Who lost my heart while I preserv'd my sheep!
Pan came, and ask'd, "What magic caus'd my sma
Or what ill eyes malignant glances dart?"
What eyes but her's, alas, have power to move!
And is there magic, but what dwells in love!
'Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain
I'll fly from shepherds, flocks, and flowery plains
From shepherds, flocks, and plains, I may remov
Forsake mankind, and all the world—but love!
I know thee, Love, on foreign mountains bred,
Wolves gave thee suck, and savage tigers fed;
Thou wert from Ætna's burning entrails torn,
Got by fierce whirlwinds, and in thunder born!
'Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
Farewell, ye woods; adieu the light of day!
One leap from yonder cliff shall end my pains,
No more, ye hills, no more resound my strains!'
Thus sung the shepherds till th' approach of nigl
The skies yet blushing with departing light,
When falling dews with spangles deck'd the glad
And the low sun had lengthen'd every shade.

IV.

WINTER; OR DAPHNE.

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. TEMPEST.

Lycidas.

Thyrsis! the music of that murmuring spring
Is not so mournful as the strains you sing;
Nor rivers winding through the vales below,
So sweetly warble, or so smoothly flow.

Now sleeping flocks on their soft fleeces lie,
The moon, serene in glory, mounts the sky;
While silent birds forget their tuneful lays,
O sing of Daphne's fate, and Daphne's praise!

Thyr. Behold the groves that shine with silver frost,
Their beauty wither'd, and their verdure lost.
Here shall I try the sweet Alexis' strain,
That call'd the listening Dryads to the plain?
Thames heard the numbers, as he flow'd along,
And bade his willows learn the moving song.

Lyc. So may kind rains their vital moisture yield,
And swell the future harvest of the field.
Begin: this charge the dying Daphne gave,
And said, 'Ye shepherds, sing around my grave!'
Sing, while beside the shaded tomb I mourn,
And with fresh bays her rural shrine adorn.

Thyr. Ye gentle Muses, leave your crystal spring;
Let nymphs and silvans cypress-garlands bring:
Ye weeping loves, the stream with myrtles hide,
And break your bows, as when Adonis died;
And with your golden darts, now useless grown,
Inscribe a verse on this relenting stone:
'Let nature change, let heaven and earth deplore,
Fair Daphne's dead, and love is now no more!'

'Tis done; and nature's various charms decay,
See gloomy clouds obscure the cheerful day!
Now hung with pearls the dropping trees appear,
Their faded honours scatter'd on her bier.
See, where on earth the flowery glories lie,
With her they flourish'd, and with her they die.
Ah! what avail the beauties nature wore?
Fair Daphne's dead, and beauty is no more!

For her the flocks refuse their verdant food,
The thirsty heifers shun the gliding flood:

The silver swans her hapless fate bemoan,
In notes more sad than when they sing their own.
In hollow caves sweet Echo silent lies,
Silent, or only to her name replies;
Her name with pleasure once she taught the shore;
Now Daphne's dead, and pleasure is no more!

No grateful dews descend from evening skies,
Nor morning odours from the flowers arise;
No rich perfumes refresh the fruitful field,
Nor fragrant herbs the native incense yield.
The balmy zephyrs, silent since her death,
Lament the ceasing of a sweeter breath;
The' industrious bees neglect their golden store:
Fair Daphne's dead, and sweetness is no more!

No more the mounting larks, while Daphne sings,
Shall, listening in mid air, suspend their wings;
No more the birds shall imitate her lays,
Or, hush'd with wonder, hearken from the sprays;
No more the streams their murmurs shall forbear,
A sweeter music than their own to hear;
But tell the reeds, and tell the vocal shore,
Fair Daphne's dead, and music is no more!

Her fate is whisper'd by the gentle breeze,
And told in sighs to all the trembling trees;
The trembling trees, in every plain and wood,
Her fate remurmur to the silver flood;
The silver flood, so lately calm, appears
Swell'd with new passion, and o'erflows with tears;
The winds and trees and floods her death deplore,
Daphne, our grief, our glory now no more!

But see! where Daphne wondering mounts on high
Above the clouds, above the starry sky!
Eternal beauties grace the shining scene,
Fields ever fresh, and groves for ever green!

:re while you rest in amaranthine bowers,
'rom those meads select unfading flowers,
old us kindly, who your name implore,
ohne, our goddess, and our grief no more!
yc. How all things listen, while thy Muse complains!
h silence waits on Philomela's strains,
ome still evening, when the whispering breeze
ts on the leaves, and dies upon the trees.
thee, bright goddess, oft a lamb shall bleed,
eeming ewes increase my fleecy breed.
ile plants their shade, or flowers their odours give,
' name, thy honour, and thy praise shall live!
Thyr. But see, Orion sheds unwholesome dews;
se, the pines a noxious shade diffuse;
rp Boreas blows, and Nature feels decay,
ie conquers all, and we must time obey.
eu, ye vales, ye mountains, streams and groves;
eu, ye shepherds' rural lays and loves;
eu, my flocks; farewell, ye silvan crew;
ohne, farewell; and all the world adieu!

MESSIAH.

A SACRED ECLOGUE.

IN IMITATION OF VIRGIL'S POLLIO.

ADVERTISEMENT.

ıding several passages of the prophet Isaiah, which foretel coming of Christ, and the felicities attending it; I could not observe a remarkable parity between many of the thoughts those in the Pollio of Virgil. This will not seem surprising, en we reflect that the eclogue was taken from a sibylline pro- cy on the same subject. One may judge that Virgil did not y it line by line, but selected such ideas as best agreed with nature of pastoral poetry, and disposed them in that manner ch served most to beautify his piece. I have endeavoured the ıe in this imitation of him, though without admitting any ıg of my own; since it was written with this particular view, t the reader, by comparing the several thoughts, might see far the images and descriptions of the prophet are superior hose of the poet. But as I fear I have prejudiced them by management, I shall subjoin the passages of Isaiah, and those Virgil, under the same disadvantage of a literal translation.

ıymphs of Solyma! begin the song:
ıeavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
mossy fountains, and the silvan shades,
dreams of Pindus, and the' Aonian maids,
ght no more—O thou my voice inspire
ɔ touch'd *Isaiah's* hallow'd lips with fire!

Rapt into future times, the bard begun:
A virgin shall conceive, a virgin bear a son!*
From Jesse's† root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies
The' ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic dove.
Ye heavens!‡ from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r!
The sick§ and weak the healing plant shall aid,
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail!
Returning Justice‖ lift aloft her scale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-rob'd Innocence from Heav'n descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise the' expected morn!
O spring to light, auspicious babe! be born.

IMITATIONS.

* Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 6.

Jam redit et virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna;
Jam nova progenies cœlo demittitur alto.
Te duce, si qua manent sceleris vestigia nostri,
Irrita perpetua solvent formidine terras—
Pacatumque reget patriis virtutibus orbem.

'Now the virgin returns, now the kingdom of Saturn returns now a new progeny is sent down from high heaven. By means o thee, whatever relics of our crimes remain shall be wiped away and free the world from perpetual fears. He shall govern the eard in peace, with the virtues of his father.'

Isaiah, ch. vii. ver. 14. 'Behold a virgin shall conceive and bea a son.'—Chap. ix. ver. 6, 7: 'Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given, the Prince of Peace: of the increase of his government and of his peace, there shall be no end: upon the throne of David and upon his kingdom, to order and to establish it, with judgment and with justice, for ever and ever.'

† Isa. xi. ver. 1. ‡ Ch. xiv. ver. 8. § Ch. xxv. ver. 4.
‖ Ch. ix. ver. 7.

ee Nature hastes her earliest wreathes to bring,*
/ith all the incense of the breathing spring;
ee †lofty Lebanon his head advance,
ee nodding forests on the mountains dance:
ee spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
nd Carmel's flowery top perfumes the skies!
ark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;‡
repare the way!§ a God, a God appears!

IMITATIONS.

* Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 18.

At tibi prima, puer, nullo munuscula cultu,
Errantes hederas passim cum baccare tellus
Mixtaque ridenti colocasia fundet acantho—
Ipsa tibi blandos fundent cunabula flores.

'For thee, O child, shall the earth, without being tilled, produce
r early offerings; winding ivy, mixed with baccar, and colocas-
, with smiling acanthus. Thy cradle shall pour forth pleasing
wers about thee.'

Isaiah, ch. xxxv. ver. 1. 'The wilderness and the solitary place
all be glad, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.'—
h. lx. ver. 13: 'The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the
tree, the pine-tree, and the box together, to beautify the place
thy sanctuary.'

† Chap. xxxv. ver. 2.

‡ Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 46.

Aggredere O magnos, aderit jam tempus, honores,
Cara deum soboles, magnum Jovis incrementum—
Ipsi lætitia voces ad sidera jactant
Intonsi montes, ipsæ jam carmina rupes,
Ipsa sonant arbusta, Deus, Deus ille Menalca!

Ecl. v. ver. 62.

'O come and receive the mighty honours: the time draws nigh,
beloved offspring of the Gods, O great increase of Jove! The
neultivated mountains send shouts of joy to the stars, the very
ocks sing in verse, the very shrubs cry out, a God, a God!'

Isaiah, chap. xl. ver. 3, 4. 'The voice of him that crieth in the
ilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord! make straight in the
esert a highway for our God! Every valley shall be exalted, and
very mountain and hill shall be made low, and the crooked shall
e made straight, and the rough places plain.' Chap. xliv. ver. 23.

A God, a God! the vocal hills reply;
The rocks proclaim the' approaching Deity.
Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies!
Sink down ye mountains, and ye vallies rise;
With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay!
Be smooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way!
The Saviour comes, by ancient bards foretold:
Hear him,* ye dead, and all ye blind behold!
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day:
'Tis he the' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm the' unfolding ear:
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear,
From every face he wipes off every tear.
In† adamantine chains shall Death be bound,
And Hell's grim tyrant feel the' eternal wound.
As the good shepherd‡ tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air,
Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects;
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in in his bosom warms;
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promis'd father‖ of the future age.

IMITATIONS.

' Break forth into singing, ye mountains, O forest, and every tree therein! for the Lord hath redeemed Israel.'

§ Isa. xl. ver. 3, 4.

* Ch. xliii. ver. 18. Ch. xxxv. ver. 5, 6. + Ch. xxv. ver. 8.

‡ Ch. xl. ver. 11. ‖ Ch. ix. ver. 6.

more shall* nation against nation rise,
ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
useless lances into scythes shall bend,
. the broad falchion in a ploughshare end.
n palaces shall rise; the joyful† son
ll finish what his short-liv'd sire begun;
ir vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
l the same hand that sow'd shall reap the field.
swain in barren‡ deserts with surprise
ɜ lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;§
. starts, amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
r falls of water murmuring in his ear.
rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
ıte‖ sandy vallies, once perplex'd with thorn,
: spiry fir and shapely box adorn;

sa. ii. ver. 4. † Ch. lxv. ver. 21, 22.
:h. xxxv. ver. 1. 7.

IMITATIONS.

'irg. Ecl. iv. ver. 28.

Molli paulatim flavescet campus arista,
Incultisque rubens pendebit sentibus uva,
Et duræ quercus sudabunt roscida mella.

he fields shall grow yellow with ripened ears, and the red
: shall hang upon the wild brambles, and the hard oaks shall
honey like dew'

iah, chap. xxxv. ver. 7. 'The parched ground shall become
ıl, and the thirsty lands springs of water: in the habitation
e dragons lay, shall be grass. and reeds, and rushes.—Chap. lv.
.3: 'Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and in-
of the brier shall come up the myrtle-tree.'

:h. xli. ver. 19. and Ch lv. ver. 13.

To leafless shrubs the flowering palms succeed,
And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed. [mead
The lambs* with wolves shall graze the verdan
And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead;†
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents‡ lick the pilgrim's feet;
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleas'd, the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forky tongue shall innocently play
Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem,§ rise!‖
Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes!

* Isa. xi. ver. 6, 7, 8.

IMITATIONS.

Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 21.

Ipsæ lacte domum referent distenta capellæ
Ubera, nec magnos metuent armenta leones—
Occidet et serpens, et fallax herba veneni
Occidet ——

'The goats shall bear to the fold their udders distended wid milk: nor shall the herds be afraid of the greatest lions Th serpent shall die, and the herb that conceals poison shall die.'

Isaiah, chap. xi. ver. 16, &c. 'The wolf shall dwell with th lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid and the cal and the young lion, and the fatling together; and a little chil shall lead them.—And the lion shall eat straw like the ox. An the sucking child play on the hole of the asp, and the weane child shall put his hand on the den of the cockatrice."

† Ch. lxv. ver. 25 ‡ Ch. lx. ver 1.

§ The thoughts of Isaiah, which compose the latter part of th poem, are wonderfully elevated, and much above those genera exclamations of Virgil, which make the loftiest parts of his Pollic

Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo!
—toto surget gens aurea mundo!
—incipient magni procedere menses!
Adspice, venturo lætentur ut omnia sæclo! &c.

The reader needs only to turn to the passages of Isaiah her cited.

a long race* thy spacious courts adorn;
future sons and daughters yet unborn,
rowding ranks on every side arise,
ıanding life, impatient for the skies!
barbarous nations† at thy gates attend,
k in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
heap'd with products of Sabæan‡ springs!
thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
Heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
break upon thee in a flood of day.
nore the rising sun§ shall gild the morn,
evening Cynthia fill her silver horn;
lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,
tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
flow thy courts: the light himself shall shine
eal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
seas‖ shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
ks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
fix'd his word, his saving pow'r remains;—
realm for ever lasts, thy own MESSIAH reigns!

Isa. lx. ver. 4. † Ch. lx. ver. 3.
Ch. lx. ver. 6. § Ch. lx. ver. 19, 20.
Ch. li. ver. 6. and Ch. liv. ver. 10.

WINDSOR-FOREST.

TO THE

RT. HON. GEORGE LORD LANSDOWN.

Non injussa cano: te nostræ, Vare, myricæ,
Te nemus omne canet: nec Phœbo gratior ulla est,
Quam sibi quæ Vari præscripsit pagina nomen. VIRG.

THY forest, Windsor! and thy green retreats,
At once the Monarch's and the Muse's seats,
Invite my lays. Be present, silvan maids!
Unlock your springs, and open all your shades,
Granville commands: your aid, O Muses, bring!
What Muse for Granville can refuse to sing?
The groves of Eden, vanish'd now so long,
Live in description, and look green in song:
These, were my breast inspir'd with equal flame,
Like them in beauty, should be like in fame.
Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
Here earth and water seem to strive again;
Not chaos-like together crush'd and bruis'd,
But, as the world, harmoniously confus'd:
Where order in variety we see,
And where, though all things differ, all agree.
Here waving groves a chequer'd scene display,
And part admit, and part exclude the day;

me coy nymph her lover's warm address,
quite indulges, nor can quite repress.
e, interspers'd in lawns and opening glades,
trees arise that shun each others shades.
in full light the russet plains extend:
e wrapt in clouds, the bluish hills ascend.
the wild heath displays her purple dyes,
nidst the desert fruitful fields arise,
crown'd with tufted trees and springing corn,
verdant isles, the sable waste adorn.
ndia boast her plants, nor envy we
weeping amber or the balmy tree,
e by our oaks the precious loads are borne,
realms commanded which those trees adorn.
roud Olympus yields a nobler sight,
gh gods assembled grace his tow'ring height,
what more humble mountains offer here,
re, in their blessings, all those gods appear.
'an with flocks, with fruits Pomona crown'd,
blushing Flora paints the' enamell'd ground,
Ceres' gifts in waving prospect stand,
nodding tempt the joyful reaper's hand;
Industry sits smiling on the plains,
peace and plenty tell, a Stuart reigns.
thus the land appear'd in ages past,
ary desert, and a gloomy waste,
vage beasts and savage laws a prey,
kings more furious and severe than they;
claim'd the skies, dispeopled air and floods,
onely lords of empty wilds and woods:
laid waste, they storm'd the dens and caves,
wiser brutes were backward to be slaves)
could be free, when lawless beasts obey'd,
v'n the elements a tyrant sway'd?

In vain kind seasons swell'd the teeming grain,
Soft showers distill'd, and suns grew warm in vain:
The swain with tears his frustrate labour yields,
And famish'd dies amidst his ripen'd fields.
What wonder then, a beast or subject slain
Were equal crimes in a despotic reign?
Both doom'd alike, for sportive tyrants bled,
But while the subject starv'd the beast was fed.
Proud Nimrod first the bloody chase began,
A mighty hunter, and his prey was man:
Our haughty Norman boasts that barbarous name,
And makes his trembling slaves the royal game.
The fields are ravish'd from the' industrious swains,
From men their cities, and from gods their fanes:
The level'd towns with weeds lie cover'd o'er;
The hollow winds through naked temples roar;
Round broken columns clasping ivy twin'd;
O'er heaps of ruin stalk'd the stately hind;
The fox obscene to gaping tombs retires,
And savage howlings fill the sacred quires.
Aw'd by his nobles, by his commons curst,
The' oppressor rul'd tyrannic where he durst,
Stretch'd o'er the poor and church his iron rod,
And serv'd alike his vassals and his God.
Whom ev'n the Saxon spar'd, and bloody Dane,
The wanton victims of his sport remain.
But see, the man, who spacious regions gave
A waste for beasts, himself denied a grave!
Stretch'd on the lawn his second hope survey,
At once the chaser, and at once the prey!
Lo Rufus, tugging at the deadly dart,
Bleeds in the forest like a wounded hart!
Succeeding monarchs heard the subjects' cries,
Nor saw displeas'd the peaceful cottage rise:

athering flocks on unknown mountains fed,
ıdy wilds were yellow harvests spread,
est wonder'd at the' unusual grain,
cret transports touch'd the conscious swain.
ɔerty, Britannia's goddess, rears
erful head, and leads the golden years.
gorous swains! while youth ferments your
ter spirits swell the sprightly flood, [blood,
ıge the hills, the gameful woods beset,
ıe shrill horn, or spread the waving net.
nilder autumn summer's heat succeeds,
the new-shorn field the partridge feeds,
his lord the ready spaniel bounds,
with hope, he tries the furrow'd grounds;
en the tainted gales the game betray,
l close he lies, and meditates the prey;
they trust the' unfaithful field beset,
ering o'er 'em sweeps the swelling net.
small things we may with great compare)
Albion sends her eager sons to war,
oughtless town, with ease and plenty bless'd,
ıd more near, the closing lines invest;
they seize the' amaz'd, defenceless prize,
high air Britannia's standard flies.
om the brake the whirring pheasant springs,
unts exulting on triumphant wings:
his joy; he feels the fiery wound,
in blood, and panting beats the ground.
ıat avail his glossy, varying dyes,
ple crest, and scarlet-circled eyes,
id green his shining plumes unfold,
ıted wings, and breast that flames with gold?
et, when moist Arcturus clouds the sky,
ods and fields their pleasing toils deny.

To plains with well-breath'd beagles w
And trace the mazes of the circling ha
(Beasts, urg'd by us, their fellow-beast
And learn of man each other to undo.)
With slaughtering guns the' unwearied f
When frosts have whiten'd all the nake
Where doves in flocks the leafless tree
And lonely woodcocks haunt the water
He lifts the tube, and levels with his ey
Straight a short thunder breaks the fro
Oft, as in airy rings they skim the heat
The clamorous lapwings feel the leade
Oft, as the mounting larks their notes p
They fall, and leave their little lives in

In genial spring, beneath the quiveri
Where cooling vapours breathe along
The patient fisher takes his silent stan
Intent, his angle trembling in his hand
With looks unmov'd, he hopes the scal
And eyes the dancing cork and bendin
Our plenteous streams a various race s
The bright-ey'd perch with fins of Tyr
The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'
The yellow carp, in scales bedropp'd w
Swift trouts, diversified with crimson st
And pikes, the tyrants of the watery p

Now Cancer glows with Phœbus' fie
The youth rush eager to the silvan wa
Swarm o'er the lawns, the forest walks
Rouse the fleet hart, and cheer the ope
The' impatient courser pants in every
And, pawing, seems to beat the distant
Hills, vales, and floods appear already c
And ere he starts a thousand steps are

See the bold youth strain up the threatening steep,
Rush through the thickets, down the vallies sweep,
Hang o'er their coursers' heads with eager speed,
And earth rolls back beneath the flying steed.
Let old Arcadia boast her ample plain,
The' immortal huntress, and her virgin train:
Nor envy, Windsor! since thy shades have seen
As bright a goddess, and as chaste a queen;
Whose care, like her's, protects the silvan reign,
The earth's fair light, and empress of the main.

Here too, 'tis sung, of old, Diana stray'd,
And Cynthus' top forsook for Windsor's shade;
Here was she seen o'er airy wastes to rove,
Seek the clear spring, or haunt the pathless grove;
Here arm'd with silver bows, in early dawn,
Her buskin'd virgins trac'd the dewy lawn.

Above the rest a rural nymph was fam'd,
Thy offspring, Thames! the fair Lodona nam'd;
(Lodona's fate, in long oblivion cast,
The Muse shall sing, and what she sings shall last.)
Scarce could the goddess from her nymph be known,
But by the crescent and the golden zone.
She scorn'd the praise of beauty, and the care;
A belt her waist, a fillet binds her hair;
A painted quiver on her shoulder sounds,
And with her dart the flying deer she wounds.
It chanc'd, as eager of the chase, the maid
Beyond the forest's verdant limits stray'd,
Pan saw and lov'd, and, burning with desire,
Pursued her flight; her flight increas'd his fire.
Not half so swift the trembling doves can fly
When the fierce eagle cleaves the liquid sky;
Not half so swiftly the fierce eagle moves, [doves;
When through the clouds he drives the trembling

As from the god she flew with furious pace,
Or as the god, more furious, urg'd the chase:
Now fainting, sinking, pale, the nymph appears;
Now close behind, his sounding steps she hears;
And now his shadow reach'd her as she run,
His shadow lengthen'd by the setting sun;
And now his shorter breath, with sultry air,
Pants on her neck, and fans her panting hair.
In vain on father Thames she calls for aid,
Nor could Diana help her injur'd maid.
Faint, breathless, thus she pray'd, nor pray'd in vain;
'Ah, Cynthia! ah—though banish'd from thy train,
Let me, O let me, to the shades repair,
My native shades—there weep, and murmur there.'
She said, and melting as in tears she lay,
In a soft silver stream dissolv'd away.
The silver stream her virgin coldness keeps,
For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps;
Still bears the name the hapless virgin bore,
And bathes the forest where she rang'd before.
In her chaste current oft the goddess laves,
And with celestial tears augments the waves.
Oft in her glass the musing shepherd spies
The headlong mountains and the downward skies;
The watery landscape of the pendent woods,
And absent trees that tremble in the floods;
In the clear azure gleam the flocks are seen,
And floating forests paint the waves with green,
Through the fair scene roll slow the lingering streams,
Then foaming poor along, and rush into the Thames.

Thou, too, great father of the British floods!
With joyful pride survey'st our lofty woods;

ıere towering oaks their growing honours rear,
d future navies on thy shores appear.
t Neptune's self from all his streams receives
wealthier tribute than to thine he gives,
seas so rich, so gay no banks appear,
lake so gentle, and no spring so clear.
r Po so swells the fabling poet's lays,
ıile led along the skies his current strays,
thine, which visits Windsor's fam'd abodes,
grace the mansion of our earthly gods:
r all his stars above a lustre show,
:e the bright beauties on thy banks below;
ıere Jove, subdued by mortal passion still,
ght change Olympus for a nobler hill.
[appy the man whom this bright court approves,
sovereign favours, and his country loves:
ppy next him, who to the shades retires,
ıom Nature charms, and whom the Muse inspires:
ıom humbler joys of home-felt quiet please,
:cessive study, exercise, and ease.
gathers health from herbs the forest yields,
d of their fragrant physic spoils the fields:
th chemic art exalts the mineral pow'rs,
d draws the aromatic souls of flow'rs:
w marks the course of rolling orbs on high:
r figur'd worlds now travels with his eye;
ancient writ unlocks the learned store,
ısults the dead, and lives past ages o'er;
wandering thoughtful in the silent wood,
ends the duties of the wise and good,
' observe a mean, be to himself a friend,
follow nature, and regard his end;
looks on Heav'n with more than mortal eyes,
ls his *free soul* expatiate in the skies,

Whose raptures fire me, and whose w
Bear me, O bear me to sequester'd se
The bowery mazes, and surrounding
To Thames's banks, which fragrant b
Or where ye Muses sport on Cooper's
(On Cooper's Hill eternal wreaths sha
While lasts the mountain, or while
I seem through consecrated walks to r
I hear soft music die along the grove:
Led by the sound, I roam from shade
By godlike poets venerable made:
Here his first lays majestic Denham su
There the last numbers flow'd fro
Oh, early lost! what tears the river sh
When the sad pomp along his banks w
His drooping swans on every note exp
And on his willows hung each Muse's
Since fate relentless stopp'd their he
No more the forests ring, or groves re
Who now shall charm the shades wl
His living harp, and lofty Denham sun

To sing those honours you deserve to wear,
And add new lustre to her silver star!
Here noble Surrey felt the sacred rage,
Surrey, the Granville of a former age:
Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance,
Bold in the lists, and graceful in the dance:
In the same shades the Cupids tun'd his lyre,
To the same notes, of love, and soft desire:
Fair Geraldine, bright object of his vow,
Then fill'd the groves, as heavenly Mira now.
O wouldst thou sing what heroes Windsor bore,
What kings first breath'd upon her winding shore,
Or raise old warriors, whose ador'd remains
In weeping vaults her hallow'd earth contains;
With Edward's acts adorn the shining page,
Stretch his long triumphs down through every age,
Draw monarchs chain'd, and Cressy's glorious field,
The lilies blazing on the regal shield;
Then from her roofs when Verrio's colours fall,
And leave inanimate the naked wall;
Still in thy song should vanquish'd France appear,
And bleed for ever under Britain's spear.
Let softer strains ill-fated Henry mourn,
And palms eternal flourish round his urn.
Here o'er the martyr-king the marble weeps,
And, fast beside him, once fear'd Edward sleeps:
Whom not the extended Albion could contain,
From old Belerium* to the northern main,
The grave unites; where ev'n the great find rest,
And blended lie the' oppressor and the oppress'd!
Make sacred Charles's tomb for ever known
(Obscure the place, and uninscrib'd the stone;)

* Frem Bellerus, a Cornish Giant: that part of Cornwall called *the Land's End.*

Oh, fact accurs'd? what tears has Alb
Heav'ns! what new wounds! and hov
She saw her sons with purple death
Her sacred domes involv'd in rolling
A dreadful series of intestine wars,
Inglorious triumphs, and dishonest sc
At length great Anna said, 'Let Disc
She said: the world obey'd, and all w

In that bless'd moment from his oo
Old father Thames advanc'd his rev'r
His tresses dropp'd with dews, and o'
His shining horns diffus'd a golden gl
Grav'd on his urn appear'd the moon
His swelling waters, and alternate tid
The figur'd streams in waves of silve
And on her banks Augusta rose in g
Around his throne the sea-born broth
Who swell with tributary urns his flo
First the fam'd authors of his ancient
The winding Isis, and the fruitful Th
The Kennet swift, for silver eels rene
The Lodden slow, with verdant alder
Cole, whose dark streams his flowery
And chalky Wey, that rolls a milky w
The blue, transparent Vandalis appe
The gulfy Lee his sedgy tresses rears
And sullen Mole, that hides his diving
And silent Darent, stain'd with Danisl

High in the midst, upon his urn rec
(His sea-green mantle waving with th
The god appear'd: he turn'd his azu
Where Windsor domes and pompous
Then bow'd and spoke; the winds fo
And the hush'd waves glide softly to

Hail, sacred peace! hail, long-expected days,
at Thames's glory to the stars shall raise!
ough Tyber's streams immortal Rome behold,
ough foaming Hermus swells with tides of gold,
m Heav'n itself though sevenfold Nilus flows,
l harvests on a hundred realms bestows;
se now no more shall be the Muse's themes,
t in my fame, as in the sea their streams.
Volga's banks with iron squadrons shine,
l groves of lances glitter on the Rhine;
barbarous Ganges arm a servile train,
mine the blessings of a peaceful reign.
more my sons shall dye with British blood
d Iber's sands, or Ister's foaming flood:
e on my shore each unmolested swain
all tend the flocks or reap the bearded grain;
e shady empire shall retain no trace
war or blood, but in the silvan chase;
e trumpet sleep, while cheerful horns are blown,
d arms employ'd on birds and beasts alone.
hold! the' ascending villas on my side,
ject long shadows o'er the crystal tide;
hold! Augusta's glittering spires increase,
d temples rise, the beauteous works of peace.
e, I see, where two fair cities bend
eir ample bow, a new Whitehall ascend!
ere mighty nations shall inquire their doom,
e world's great oracle in times to come:
ere kings shall sue, and suppliant states be seen
ce more to bend before a British queen.
Thy trees, fair Windsor! now shall leave their
d half thy forests rush into the floods, [woods,
ar Britain's thunder, and her cross display
the bright regions of the rising day;

Tempt icy seas, where scarce the waters roll,
Where clearer flames glow round the frozen pole;
Or under southern skies exalt their sails,
Led by new stars, and borne by spicy gales!
For me the balm shall bleed, and amber flow,
The coral redden, and the ruby glow,
The pearly shell its lucid globe infold,
And Phœbus warm the ripening ore to gold.
The time shall come, when, free as seas or wind,
Unbounded Thames shall flow for all mankind,
Whole nations enter with each swelling tide,
And seas but join the regions they divide;
Earth's distant ends our glory shall behold,
And the new world launch forth to seek the old.
Then ships of uncouth form shall stem the tide,
And feather'd people crowd my wealthy side;
And naked youths and painted chiefs admire
Our speech, our colour, and our strange attire!
O stretch thy reign, fair Peace! from shore to shore,
Till conquest cease, and slavery be no more;
Till the freed Indians in their native groves
Reap their own fruits, and woo their sable loves;
Peru once more a race of kings behold,
And other Mexicos be roof'd with gold.
Exil'd by thee from earth to deepest hell,
In brazen bonds, shall barbarous Discord dwell:
Gigantic Pride, pale Terror, gloomy Care,
And mad Ambition, shall attend her there:
There purple Vengeance, bath'd in gore, retires,
Her weapons blunted, and extinct her fires:
There hated Envy her own snakes shall feel,
And Persecution mourn her broken wheel:
There Faction roar, Rebellion bite her chain,
And gasping Furies thirst for blood in vain.'

e cease thy flight, nor with unhallow'd lays
. the fair fame of Albion's golden days:
ıoughts of gods let Granville's verse recite,
ring the scenes of opening fate to light.
mble Muse, in unambitious strains,
the green forests and the flowery plains,
: Peace descending bids her olives spring,
:atters blessings from her dove-like wing.
more sweetly pass my careless days,
d in the silent shade with empty praise!
;h for me, that to the listening swains
n these fields I sung the silvan strains.

THE

RAPE OF THE LOCK.

AN HEROI-COMICAL POEM.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1712.

TO MRS. ARABELLA FERMOR.

MADAM,

It will be in vain to deny that I have some reg for this piece, since I dedicate it to you. Yet may bear me witness, it was intended only tc vert a few young ladies, who have good sense good humour enough to laugh not only at tl sex's little unguarded follies, but at their own. as it was communicated with the air of a secre soon found its way into the world. An imper copy having been offered to a bookseller, you the good-nature, for my sake, to consent to publication of one more correct: this I was for to, before I had executed half my design, for machinery was entirely wanting to complete it.

The machinery, Madam, is a term invented the critics, to signify that part which the deit angels, or demons, are made to act in a poem: the ancient poets are in one respect like many ı dern ladies; let an action be ever so trivial in its they always make it appear of the utmost impı ance. These machines I determined to raise o very new and odd foundation, the Rosicrusian d trine of spirits.

I know how disagreeable it is to make usc hard words before a lady; but it is so much the c

cern of a poet to have his works understood, and particularly by your sex, that you must give me leave to explain two or three difficult terms.

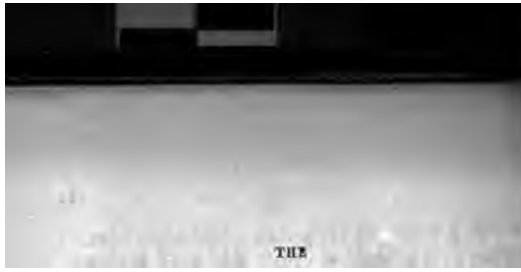
The Rosicrucians are a people I must bring you acquainted with. The best account I know of them is in a French book, called 'Le Comte de Gabalis,' which, both in its title and size, is so like a novel, that many of the fair sex have read it for one by mistake. According to these gentlemen, the four elements are inhabited by spirits, which they call sylphs, gnomes, nymphs, and salamanders. The gnomes, or demons of earth, delight in mischief: but the sylphs, whose habitation is in the air, are the best conditioned creatures imaginable; for, they say, any mortal may enjoy the most intimate familiarities with these gentle spirits, upon a condition very easy to all true adepts,—an inviolate preservation of chastity.

As to the following cantos, all the passages of them are as fabulous as the vision at the beginning, or the transformation at the end (except the loss of your hair, which I always mention with reverence.) The human persons are as fictitious as the airy ones; and the character of Belinda, as it is now managed, resembles you in nothing but in beauty.

If this poem had as many graces as there are in your person, or in your mind, yet I could never hope it should pass through the world half so uncensured as you have done. But let its fortune be what it will, mine is happy enough, to have given me this occasion of assuring you that I am, with the truest esteem, Madam,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

A. POPE.



THE

RAPE OF THE LOCK.

Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos;
Sed juvat, hoc precibus me tribuisse tuis.
MART.

CANTO I.

WHAT dire offence from amorous causes springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things,
I sing—This verse to Caryl, Muse! is due:
This, ev'n Belinda may vouchsafe to view:
Slight is the subject, but not so the praise,
If she inspire, and he approve my lays.

Say what strange motive, goddess! could compel
A well-bred lord to' assault a gentle belle?
O say what stranger cause, yet unexplor'd,
Could make a gentle belle reject a lord?
In tasks so bold can little men engage,
And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty rage?

Sol through white curtains shot a timorous ray,
And op'd those eyes that must eclipse the day.
Now lap-dogs give themselves the rouzing shake,
And sleepless lovers, just at twelve, awake:
Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knock'd the ground,
And the press'd watch return'd a silver sound.
Belinda still her downy pillow press'd,
Her guardian sylph prolong'd the balmy rest:
'Twas he had summon'd to her silent bed
The morning-dream that hover'd o'er her head:

ıuth more glittering than a birthnight beau,
ıt ev'n in slumber caus'd her cheek to glow)
n'd to her ear his winning lips to lay,
thus in whispers said, or seem'd to say:
'airest of mortals, thou distinguish'd care
ıousand bright inhabitants of air!
er one vision touch'd thy infant thought,
l the nurse and all the priest have taught;
ry elves by moonlight shadows seen,
silver token and the circled green,
irgins visited by angel pow'rs,
ı golden crowns and wreaths of heavenly flow'rs;
· and believe! thy own importance know,
bound thy narrow views to things below.
e sacred truths, from learned pride conceal'd,
naids alone and children are reveal'd;
.t though no credit doubting wits may give,
fair and innocent shall still believe.
w then, unnumber'd spirits round thee fly,
light militia of the lower sky:
se, though unseen, are ever on the wing,
g o'er the box, and hover round the ring.
ık what an equipage thou hast in air,
view with scorn two pages and a chair.
ıow your own, our beings were of old,
once inclos'd in woman's beauteous mould;
nce, by a soft transition, we repair
n earthly vehicles to those of air.
ık not, when woman's transient breath is fled,
t all her vanities at once are dead;
ceeding vanities she still regards,
, though she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.
joy in gilded chariots, when alive,
l love of ombre, after death survive.

For when the fair in all their pride expire,
To their first elements their souls retire:
The sprites of fiery termagants in flame
Mount up, and take a salamander's name.
Soft yielding minds to water glide away,
And sip, with nymphs, their elemental tea.
The graver prude sinks downward to a gnome,
In search of mischief still on earth to roam.
The light coquettes in sylphs aloft repair,
And sport and flutter in the fields of air.

'Know further yet; whoever fair and chaste
Rejects mankind, is by some sylph embrac'd:
For spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease
Assume what sexes and what shapes they please.
What guards the purity of melting maids,
In courtly balls, and midnight masquerades,
Safe from the treacherous friend, the daring spark,
The glance by day, the whisper in the dark;
When kind occasion prompts their warm desires,
When music softens, and when dancing fires?
'Tis but their sylph, the wise celestials know,
Though honour is the word with men below.

'Some nymphs there are, too conscious of their face,
For life predestin'd to the gnomes' embrace.
These swell their prospects, and exalt their pride,
When offers are disdain'd, and love denied:
Then gay ideas crowd the vacant brain,
While peers, and dukes, and all their sweeping train,
And garters, stars, and coronets appear,
And in soft sounds, "your Grace" salutes their ear.
'Tis these that early taint the female soul,
Instruct the eyes of young coquettes to roll,
Teach infant cheeks a bidden blush to know,
And little hearts to flutter at a beau.

)ft, when the world imagine women stray,
sylphs through mystic mazes guide their way;
ɔugh all the giddy circle they pursue,
old impertinence expel by new.
ıt tender maid but must a victim fall
ɔne man's treat, but for another's ball?
:n Florio speaks, what virgin could withstand,
:ntle Damon did not squeeze her hand;
ı varying vanities, from every part,
y shift the moving toyshop of their heart;
:re wigs with wigs, with sword-knots sword-
knots strive,
ıx banish beaux, and coaches coaches drive.
erring mortals levity may call;
ɔlind to truth! the sylphs contrive it all.
ıf these am I, who thy protection claim,
ıtchful sprite, and Ariel is my name.
as I rang'd the crystal wilds of air,
e clear mirror of thy ruling star,
', alas! some dread event impend,
to the main this morning sun descend,
Heav'n reveals not what, or how, or where:
ı'd by thy sylph, O pious maid, beware!
to disclose is all thy guardian can:
ıre of all, but most beware of man!'
: said; when Shock, who thought she slept too
long,
'd up, and wak'd his mistress with his tongue.
s then, Belinda, if report say true,
eyes first open'd on a billet-doux;
nds, charms, and ardours, were no sooner read,
.ll the vision vanish'd from thy head.
d now, unveil'd, the toilet stands display'd,
silver vase in mystic order laid.

First, rob'd in white, the nymph intent adores,
With head uncover'd, the cosmetic pow'rs.
A heavenly image in the glass appears,
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears;
The' inferior priestess at her altar's side,
Trembling, begins the sacred rites of pride.
Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
The various offerings of the world appear;
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the goddess with the glittering spoil.
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
The tortoise here and elephant unite,
Transform'd to combs, the speckled and the white.
Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;
The fair each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face;
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy sylphs surround their darling care,
These set the head, and those divide the hair,
Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown
And Betty's prais'd for labours not her own.

CANTO II.

Not with more glories, in the' ethereal plain,
The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
Launch'd on the bosom of the silver Thames.

Fair nymphs and well-dress'd youths around her
But every eye was fix'd on her alone. [shone,
On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and Infidels adore.
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those:
Favours to none, to all she smiles extends;
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide:
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.

This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourish'd two locks, which graceful hung behind
In equal curls, and well conspir'd to deck
With shining ringlets the smooth ivory neck
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy springes we the birds betray,
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey,
Fair tresses man's imperial race insnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.

The' adventurous baron the bright locks admir'd;
He saw, he wish'd, and to the prize aspir'd.
Resolv'd to win, he meditates the way,
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;
For when success a lover's toil attends,
Few ask if fraud or force attain'd his ends.

For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implor'd
Propitious Heav'n, and every power ador'd,
But chiefly Love—to Love an altar built,
Of twelve vast French romances, neatly gilt.

There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves,
And all the trophies of his former loves;
With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,
And breathes three amorous sighs to raise the fire.
Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize:
The powers gave ear, and granted half his pray'r,
The rest the winds dispers'd in empty air.

But now secure the painted vessel glides,
The sun-beams trembling on the floating tides:
While melting music steals upon the sky,
And soften'd sounds along the waters die:
Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play,
Belinda smil'd, and all the world was gay.
All but the sylph—with careful thoughts oppress'd,
The' impending woe sat heavy on his breast.
He summons straight his denizens of air;
The lucid squadrons round the sails repair:
Soft o'er the shrouds aërial whispers breathe,
That seem'd but zephyrs to the train beneath.
Some to the sun their insect-wings unfold,
Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold;
Transparent forms too fine for mortal sight,
Their fluid bodies half dissolv'd in light.
Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
Thin glittering textures of the filmy dew,
Dipt in the richest tincture of the skies,
Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes,
While every beam new transient colours flings
Colours that change whene'er they wave their w
Amid the circle, on the gilded mast,
Superior by the head, was Ariel plac'd;
His purple pinions opening to the sun,
He rais'd his azure wand, and thus begun:—

'Ye sylphs and sylphids, to your chief give ear,
Fays, fairies, genii, elves, and demons, hear!
Ye know the spheres, and various tasks assign'd
By laws eternal to the' aërial kind.
Some in the fields of purest ether play,
And bask and whiten in the blaze of day:
Some guide the course of wandering orbs on high,
Or roll the planets through the boundless sky:
Some, less refin'd, beneath the moon's pale light
Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,
Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main,
Or o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain.
Others, on earth, o'er human race preside,
Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide;
Of these the chief the care of nations own,
And guard with arms divine the British throne.

'Our humbler province is to tend the fair,
Not a less pleasing, though less glorious care;
To save the powder from too rude a gale,
Nor let the' imprison'd essences exhale;
To draw fresh colours from the vernal flow'rs;
To steal from rainbows, ere they drop in show'rs,
A brighter wash; to curl their waving hairs,
Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs;
Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,
To change a flounce, or add a furbelow.

'This day black omens threat the brighest fair
That e'er deserv'd a watchful spirit's care;
Some dire disaster, or by force or slight;
But what, or where, the fates have wrap'd in night.
Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law,
Or some frail china-jar receive a flaw;

Or stain her honour, or her new brocade;
Forget her pray'rs, or miss a masquerade;
Or lose her heart, or necklace, at a ball;
Or whether Heaven has doom'd that Shock must fal
Haste then, ye spirits! to your charge repair:
The fluttering fan be Zephyretta's care;
The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign;
And Momentilla, let the watch be thine;
Do thou, Crispissa, tend her favourite Lock;
Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.

'To fifty chosen sylphs, of special note,
We trust the' important charge, the petticoat:
Oft have we known that sevenfold fence to fail,
Though stiff with hoops, and arm'd with ribs of whal
Form a strong line about the silver bound,
And guard the wide circumference around.

'Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins
Be stop'd in vials, or transfix'd with pins;
Or plung'd in lakes of bitter washes lie,
Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye:
Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,
While clog'd he beats his silken wings in vain;
Or allum styptics with contracting pow'r
Shrink his thin essence like a shrivell'd flow'r.
Or, as Ixion fix'd, the wretch shall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling mill,
In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow,
And tremble at the sea that froths below!'

He spoke; the spirits from the sails descend;
Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend;
Some thread the mazy ringlets of her hair;
Some hang upon the pendants of her ear;

ɔeating hearts the dire event they wait,
ıs, and trembling for the birth of fate.

CANTO III.

by those meads, for ever crown'd with flow'rs,
: Thames with pride surveys his rising tow'rs,
stands a structure of majestic frame, [name.
from the neighbouring Hampton takes its
ɜritain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom
ɜign tyrants, and of nymphs at home;
hou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,
ɔmetimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.
er the heroes and the nymphs resort,
.e awhile the pleasures of a court;
ɔus talk the' instructive hours they past,
ave the ball, or paid the visit last;
eaks the glory of the British queen,
ıe describes a charming Indian screen;
l interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
ry word a reputation dies.
ɔr the fan, supply each pause of chat,
nging, laughing, ogling, and all that.
ıwhile, declining from the noon of day,
n obliquely shoots his burning ray;
ngry judges soon the sentence sign,
etches hang, that jurymen may dine;
ɜrchant from the' Exchange returns in peace,
ɜ long labours of the toilet cease.
now, whom thirst of fame invites,
o encounter two adventurous knights,
re singly to decide their doom,
ells her breast with conquests yet to come.

Straight the three bands prepare in arms to joi
Each band the number of the sacred nine.
Soon as she spreads her hand, the' aërial guard
Descend, and sit on each important card:
First Ariel perch'd upon a matadore,
Then each according to the rank they bore;
For sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,
Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.
Behold, four kings in majesty rever'd,
With hoary whiskers and a forky beard;
And four fair queens, whose hands sustain a flc
The' expressive emblem of their softer pow'r;
Four knaves, in garbs succinct, a trusty band,
Caps on their heads, and halberts in their han
And party-colour'd troops, a shining train,
Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain.
The skilful nymph reviews her force with c
'Let spades be trumps!' she said; and trumps
Now move to war her sable matadores, [w
In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors:
Spadillo first, unconquerable lord!
Led off two captive trumps, and swept the bo
As many more Manilio forc'd to yield,
And march'd a victor from the verdant field.
Him basto follow'd, but his fate more hard.
Gain'd but one trump and one plebeian card.
With his broad sabre next, a chief in years,
The hoary majesty of spades appears,
Puts forth one manly leg, to sight reveal'd,
The rest his many colour'd robe conceal'd.
The rebel knave, who dares his prince engag
Proves the just victim of his royal rage.
Ev'n mighty pam, that kings and queens o'erth
And mow'd down armies in the fights of loo,

Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,
Falls undistinguish'd by the victor spade!
  Thus far both armies to Belinda yield;
Now to the baron fate inclines the field.
His warlike amazon her host invades,
The' imperial consort of the crown of spades.
The club's black tyrant first her victim died,
Spite of his haughty mien, and barbarous pride:
What boots the regal circle on his head,
His giant limbs, in state unwieldy spread;
That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe?
  The baron now his diamonds pours apace;
The' embroider'd king who shows but half his face,
And his refulgent queen, with pow'rs combin'd,
Of broken troops an easy conquest find.
Clubs, diamonds, hearts, in wild disorder seen,
With throngs promiscuous strow the level green.
Thus when dispers'd a routed army runs,
Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons,
With like confusion different nations fly,
Of various habit and of various dye;
The pierc'd battalions disunited fall
In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.
The knave of diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins (oh shameful chance!) the queen of hearts.
At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,
A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look;
She sees, and trembles at the' approaching ill,
Just in the jaws of ruin, and codille.
And now (as oft in some distemper'd state)
On one nice trick depends the general fate:
An ace of hearts steps forth: the king unseen
Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive queen:

He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
And falls like thunder on the prostrate ace.
The nymph, exulting, fills with shouts the sky;
The walls, the woods, and long canals, reply.

Oh, thoughtless mortals! ever blind to fate,
Too soon dejected, and too soon elate;
Sudden these honours shall be snatch'd away,
And curs'd for ever this victorious day.

For lo! the board with cups and spoons is crown'd,
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round;
On shining altars of japan they raise
The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze:
From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the smoking tide:
At once they gratify their scent and taste,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
Straight hover round the fair her airy band;
Some, as she sip'd, the fuming liquor fan'd,
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes display'd,
Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.
Coffee (which makes the politician wise,
And see through all things with his half-shut ey
Sent up in vapours to the baron's brain
New stratagems, the radiant lock to gain.
Ah cease, rash youth! desist ere 'tis too late,
Fear the just gods, and think of Scylla's fate!
Chang'd to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
She dearly pays for Nisus' injur'd hair!

But when to mischief mortals bend their w
How soon they find fit instruments of ill!
Just then, Clarissa drew with tempting grace
A two-edg'd weapon from her shining case:
So ladies, in romance, assist their knight,
Present the spear, and arm him for the figh

He takes the gift with reverence, and extends
The little engine on his fingers' ends;
This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.
Swift to the lock a thousand sprites repair,
A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair:
And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear;
Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the foe drew near.
Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought
The close recesses of the virgin's thought:
As on the nosegay in her breast reclin'd,
He watch'd the' ideas rising in her mind,
Sudden he view'd, in spite of all her art,
An earthly lover lurking at her heart:
Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his power expir'd,
Resign'd to fate, and with a sigh retir'd.

The peer now spreads the glittering forfex wide,
To' inclose the lock; now joins it, to divide.
Ev'n then, before the fatal engine clos'd,
A wretched sylph too fondly interpos'd;
Fate urg'd the sheers, and cut the sylph in twain,
(But airy substance soon unites again)
The meeting points the sacred hair dissever
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever!

Then flash'd the living lightning from her eyes,
And screams of horror rend the' affrighted skies.
Not louder shrieks to pitying Heav'n are cast,
When husbands, or when lap-dogs, breathe their last;
Or when rich China vessels, fall'n from high,
In glittering dust and painted fragments lie:

'Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,'
The victor cried, 'the glorious prize is mine!
While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
Or in a *coach and six* the British fair,

As long as Atalantis shall be read,
Or the small pillow grace a lady's bed,
While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
When numerous wax lights in bright order bl
While nymphs take treats, or assignations give
So long my honour, name, and praise shall live
What Time would spare, from steel receives its c
And monuments, like men, submit to fate!
Steel could the labour of the gods destroy,
And strike to dust the' imperial towers of Tro
Steel could the works of mortal pride confoun
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
What wonder then, fair nymph! thy hair should
The conquering force of unresisted steel?'

CANTO IV.

But anxious cares the pensive nymph oppress
And secret passions labour'd in her breast.
Not youthful kings in battle seiz'd alive,
Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,
Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliss,
Not ancient ladies when refus'd a kiss,
Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
Not Cynthia when her mantua's pin'd awry,
E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair,
As thou, sad virgin! for thy ravish'd hair.
For, that sad moment, when the sylphs withd
And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,
Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite,
As ever sullied the fair face of light,
Down to the central earth, his proper scene,
Repair'd to search the gloomy cave of Spleen

Swift on his sooty pinions flits the gnome,
And in a vapour reach'd the dismal dome.
No cheerful breeze this sullen region knows,
The dreaded east is all the wind that blows.
Here in a grotto, shelter'd close from air,
And screen'd in shades from day's detested glare,
She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,
Pain at her side, and Megrim at her head.
Two handmaids wait the throne; alike in place,
But differing far in figure and in face.
Here stood Ill-nature, like an ancient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd!
With store of prayers for mornings, nights, and noons,
Her hand is fill'd; her bosom with lampoons.
There Affectation, with a sickly mien,
Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen,
Practis'd to lisp, and hang the head aside,
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride;
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe,
Wrapt in a gown, for sickness and for show.
The fair-ones feel such maladies as these,
When each new night-dress gives a new disease.
A constant vapour o'er the palace flies;
Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise;
Dreadful, as hermits' dreams in haunted shades,
Or bright, as visions of expiring maids.
Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,
Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires:
Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes,
And crystal domes, and angels in machines.
Unnumber'd throngs on every side are seen,
Of bodies chang'd to various forms by Spleen.
Here living tea pots stand, one arm held out,
One bent; the handle this, and that the spout:

A pipkin there, like Homer's tripod, walks;
Here sighs a jar, and there a goose-pye talks;
Men prove with child as powerful fancy works,
And maids, turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks.
Safe past the gnome through this fantastic bas
A branch of healing spleenwort in his hand.
Then thus address'd the pow'r—'Hail, waywa
Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen: [quee
Parent of vapours and of female wit,
Who give the' hysteric or poetic fit,
On various tempers act by various ways,
Make some take physic, others scribble plays;
Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
And send the godly in a pet to pray.
A nymph there is that all your power disdains,
And thousands more in equal mirth maintains.
But oh! if e'er thy gnome could spoil a grace,
Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face,
Like citron waters matrons' cheeks inflame,
Or change complexions at a losing game;
If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds,
Or caus'd suspicion when no soul was rude,
Or discompos'd the head-dress of a prude,
Or e'er to costive lap-dog gave disease,
Which not the tears of brightest eyes could eas
Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin;—
That single act gives half the world the spleen.'
The goddess, with a discontented air,
Seems to reject him, though she grants his pray
A wondrous bag with both her hands she binds,
Like that where once Ulysses held the winds;
There she collects the force of female lungs,
Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of tongue

A vial next she fills with fainting fears,
Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
The gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,
Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to day.
  Sunk in Thalestris' arms the nymph he found,
Her eyes dejected, and her hair unbound.
Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent,
And all the furies issued at the vent.
Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire.
'O wretched maid!' she spread her hands, and cried,
(While Hampton's echoes, 'wretched maid,' re-
Was it for this you took such constant care [plied)
The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare?
For this your locks in paper durance bound?
For this with torturing irons wreath'd around?
For this with fillets strain'd your tender head!
And bravely bore the double loads of lead?
Gods! shall the ravisher display your hair,
While the fops envy, and the ladies stare!
Honour forbid! at whose unrivall'd shrine
Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign.
Methinks already I your tears survey,
Already hear the horrid things they say,
Already see you a degraded toast,
And all your honour in a whisper lost!
How shall I, then, your hapless fame defend?
'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend!
And shall this prize, the' inestimable prize,
Expos'd through crystal to the gazing eyes,
And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays,
On that rapacious hand for ever blaze?
Sooner shall grass in Hyde Park Circus grow,
And wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow;

Sooner let earth, air, sea, to chaos fall,
Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, perish all!'
She said; then raging to Sir Plume repairs,
And bids her beau demand the precious hairs:
Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane,
With earnest eyes, and round unthinking face,
He first the snuff-box open'd, then the case,
And thus broke out—'My lord, why, what the devil!
Z—ds! damn the lock! 'fore Gad, you must be civil!
Plague on't! tis past a jest—nay, prithee, pox!
Give her the hair.'—He spoke, and rap'd his box,
'It grieves me much (replied the peer again)
Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain:
But by this lock, this sacred lock, I swear,
(Which never more shall join its parted hair;
Which never more its honours shall renew,
Clip'd from the lovely head where late it grew)
That, while my nostrils draw the vital air,
This hand, which won it, shall for ever wear.'
He spoke, and, speaking, in proud triumph spread
The long-contended honours of her head.
But Umbriel, hateful gnome, forbears not so;
He breaks the vial whence the sorrows flow.
Then see! the nymph in beauteous grief appears,
Her eyes half-languishing, half drown'd in tears;
On her heav'd bosom hung her drooping head,
Which with a sigh she rais'd, and thus she said:
'For ever curs'd be this detested day,
Which snatch'd my best, my favourite curl away!
Happy! ah, ten times happy had I been,
If Hampton Court these eyes had never seen!
Yet am not I the first mistaken maid,
By love of courts to numerous ills betray'd.

O had I rather unadmir'd remain'd
In some lone isle, or distant northern land;
Where the gilt chariot never marks the way,
Where none learn ombre, none e'er taste bohea!
There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal eye,
Like roses, that in deserts bloom and die.
What mov'd my mind with youthful lords to roam?
O had I stay'd, and said my prayers at home!
'Twas this the morning-omens seem'd to tell,
Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell;
The tottering china shook without a wind,
Nay, Poll sat mute, and Shock was most unkind!
A sylph, too, warn'd me of the threats of fate,
In mystic visions, now believ'd too late!
See the poor remnants of these slighted hairs!
My hands shall rend what even thy rapine spares!
These in two sable ringlets taught to break,
Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck;
The sister-lock now sits uncouth, alone,
And in its fellow's fate foresees its own;
Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal sheers demands,
And tempts once more thy sacrilegious hands.
O hadst thou, cruel! been content to seize
Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these!"

CANTO V.

She said: the pitying audience melt in tears;
But fate and Jove had stopp'd the baron's ears.
In vain Thalestris with reproach assails,
For who can move when fair Belinda fails?
Not half so fix'd the Trojan could remain,
While Anna beg'd and Dido rag'd in vain.

hen grave Clarissa graceful wav'd her fan;
ilence ensued, and thus the nymph began:—
'Say, why are beauties prais'd and honour'd most,
The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toast?
Why deck'd with all the land and sea afford,
Why angels call'd, and angel-like ador'd? [beaux?
Why round our coaches crowd the white-glov'd
Why bows the side-box from its inmost rows?
How vain are all these glories, all our pains,
Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains;
That men may say, when we the front-box grace,
Behold the first in virtue as in face!
Oh! if to dance all night, and dress all day,
Charm'd the small-pox, or chas'd old age away;
Who would not scorn what housewife's cares pro-
Or who would learn one earthly thing of use? [duce,
To patch, nay ogle, might become a saint,
Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint.
But since, alas! frail beauty must decay,
Curl'd or uncurl'd, since locks will turn to grey;
Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade,
And she who scorns a man must die a maid;
What then remains, but well our power to use,
And keep good-humour still, whate'er we lose?
And trust me, dear! good-humour can prevail,
When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding f
Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul
So spoke the dame, but no applause ensued
Belinda frown'd, Thalestris call'd her prude.
"To arms, to arms!" the fierce virago cries,
And swift as lightning to the combat flies.
All side in parties, and begin the' attack;
Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whalebones c

Heroes' and heroines' shouts confus'dly rise,
And bass and treble voices strike the skies.
No common weapons in their hands are found,
Like gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.
  So when bold Homer makes the gods engage,
And heavenly breasts with human passions rage;
'Gainst Pallas, Mars; Latona, Hermes arms;
And all Olympus rings with loud alarms;
Jove's thunder roars, heav'n trembles all around,
Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps resound:
Earth shakes her nodding towers, the ground gives
And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day! [way,
  Triumphant Umbriel, on a sconce's height,
Clap'd his glad wings, and sat to view the fight:
Prop'd on their bodkin-spears, the sprites survey
The growing combat, or assist the fray.
  While through the press enrag'd Thalestris flies,
And scatters death around from both her eyes,
A beau and witling perish'd in the throng,
One died in metaphor, and one in song:
'O cruel nymph! a living death I bear,'
Cried Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.
A mournful glance sir Fopling upwards cast,
"Those eyes are made so killing"—was his last.
Thus on Mæander's flowery margin lies
The' expiring swan, and as he sings he dies.
  When bold sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down,
Chloe stepp'd in, and kill'd him with a frown;
She smil'd to see the doughty hero slain,
But, at her smile, the beau reviv'd again.
  Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,
Weighs the men's wits against the lady's hair;
The doubtful beam long nods from side to side;
At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.

See fierce Belinda on the baron flies,
With more than usual lightning in her eyes;
Nor fear'd the chief the' unequal fight to try,
Who sought no more than on his foe to die.
But this bold lord, with manly strength endued,
She with one finger and a thumb subdued:
Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw;
The gnomes direct, to every atom just,
The pungent grains of titillating dust.
Sudden, with starting tears each eye o'erflows,
And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.

'Now meet thy fate,' incens'd Belinda cried,
And drew a deadly bodkin from her side:
(The same, his ancient personage to deck,
Her great great grandsire wore about his neck,
In three seal-rings: which after, melted down,
Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown:
Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew,
The bells she gingled, and the whistle blew;
Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's hairs,
Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.)

'Boast not my fall (he cried) insulting foe!
Thou by some other shalt be laid as low.
Nor think to die dejects my lofty mind;
All that I dread is leaving you behind!
Rather than so, ah let me still survive,
And burn in Cupid's flames—but burn alive.'

'Restore the lock!' she cries; and all around
'Restore the lock!' the vaulted roofs rebound.
Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain
Roar'd for the handkerchief that caus'd his pain.
But see how oft ambitious aims are cross'd,
And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost!

lock, obtain'd with guilt, and kept with pain,
ery place is sought, but sought in vain:
such a prize no mortal must be bless'd,
eav'n decrees! with heav'n who can contest?
me thought it mounted to the lunar sphere,
all things lost on earth are treasur'd there.
e heroes' wits are kept in ponderous vases,
beaux' in snuff-boxes and tweezer-cases.
e broken vows, and death-bed alms are found,
lovers' hearts with ends of ribbon bound,
courtier's promises, and sick man's pray'rs,
smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs,
s for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
l butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.
t trust the Muse—she saw it upward rise,
gh mark'd by none but quick poetic eyes:
tome's great founder to the heav'ns withdrew,
roculus alone confess'd in view)
lden star, it shot through liquid air,
drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
Berenice's locks first rose so bright,
heav'ns bespangling with dishevell'd light.
sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
pleas'd pursue its progress through the skies.
is the beau monde shall from the Mall survey,
hail with music its propitious ray;
the bless'd lover shall for Venus take,
send up vows from Rosamonda's lake;
Partridge soon shall view in cloudless skies,
next he looks through Galilæo's eyes;
hence the' egregious wizard shall foredoom
ate of Louis, and the fall of Rome.

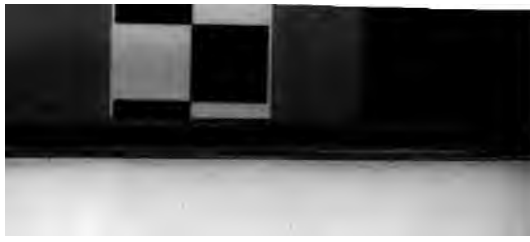
Then cease, bright nymph! to mourn thy ra
vish'd hair,
Which adds new glory to the shining sphere!
Not all the tresses that fair head can boast,
Shall draw such envy as the lock you lost.
For after all the murders of your eye,
When, after millions slain, yourself shall die;
When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,
And all those tresses shall be laid in dust;
This lock the Muse shall consecrate to fame,
And midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name.

ELOISA TO ABELARD.

ARGUMENT.

Abelard and Eloisa flourished in the twelfth century; they were two of the most distinguished persons of their age in learning and beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate passion. After a long course of calamities, they retired each to a several convent, and consecrated the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this separation that a letter of Abelard's to a friend, which contained the history of his misfortune, fell into the hands of Eloisa. This awakening all her tenderness, occasioned those celebrated letters (out of which the following is partly extracted,) which give so lively a picture of the struggles of grace and nature, virtue and passion.

In these deep solitudes and awful cells,
Where heavenly-pensive contemplation dwells,
And ever-musing melancholy reigns,
What means this tumult in a vestal's veins?
Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat?
Why feels my heart its long-forgotten heat?
Yet, yet I love!—From Abelard it came,
And Eloïsa yet must kiss the name.
  Dear fatal name! rest ever unreveal'd,
Nor pass these lips, in holy silence seal'd:
Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise,
Where, *mix'd with God's*, his lov'd idea lies:



O write it not, my hand—the name appears
Already written—wash it out, my tears!
In vain lost Eloïsa weeps and prays,
Her heart still dictates, and her hand obeys.
Relentless walls! whose darksome round contains
Repentant sighs, and voluntary pains:
Ye rugged rocks! which holy knees have worn;
Ye grots and caverns shagg'd with horrid thorn!
Shrines! where their vigils pale-eyed virgins keep,
And pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep!
Though cold like you, unmov'd and silent grown,
I have not yet forgot myself to stone.
All is not Heaven's while Abelard has part,
Still rebel nature holds out half my heart;
Nor prayers nor fasts its stubborn pulse restrain,
Nor tears for ages taught to flow in vain.
Soon as thy letters trembling I unclose,
That well-known name awakens all my woes.
Oh, name for ever sad! for ever dear!
Still breath'd in sighs, still usher'd with a tear.
I tremble too, where'er my own I find,
Some dire misfortune follows close behind.
Line after line my gushing eyes o'erflow,
Led through a sad variety of woe:
Now warm in love, now withering in my bloom,
Lost in a convent's solitary gloom!
There stern religion quench'd the' unwilling flame;
There died the best of passions, love and fame.
Yet write, O write me all, that I may join
Griefs to thy griefs, and echo sighs to thine.
Nor foes nor fortune take this power away;
And is my Abelard less kind than they?
Tears still are mine, and those I need not spare,
Love but demands what else were shed in pray'r;

No happier task these faded eyes pursue;
To read and weep is all they now can do.
Then share thy pain, allow that sad relief;
Ah, more than share it, give me all thy grief.
Heav'n first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid;
They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,
Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires;
The virgin's wish without her fears impart,
Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart,
Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole.
Thou know'st how guiltless first I met thy flame,
When Love approach'd me under Friendship's name;
My fancy form'd thee of angelic kind,
Some emanation of the' all-beauteous Mind.
Those smiling eyes, attempering every ray,
Shone sweetly lambent with celestial day.
Guiltless I gaz'd; Heav'n listen'd while you sung;
And truths divine came mended from that tongue.
From lips like those what precept fail'd to move?
Too soon they taught me 'twas no sin to love:
Back through the paths of pleasing sense I ran,
Nor wish'd an angel whom I lov'd a man.
Dim and remote the joys of saints I see;
Nor envy them that Heav'n I lose for thee.
How oft, when press'd to marriage, have I said,
Curse on all laws but those which love has made!
Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
Let *wealth, let honour,* wait the wedded dame,
August her deed, and sacred be her fame;

Before true passion all those views remove;
Fame, wealth, and honour! what are you to love?
The jealous god, when we profane his fires,
Those restless passions in revenge inspires,
And bids them make mistaken mortals groan,
Who seek in love for aught but love alone.
Should at my feet the world's great master fall,
Himself, his throne, his world, I'd scorn 'em all;
Not Cæsar's empress would I deign to prove;
No, make me mistress to the man I love;
If there be yet another name more free,
More fond than mistress, make me that to thee!
O, happy state! when souls each other draw,
When love is liberty, and nature law:
All then is full, possessing and possess'd,
No craving void left aching in the breast:
Ev'n thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part,
And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart.
This sure is bliss, (if bliss on earth there be)
And once the lot of Abelard and me.

Alas, how chang'd! what sudden horrors rise!
A naked lover bound and bleeding lies!
Where, where was Eloïse? her voice, her hand,
Her poniard had oppos'd the dire command.
Barbarian, stay! that bloody stroke restrain;
The crime was common, common be the pain.
I can no more; by shame, by rage suppress'd,
Let tears and burning blushes speak the rest.

Canst thou forget that sad, that solemn day,
When victims at yon altar's foot we lay?
Canst thou forget what tears that moment fell,
When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewell!
As with cold lips I kiss'd the sacred veil,
The shrines all trembled, and the lamps grew pale.

Heav'n scarce believ'd the conquest it survey'd,
And saints with wonder heard the vows I made.
Yet then, to those dread altars as I drew,
Not on the cross my eyes were fix'd, but you:
Not grace, or zeal, love only was my call,
And if I lose thy love, I lose my all.
Come! with thy looks, thy words, relieve my woe;
Those still at least are left thee to bestow.
Still on that breast enamour'd let me lie,
Still drink delicious poison from thy eye,
Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be press'd;
Give all thou canst—and let me dream the rest.
Ah no! instruct me other joys to prize,
With other beauties charm my partial eyes;
Full in my view set all the bright abode,
And make my soul quit Abelard for God.
Ah, think at least thy flock deserves thy care,
Plants of thy hand, and children of thy pray'r.
From the false world in early youth they fled,
By thee to mountains, wilds, and deserts led.
You rais'd these hallow'd walls; the desert smil'd,
And paradise was open'd in the wild.
No weeping orphan saw his father's stores
Our shrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors;
No silver saints, by dying misers given,
Here brib'd the rage of ill-requited heav'n:
But such plain roofs as piety could raise,
And only vocal with the maker's praise.
In these lone walls, (their day's eternal bound)
These moss-grown domes with spiry turrets crown'd,
Where awful arches make a noon-day night,
And the dim windows shed a solemn light;
Thy eyes diffus'd a reconciling ray,
And gleams of glory brighten'd all the day.

But now no face divine contentment wears,
'Tis all blank sadness, or continual tears.
See how the force of others' pray'rs I try,
(O pious fraud of amorous charity!)
But why should I on others' prayers depend?
Come thou, my father, brother, husband, friend!
Ah, let thy handmaid, sister, daughter, move,
And all those tender names in one, thy love!
The darksome pines that o'er yon rocks reclin'd
Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind,
The wandering streams that shine between the hill
The grots that echo to the tinkling rills,
The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze;
No more these scenes my meditation aid,
Or lull to rest the visionary maid:
But o'er the twilight groves and dusky caves,
Long sounding isles and intermingled graves,
Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws
A death-like silence, and a dread repose:
Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
Shades every flower, and darkens every green,
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror on the woods.

Yet here for ever, ever must I stay;
Sad proof how well a lover can obey!
Death, only death, can break the lasting chain;
And here, ev'n then, shall my cold dust remain;
Here all its frailties, all its flames resign,
And wait till 'tis no sin to mix with thine.

Ah, wretch! believ'd the spouse of God in vain
Confess'd within the slave of love and man.
Assist me, Heav'n! but whence arose that prayer
Sprung it from piety, or from despair?

Ev'n here, where frozen chastity retires,
Love finds an altar for forbidden fires.
I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought;
I mourn the lover, not lament the fault;
I view my crime, but kindle at the view,
Repent old pleasures, and solicit new;
Now turn'd to Heav'n, I weep my past offence,
Now think of thee, and curse my innocence.
Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
'Tis sure the hardest science to forget!
How shall I lose the sin, yet keep the sense,
And love the' offender, yet detest the' offence?
How the dear object from the crime remove,
Or how distinguish penitence from love?
Unequal task! a passion to resign,
For hearts so touch'd, so pierc'd, so lost as mine.
Ere such a soul regains its peaceful state,
How often must it love, how often hate?
How often hope, despair, resent, regret,
Conceal, disdain—do all things but forget!
But let heaven seize it, all at once 'tis fir'd;
Not touch'd, but rapt; not waken'd, but inspir'd!
O come! O teach me nature to subdue,
Renounce my love, my life, myself—and you:
Fill my fond heart with God alone, for he
Alone can rival, can succeed to thee.

How happy is the blameless vestal's lot!
The world forgetting, by the world forgot:
Eternal sunshine of the spotless mind!
Each prayer accepted, and each wish resign'd;
Labour and rest, that equal periods keep;
Obedient slumbers that can wake and weep;
Desires compos'd, affections ever ev'n;
Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to Heav'n;

Grace shines around her with serenest beams,
And whispering angels prompt her golden dreams.
For her the' unfading rose of Eden blooms,
And wings of seraphs shed divine perfumes;
For her the spouse prepares the bridal ring;
For her white virgins hymeneals sing;
To sounds of heavenly harps she dies away,
And melts in visions of eternal day.
Far other dreams my erring soul employ,
Far other raptures of unholy joy:
When, at the close of each sad sorrowing day,
Fancy restores what vengeance snatch'd away,
Then conscience sleeps, and leaving nature free,
All my loose soul unbounded springs to thee.
Oh curs'd, dear horrors of all-conscious night!
How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight!
Provoking demons all restraint remove,
And stir within me every source of love.
I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,
And round thy phantom glue my clasping arms.
I wake:—no more I hear, no more I view,
The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.
I call aloud; it hears not what I say:
I stretch my empty arms; it glides away.
To dream once more I close my willing eyes;
Ye soft illusions, dear deceits, arise!
Alas, no more! methinks we wandering go
Though dreary wastes, and weep each other's wo
Where round some mould'ring tow'r pale ivy creep
And low brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deep
Sudden you mount, you beckon from the skies;
Clouds interpose, waves roar, and winds arise.
I shriek, start up, the same sad prospect find,
And wake to all the griefs I left behind.

For thee the fates, severely kind, ordain
A cool suspense from pleasure and from pain;
Thy life a long dead calm of fix'd repose;
No pulse that riots, and no blood that glows.
Still as the sea, ere winds were taught to blow,
Or moving spirits bid the waters flow;
Soft as the slumbers of a saint forgiv'n,
And mild as opening gleams of promis'd heav'n.
Come, Abelard! for what hast thou to dread?
The torch of Venus burns not for the dead.
Nature stands check'd; Religion disapproves;
Ev'n thou art cold—yet Eloïsa loves.
Ah hopeless, lasting flames! like those that burn
To light the dead, and warm the' unfruitful urn.
What scenes appear where'er I turn my view?
The dear ideas, where I fly, pursue;
Rise in the grove, before the altar rise,
Stain all my soul, and wanton in my eyes.
I waste the matin lamp in sighs for thee,
Thy image steals between my God and me;
Thy voice I seem in every hymn to hear,
With every bead I drop too soft a tear.
When from the censer clouds of fragrance roll,
And swelling organs lift the rising soul,
One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,
Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight:
In seas of flame my plunging soul is drown'd,
While altars blaze, and angels tremble round.
While prostrate here in humble grief I lie,
Kind virtuous drops just gathering in my eye,
While praying, trembling, in the dust I roll,
And dawning grace is opening on my soul:
Come, if thou dar'st, all charming as thou art!
Oppose thyself to Heav'n; dispute my heart:

Come, with one glance of those deluding eyes
Blot out each bright idea of the skies;
Take back that grace, those sorrows and those tears
Take back my fruitless penitence and pray'rs;
Snatch me, just mounting, from the bless'd abode
Assist the fiends, and tear me from my God!
  No, fly me, fly me, far as pole from pole;
Rise Alps between us! and whole oceans roll!
Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me,
Nor share one pang of all I felt for thee.
Thy oaths I quit, thy memory resign;
Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.
Fair eyes, and tempting looks, (which yet I view)
Long lov'd, adorn'd ideas, all adieu!
O grace serene! O virtue heavenly fair!
Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care!
Fresh blooming Hope, gay daughter of the sky!
And Faith, our early immortality!
Enter each mild, each amicable guest;
Receive, and wrap me in eternal rest!
  See in her cell sad Eloïsa spread,
Prop'd on some tomb, a neighbour of the dead.
In each low wind methinks a spirit calls,
And more than echoes talk along the walls.
Here, as I watch'd the dying lamps around,
From yonder shrine I heard a hollow sound:
'Come, sister, come! (it said, or seem'd to say)
Thy place is here, sad sister, come away;
Once, like thyself, I trembled, wept, and pray'd,
Love's victim then, though now a sainted maid:
But all is calm in this eternal sleep:
Here grief forgets to groan, and love to weep;
Ev'n superstition loses every fear:
For God, not man, absolves our frailties here!

ne, I come! prepare your roseate bowers,
ial palms, and ever-blooming flowers.
r, where sinners may have rest, I go,
: flames refin'd in breasts seraphic glow:
Abelard! the last sad office pay,
nooth my passage to the realms of day:
y lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,
ny last breath, and catch my flying soul!
—in sacred vestments mayst thou stand,
allow'd taper trembling in thy hand,
it the cross before my lifted eye,
me at once, and learn of me to die.
:n, thy once-lov'd Eloïsa see!
be then no crime to gaze on me;
om my cheek the transient roses fly!
e last sparkle languish in my eye!
'ery motion, pulse, and breath be o'er;
v'n my Abelard be lov'd no more.
th, all-eloquent! you only prove
dust we dote on, when 'tis man we love.
n too, when fate shall thy fair frame destroy,
cause of all my guilt, and all my joy,)
ice ecstatic may thy pangs be drown'd,
clouds descend, and angels watch thee round:
opening skies may streaming glories shine,
ints embrace thee with a love like mine.
one kind grave unite each hapless name.
raft my love immortal on thy fame!
ages hence, when all my woes are o'er,
this rebellious heart shall beat no more:
r chance two wandering lovers brings
raclete's white walls and silver springs,
he pale marble shall they join their heads.
rink the falling tears each other sheds:

Then sadly say, with mutual pity mov'd,
'O may we never love as these have lov'd!'
From the full choir when loud hosannas rise,
And swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,
Amid that scene, if some relenting eye
Glance on the stone where our cold relics lie,
Devotion's self shall steal a thought from heav'n
One human tear shall drop, and be forgiv'n.
And sure if fate some future bard shall join
In sad similitude of griefs to mine,
Condemn'd whole years in absence to deplore,
And image charms he must behold no more;
Such if there be, who loves so long, so well,
Let him our sad, our tender story tell;
The well-sung woes will sooth my pensive ghost
He best can paint 'em who shall feel 'em most.

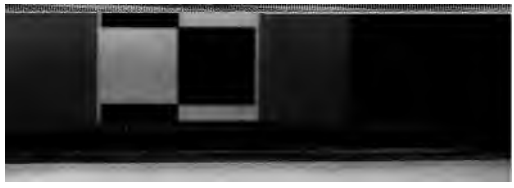
ELEGY

TO THE

MEMORY OF AN UNFORTUNATE LADY.

What beck'ning ghost along the moon-light shade
Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?
'Tis she!—but why that bleeding bosom gor'd?
Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?
Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,
Is it, in Heaven, a crime to love too well?
To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,
To act a lover's or a Roman's part?
Is there no bright reversion in the sky
For those who greatly think, or bravely die?
Why bade ye else, ye powers! her soul aspire
Above the vulgar flight of low desire?

ımbition first sprung from your bless'd abodes,
'he glorious fault of angels and of gods:
'hence to their images on earth it flows,
ınd in the breasts of kings and heroes glows.
Iost souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
)ull sullen prisoners in the body's cage:
)im lights of life, that burn a length of years
'seless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres;
ike eastern kings a lazy state they keep,
.nd, close confin'd to their own palace, sleep.
From these, perhaps, (ere nature bade her die)
ate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky.
s into air the purer spirits flow,
nd separate from their kindred dregs below;
o flew the soul to its congenial place,
or left one virtue to redeem her race.
But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,
hou, mean deserter of thy brother's blood!
ee on those ruby lips the trembling breath,
hese cheeks now fading at the blast of death;
old is that breast which warm'd the world before,
nd those love-darting eyes must roll no more.
hus, if eternal justice rules the ball,
hus shall your wives, and thus your children fall:
n all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
nd frequent hearses shall besiege your gates;
here passengers shall stand, and pointing say,
(While the long funerals blacken all the way)
o! these were they whose souls the furies steel'd,
nd curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield.
hus unlamented pass the proud away,
he gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
o perish all, whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow
or other's *good, or melt* at other's woe.



What can atone (oh, ever-injur'd shade!)
Thy fate unpitied, and thy rites unpaid?
No friends complaint, no kind domestic tear,
Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy mournful bi
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd
What though no friends in sable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances, and the public show?
What though no weeping loves thy ashes grace,
Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face?
What though no sacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb?
Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be dress'd
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast;
There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,
There the first roses of the year shall blow;
While angels with their silver wings o'ershade
The ground, now sacred by thy relics made.

So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot:
A heap of dust alone remains of thee:
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!

Poets themselves must fall like those they sun
Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongu
Ev'n he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall shortly want the generous tear he pays;
Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart;

fe's idle business at one gasp be o'er,
ıe Muse forgot, and thou belov'd no more!

SAPPHO TO PHAON.

FROM THE FIFTEENTH OF OVID'S EPISTLES.

r, lovely youth, that dost my heart command,
n Phaon's eyes forget his Sappho's hand?
ıst then her name the wretched writer prove,
thy remembrance lost, as to thy love?
k not the cause that I new numbers choose,
e lute neglected, and the lyric muse;
ve taught my tears in sadder notes to flow,
d tun'd my heart to elegies of woe.
ırn, I burn, as when through ripen'd corn
driving winds the spreading flames are borne!
aon to Etna's scorching fields retires,
ıile I consume with more than Etna's fires!
more my soul a charm in music finds;
sic has charms alone for peaceful minds.
't scenes of solitude no more can please;
ve enters there, and I'm my own disease.
more the Lesbian dames my passion move,
ce the dear objects of my guilty love;
other loves are lost in only thine,
'outh, ungrateful to a flame like mine! [prise,
ıom would not all those blooming charms sur-
ose heavenly looks, and dear deluding eyes?
e harp and bow would you like Phœbus bear,
'rightcr Phœbus Phaon might appear:
uld you with ivy wreath your flowing hair,
Bacchus' self with Phaon could compare.

Yet Phœbus lov'd, and Bacchus felt the flame,
One Daphne warm'd, and one the Cretan dame;
Nymphs that in verse no more could rival me,
Than ev'n those gods contend in charms with thee.
The Muses teach me all their softest lays,
And the wide world resounds with Sappho's praise.
Though great Alcæus more sublimely sings,
And strikes with bolder rage the sounding strings,
No less renown attends the moving lyre,
Which Venus tunes, and all her loves inspire;
To me what nature has in charms deny'd,
Is well by wit's more lasting flames supply'd.
Though short my stature, yet my name extends
To heaven itself, and earth's remotest ends.
Brown as I am, an Ethiopian dame
Inspir'd young Perseus with a generous flame;
Turtles and doves of different hues unite,
And glossy jet is pair'd with shining white.
If to no charms thou wilt thy heart resign,
But such as merit, such as equal thine,
By none, alas! by none thou canst be mov'd,
Phaon alone by Phaon must be lov'd!
Yet once thy Sappho could thy cares employ,
Once in her arms you centred all your joy:
No time the dear remembrance can remove,
For oh! how vast a memory has love!
My music, then, you could for ever hear,
And all my words were music to your ear.
You stop'd with kisses my enchanting tongue,
And found my kisses sweeter than my song.
In all I pleas'd, but most in what was best;
And the last joy was dearer than the rest.
Then with each word, each glance, each motion fir
You still enjoy'd, and yet you still desir'd,

ıll dissolving, in the trance we lay,
n tumultuous raptures died away.
'air Sicilians now thy soul inflame;
was I born, ye gods! a Lesbian dame?
h, beware, Sicilian nymphs! nor boast
wandering heart which I so lately lost;
ıe with all those tempting words abus'd,
: tempting words were all to Sappho us'd.
/ou that rule Sicilia's happy plains,
pity, Venus, on your poet's pains!
fortune still in one sad tenor run,
ıtill increase the woes so soon begun?
l to sorrow from my tender years,
ırents' ashes drank my early tears:
:other next, neglecting wealth and fame,
ıly burn'd in a destructive flame:
fant daughter late my griefs increas'd,
ıll a mother's cares distract my breast.
what more could fate itself impose,
hee, the last and greatest of my woes?
ore my robes in waving purple flow,
ın my hand the sparkling di'monds glow;
ore my locks in ringlets curl'd diffuse
:ostly sweetness of Arabian dews,
ıraids of gold the varied tresses bind,
fly disorder'd with the wanton wind:
vhom should Sappho use such arts as these?
gone, whom only she desir'd to please!
l's light darts my tender bosom move;
.s there cause for Sappho still to love:
ɔm my birth the sisters fix'd my doom,
gave to Venus all my life to come;
'hile my muse in melting notes complains,
ielding heart keeps measure to my strains.

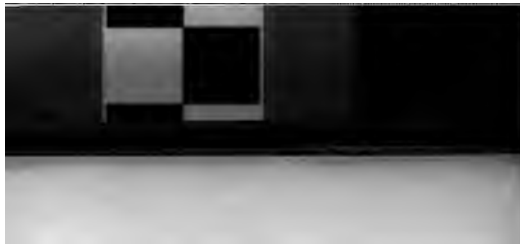
By charms like thine which all my soul have won,
Who might not—ah! who would not be undone?
For those Aurora Cephalus might scorn,
And with fresh blushes paint the conscious morn.
For those might Cynthia lengthen Phaon's sleep,
And bid Endymion nightly tend his sheep.
Venus for those had rapt thee to the skies;
But Mars on thee might look with Venus' eyes.
O scarce a youth, yet scarce a tender boy!
O useful time for lovers to employ!
Pride of thy age, and glory of thy race,
Come to these arms, and melt in this embrace!
The vows you never will return, receive;
And take, at least, the love you will not give.
See, while I write, my words are lost in tears!
The less my sense, the more my love appears.
Sure 'twas not much to bid one kind adieu,
(At least to feign was never hard to you)
'Farewell, my Lesbian love,' you might have said;
Or coldly thus, 'Farewell, O Lesbian maid!'
No tear did you, no parting kiss receive,
Nor knew I then how much I was to grieve.
No lover's gift your Sappho could confer,
And wrongs and woes were all you left with her.
No charge I gave you, and no charge could give,
But this, 'Be mindful of our loves, and live.'
Now by the Nine, those powers ador'd by me,
And Love, the god that ever waits on thee,
When first I heard (from whom I hardly knew)
That you were fled, and all my joys with you,
Like some sad statue, speechless, pale, I stood,
Grief chill'd my breast, and stopp'd my freezing blood;
No sigh to rise, no tear had pow'r to flow,
Fix'd in a stupid lethargy of woe:

its way the' impetuous passion found,
· tresses, and my breast I wound;
en weep; I curse, and then complain;
l to rage, now melt in tears again.
r pangs distract the mournful dame,
st-born infant feeds the funeral flame.
ul brother with a smile appears,
/ woes, and triumphs in my tears,
image ever haunts my eyes;
' this grief? thy daughter lives,' he cries.
h my love, and furious with despair,
ny garments, and my bosom bare,
thy crimes, I to the world proclaim,
nsistent things are love and shame!
art all my care and my delight,
longing, and my dream by night:
nore pleasing than the brightest day,
icy gives what absence takes away,
ss'd in all its visionary charms,
my fair deserter to my arms!
nd your neck in wanton wreaths I twine,
i, methinks, as fondly circle mine:
nd tender words I hear and speak;
nd melting kisses give and take:
cer joys, I blush to mention these,
e I blush, confess how much they please.
i, with day, the sweet delusions fly,
hings wake to life and joy but I,
e more forsaken, I complain,
e my eyes to dream of you again:
ntic rise, and like some fury rove
lonely plains, and through the silent grove;
silent grove, and lonely plains,
w *my pleasures,* could relieve my pains.

I view the grotto, once the scene of love,
The rocks around, the hanging roofs above,
That charm'd me more, with native moss o'ergro
Than Phrygian marble, or the Parian stone:
I find the shades that veil'd our joys before;
But Phaon gone, these shades delight no more.
Here the press'd herbs with bending tops betra
Where oft entwin'd in amorous folds we lay;
I kiss that earth which once was press'd by you
And all with tears the withering herbs bedew.
For thee the fading trees appear to mourn,
And birds defer their songs till thy return:
Night shades the groves, and all in silence lie,
All but the mournful Philomel and I:
With mournful Philomel I join my strain,
Of Tereus she, of Phaon I complain.

A spring there is, whose silver waters show,
Clear as a glass, the shining sands below:
A flowery lotos spreads its arms above,
Shades all the banks, and seems itself a grove;
Eternal greens the mossy margin grace,
Watch'd by the silvan genius of the place.
Here as I lay, and swell'd with tears the flood,
Before my sight a watery virgin stood:
She stood and cried, 'O you that love in vain!
Fly hence, and seek the fair Leucadian main;
There stands a rock, from whose impending ste
Apollo's fane surveys the rolling deep;
There injur'd lovers, leaping from above,
Their flames extinguish, and forget to love.
Deucalion once with hopeless fury burn'd,
In vain he lov'd, relentless Pyrrha scorn'd:
But when from hence he plung'd into the main,
Deucalion scorn'd, and Pyrrha lov'd in vain.

Haste, Sappho, haste, from high Leucadia throw
Thy wretched weight, nor dread the deeps below!'
She spoke, and vanish'd with the voice—I rise,
And silent tears fall trickling from my eyes.
I go, ye nymphs! those rocks and seas to prove;
How much I fear, but ah, how much I love!
I go, ye nymphs! where furious love inspires;
Let female fears submit to female fires.
To rocks and seas I fly from Phaon's hate,
And hope from seas and rocks a milder fate.
Ye gentle gales, beneath my body blow,
And softly lay me on the waves below!
And thou, kind Love, my sinking limbs sustain,
Spread thy soft wings, and waft me o'er the main,
Nor let a lover's death the guiltless flood profane!
On Phœbus' shrine my harp I'll then bestow,
And this inscription shall be plac'd below:
'Here she who sung to him that did inspire,
Sappho to Phœbus consecrates her lyre;
What suits with Sappho, Phœbus, suits with thee;
The gift, the giver, and the god agree.'
But why, alas! relentless youth, ah why
To distant seas must tender Sappho fly?
Thy charms than those may far more powerful be,
And Phœbus' self is less a god to me.
Ah! canst thou doom me to the rocks and sea,
O far more faithless and more hard than they?
Ah! can'st thou rather see this tender breast
Dash'd on these rocks than to thy bosom press'd?
This breast which once, in vain! you lik'd so well;
Where the Loves play'd, and where the Muses dwell.
Alas! the Muses now no more inspire;
Untun'd my lute, and silent is my lyre;
My languid numbers have forgot to flow,
And fancy sinks beneath a weight of woe.



Ye Lesbian virgins, and ye Lesbian dames,
Themes of my verse, and objects of my flames,
No more your groves with my glad songs shall ring,
No more these hands shall touch the trembling
string:
My Phaon's fled, and I those arts resign;
(Wretch that I am, to call that Phaon mine!)
Return, fair youth, return, and bring along
Joy to my soul, and vigour to my song:
Absent from thee, the poet's flame expires;
But ah! how fiercely burn the lover's fires?
Gods! can no prayers, no sighs, no numbers move
One savage heart, or teach it how to love?
The winds my prayers, my sighs, my numbers bear,
The flying winds have lost them all in air!
Oh when, alas! shall more auspicious gales
To these fond eyes restore thy welcome sails?
If you return—ah, why these long delays?
Poor Sappho dies while careless Phaon stays.
O launch thy bark, nor fear the watery plain;
Venus for thee shall smooth her native main.
O launch thy bark, secure of prosperous gales;
Cupid for thee shall spread the swelling sails.
If you will fly—(yet ah! what cause can be,
Too cruel youth, that you should fly from me?)
If not from Phaon I must hope for ease,
Ah, let me seek it from the raging seas:
To raging seas unpitied I'll remove,
And either cease to live, or cease to love!

THE FABLE OF DRYOPE.

FROM THE

NTH BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

aid, and for her lost Galanthis sighs;
n the fair consort of her son replies:
ee you a servant's ravish'd form bemoan,
kindly sigh for sorrows not your own,
ne (if tears and grief permit) relate
arer woe, a sister's stranger fate.
ymph of Œchalia could compare
eauteous form with Dryope the fair,
ender mother's only hope and pride!
elf the offspring of a second bride.)
nymph compress'd by him who rules the day,
n Delphi and the Delian isle obey,
æmon lov'd; and bless'd in all those charms
pleas'd a god, succeeded to her arms.
lake there was with shelving banks around,
e verdant summit fragrant myrtles crown'd.
e shades, unknowing of the fates, she sought,
o the naiads flowery garlands brought:
miling babe (a pleasing charge) she press'd
n her arms, and nourish'd at her breast.
istant far a watery lotos grows;
pring was new, and all the verdant boughs,
n'd with blossoms, promis'd fruits that vie
wing colours with the Tyrian dye:
ese she cropp'd to please her infant son,
myself the same rash act had done:
o! I saw (as near her side I stood)
iolated blossoms drop with blood.

Upon the tree I cast a frightful look;
The trembling tree with sudden horror shook.
Lotis the nymph (if rural tales be true)
As from Priapus' lawless lust she flew,
Forsook her form, and, fixing here, became
A flowery plant, which still preserves her name.
'This change unknown, astonish'd at the sight,
My trembling sister strove to urge her flight;
And first the pardon of the nymphs implor'd,
And those offended silvan powers ador'd:
But when she backward would have fled, she found
Her stiffening feet were rooted in the ground:
In vain to free her fasten'd feet she strove,
And as she struggles only moves above;
She feels the' encroaching bark around her grow
By quick degrees, and cover all below:
Surpris'd at this, her trembling hand she heaves
To rend her hair; her hand is fill'd with leaves!
Where late was hair the shooting leaves are seen
To rise, and shade her with a sudden green.
The child Amphissus, to her bosom press'd,
Perceiv'd a colder and a harder breast,
And found the springs, that ne'er till then denied
Their milky moisture, on a sudden dried.
I saw, unhappy! what I now relate,
And stood the helpless witness of thy fate,
Embrac'd thy boughs, thy rising bark delay'd,
There wish'd to grow, and mingle shade with shade.
'Behold Andræmon and the' unhappy sire
Appear, and for their Dryope inquire:
A springing tree for Dryope they find,
And print warm kisses on the panting rind.
Prostrate, with tears their kindred plant bedew,
And close embrace as to the roots they grew,

The face was all that now remain'd of thee,
No more a woman, nor yet quite a tree;
Thy branches hung with humid pearls appear,
From every leaf distils a trickling tear;
And straight a voice, while yet a voice remains,
Thus through the trembling boughs in sighs complains.
"If to the wretched any faith be giv'n,
I swear by all the' unpitying powers of heav'n,
No wilful crime this heavy vengeance bred;
In mutual innocence our lives we led:
If this be false, let these new greens decay,
Let sounding axes lop my limbs away,
And crackling flames on all my honours prey.
But from my branching arms this infant bear,
Let some kind nurse supply a mother's care;
And to his mother let him oft be led,
Sport in her shades, and in her shades be fed:
Teach him, when his first infant voice shall frame
Imperfect words, and lisp his mother's name,
To hail this tree, and say, with weeping eyes,
'Within this plant my hapless parent lies:'
And when in youth he seeks the shady woods,
Oh! let him fly the crystal lakes and floods,
Nor touch the fatal flowers; but, warn'd by me,
Believe a goddess shrin'd in every tree.
My sire, my sister, and my spouse farewell!
If in your breasts or love or pity dwell,
Protect your plant, nor let my branches feel
The browsing cattle or the piercing steel.
Farewell! and since I cannot bend to join
My lips to yours, advance at least to mine.
My son, *thy mother's* parting kiss receive,
While yet thy mother has a kiss to give.

I can no more; the creeping rind invades
My closing lips, and hides my head in shades:
Remove your hands, the bark shall soon suffice
Without their aid to seal these dying eyes."
'She ceas'd at once to speak and ceas'd to be,
And all the nymph was lost within the tree;
Yet latent life through her new branches reign'd,
And long the plant a human heat retain'd.'

VERTUMNUS AND POMONA.

FROM THE

FOURTEENTH BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

The fair Pomona flourish'd in his reign;
Of all the virgins of the silvan train
None taught the trees a nobler race to bear,
Or more improv'd the vegetable care.
To her the shady grove, the flowery field,
The streams and fountains, no delights could yield;
'Twas all her joy the ripening fruits to tend,
And see the boughs with happy burdens bend.
The hook she bore instead of Cynthia's spear,
To lop the growth of the luxuriant year,
To decent forms the lawless shoots to bring,
And teach the' obedient branches where to spring.
Now the cleft rind inserted grafts receives,
And yields an offspring more than nature gives:
Now sliding streams the thirsty plants renew,
And feed their fibres with reviving dew.
These cares alone her virgin breast employ,
Averse from Venus and the nuptial joy.
Her private orchards, wall'd on every side,
To lawless silvans all access denied.

How oft the satyrs and the wanton fawns,
Who haunt the forests or frequent the lawns,
The god whose ensign scares the birds of prey,
And old Silenus, youthful in decay,
Employ'd their wiles and unavailing care
To pass the fences and surprise the fair?
Like these Vertumnus own'd his faithful flame.
Like these rejected by the scornful dame.
To gain her sight a thousand forms he wears;
And first a reaper from the field appears:
Sweating he walks, while loads of golden grain
O'ercharge the shoulders of the seeming swain:
Oft o'er his back a crooked scythe is laid,
And wreaths of hay his sunburnt temples shade:
Oft in his harden'd hand a goad he bears,
Like one who late unyok'd the sweating steers:
Sometimes his pruning hook corrects the vines,
And the loose stragglers to their ranks confines:
Now gathering what the bounteous year allows,
He pulls ripe apples from the bending boughs:
A soldier now, he with his sword appears:
A fisher next, his trembling angle bears:
Each shape he varies, and each art he tries,
On her bright charms to feast his longing eyes,
A female form at last Vertumnus wears,
With all the marks of reverend age appears,
His temples thinly spread with silver hairs:
Prop'd on his staff, and stooping as he goes,
A painted mitre shades his furrow'd brows.
The god in this decrepit form array'd
The gardens enter'd, and the fruit survey'd;
And, 'Happy you!' he thus address'd the maid,
'Whose charms as far all other nymphs outshine,
As other gardens are excell'd by thine!'

Then kiss'd the fair; (his kisses warmer grow
Than such as women on their sex bestow)
Then plac'd beside her on the flowery ground,
Beheld the trees with autumn's bounty crown'd.
An elm was near, to whose embraces led,
The curling vine her swelling clusters spread:
He view'd her twining branches with delight,
And prais'd the beauty of the pleasing sight.
'Yet this tall elm, but for this vine,' he said,
'Had stood neglected, and a barren shade;
And this fair vine, but that her arms surround
Her married elm, had crept along the ground.
Ah! beauteous maid! let this example move
Your mind averse from all the joys of love.
Deign to be lov'd, and every heart subdue!
What nymph could e'er attract such crowds as you?
Not she whose beauty urg'd the Centaur's arms,
Ulysses' queen, nor Helen's fatal charms.
Ev'n now, when silent scorn is all they gain,
A thousand court you, though they court in vain,
A thousand silvans, demigods, and gods,
That haunt our mountains and our Alban woods.
But if you'l prosper, mark what I advise,
Whom age and long experience render wise,
And one whose tender care is far above
All that these lovers ever felt of love,
(Far more than e'er can by yourself be guess'd)
Fix on Vertumnus, and reject the rest:
For his firm faith I dare engage my own;
Scarce to himself himself is better known.
To distant lands Vertumnus never roves;
Like you, contented with his native groves;
Nor at first sight, like most, admires the fair;
For you he lives; and you alone shall share
His last affection as his early care.

:sides, he's lovely far above the rest,
ith youth immortal, and with beauty bless'd.
ld, that he varies every shape with ease,
ıd tries all forms that may Pomona please.
ıt what should most excite a mutual flame,
ıur rural cares and pleasures are the same.
) him your orchard's early fruits are due:
. pleasing offering when 'tis made by you)
: values these; but yet, alas! complains
ıat still the best and dearest gift remains.
ıt the fair fruit that on yon branches glows
ith that ripe red the' autumnal sun bestows;
ır tasteful herbs that in these gardens rise,
hich the kind soil with milky sap supplies;
ıu, only you, can move the god's desire:
crown so constant and so pure a fire!
t soft compassion touch your gentle mind;
ink 'tis Vertumnus begs you to be kind:
may no frost, when early buds appear,
:stroy the promise of the youthful year;
ır winds, when first your florid orchard blows,
ake the light blossoms from their blasted boughs!'
This when the various god had urg'd in vain,
: straight assum'd his native form again:
ch, and so bright an aspect now he bears,
when through clouds the' emerging sun appears,
ıd thence exerting his refulgent ray,
spels the darkness, and reveals the day.
rce he prepar'd, but check'd the rash design;
r when, appearing in a form divine,
.e nymph surveys him, and beholds the grace
charming features and a youthful face,
her soft breast consenting passions move,
d the warm maid confess'd a mutual love.

THE

THEBAIS OF STATIUS.

BOOK I.

TRANSLATED IN THE YEAR 1703.

ARGUMENT.

(Edipus king of Thebes having, by mistake, slain his father La
and married his mother Jocasta, put out his own eyes, and
signed the realm to his sons Eteocles and Polynices. Being
glected by them, he makes his prayer to the fury Tisiphon
sow debate betwixt the brothers. They agree at last to r
singly, each a year by turns, and the first lot is obtained by E
cles. Jupiter, in a council of the gods declares his resolut
punishing the Thebans, and Argives also, by means of a m
age betwixt Polynices and one of the daughters of Adrastus
of Argos. Juno opposes, but to no effect; and Mercury is
on a message to the shades, to the ghost of Laius, who is t
pear to Eteocles, and provoke him to break the agreement.
lynices, in the mean time, departs from Thebes by night, is
taken by a storm, and arrives at Argos: where he meets
Tydeus, who had fled from Calydon, having killed his bro
Adrastus entertains them, having received an oracle from A
that his daughters should be married to a boar and a lion, w
he understands to be meant of these strangers, by whom the
of those beasts were worn, and who arrived at the time whe
kept an annual feast in honour of that god. The rise of th
lemnity. He relates to his guests the loves of Phœbus and
mathe, and the story of Chorœbus: he inquires, and is mad
quainted with their descent and quality. The sacrifice is re
ed, and the book concludes with a hymn to Apollo.

FRATERNAL rage the guilty Thebes alarms,
The' alternate reign destroy'd by impious arms

)emand our song; a sacred fury fires
ly ravish'd breast, and all the Muse inspires.
) goddess! say, shall I deduce my rhymes
'rom the dire nation in its early times,
:uropa's rape, Agenor's stern decree,
ınd Cadmus searching round the spacious sea?
Iow with the serpent's teeth he sow'd the soil,
ınd reap'd an iron harvest of his toil?
)r how from joining stones the city sprung,
While to his harp divine Amphion sung?
)r shall I Juno's hate to Thebes resound,
Vhose fatal rage the' unhappy monarch found?
'he sire against the son his arrow drew;
)'er the wide fields the furious mother flew,
ınd while her arms a second hope contain,
prung from the rocks, and plung'd into the main.
But wave whate'er to Cadmus may belong,
ınd fix, O Muse! the barrier of thy song
ıt Œdipus—from his disasters trace
'he long confusions of his guilty race:
Ior yet attempt to stretch thy bolder wing,
ınd mighty Cæsar's conquering eagles sing;
Iow twice he tam'd proud Ister's rapid flood,
While Dacian mountains stream'd with barbarous
blood;
'wice taught the Rhine beneath his laws to roll,
.nd stretch'd his empire to the frozen pole;
'r, long before, with early valour strove
ı youthful arms to' assert the cause of Jove.
.nd thou, great heir of all thy father's fame,
ıcrease of glory to the Latian name!
)! bless thy Rome with an eternal reign,
'or let desiring worlds entreat in vain.
Vhat though the stars contract their heavenly space,
ıd crowd their shining ranks to yield thee place;

Though all the skies, ambitious of thy swa
Conspire to court thee from our world awa
Though Phœbus longs to mix his rays wit
And in thy glories more serenely shine;
Though Jove himself no less content woul
To part his throne and share his heaven wi
Yet stay, great Cæsar! and vouchsafe to re
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the wat'ry m
Resign to Jove his empire of the skies,
And people heaven with Roman deities.
The time will come when a diviner flam
Shall warm my breast to sing of Cæsar's fa
Meanwhile permit that my preluding Muse
In Theban wars an humbler theme may ch
Of furious hate surviving death she sings,
A fatal throne to two contending kings,
And funeral flames that, parting wide in ai
Express the discord of the souls they bea
Of towns dispeopled, and the wandering g
Of kings unburied in the wasted coasts;
When Dirce's fountain blush'd with Grecia
And Thetis, near Ismenos' swelling flood,
With dread beheld the rolling surges swe
In heaps his slaughter'd sons into the dee
What hero, Clio! wilt thou first relate?
The rage of Tydeus, or the prophet's fate
Or how, with hills of slain on every side,
Hippomedon repell'd the hostile tide?
Or how the youth with every grace adorn'
Untimely fell, to be for ever mourn'd?
Then to fierce Capaneus thy verse extend,
And sing with horror his prodigious end.
Now wretched Œdipus, deprivd of sigh
Led a long death in everlasting night;

But while he dwells where not a cheerful ray
Can pierce the darkness, and abhors the day,
The clear reflecting mind presents his sin
In frightful views, and makes it day within;
Returning thoughts in endless circles roll,
And thousand furies haunt his guilty soul:
The wretch then lifted to the' unpitying skies
Those empty orbs from whence he tore his eyes,
Whose wounds, yet fresh, with bloody hands he strook,
While from his breast these dreadful accents broke:—
'Ye gods! that o'er the gloomy regions reign,
Where guilty spirits feel eternal pain;
Thou, sable Styx! whose livid streams are roll'd
Through dreary coasts, which I though blind behold;
Tisiphone! that oft hast heard my pray'r,
Assist, if Œdipus deserve thy care.
If you receiv'd me from Jocasta's womb,
And nurs'd the hope of mischiefs yet to come;
If, leaving Polybus, I took my way
To Cyrrha's temple, on that fatal day
When by the son the trembling father died,
Where the three roads the Phocian fields divide;
If I the Sphynx's riddles durst explain,
Taught by thyself to win the promis'd reign;
If wretched I, by baleful furies led,
With monstrous mixture stain'd my mother's bed,
For hell and thee begot an impious brood,
And with full lust those horrid joys renew'd;
Then self-condemn'd, to shades of endless night,
Forc'd from these orbs the bleeding balls of sight;
Oh, hear! and aid the vengeance I require,
If worthy thee, and what thou might'st inspire.

My sons their old unhappy sire despise,
Spoil'd of his kingdom and depriv'd of e
Guideless I wander, unregarded mourn,
While these exalt their sceptres o'er my
These sons, ye gods! who with flagitious
Insult my darkness, and my groans derid
Art thou a father, unregarding Jove!
And sleeps thy thunder in the realms ab
Thou fury! then some lasting curse enta
Which o'er their children's children shal
Place on their heads that crown distain'd
Which these dire hands from my slain fa
Go! and a parent's heavy curses bear;
Break all the bonds of nature, and prepa
Their kindred souls to mutual hate and w
Give them to dare what I might wish to
Blind as I am, some glorious villainy!
Soon shalt thou find, if thou but arm thei
Their ready guilt preventing thy comma
Couldst thou some great proportion'd
frame,
They'd prove the father from whose loins t
The fury heard, while on Cocytus' bri
Her snakes, untied, sulphureous waters d
But at the summons roll'd her eyes arou
And snatch'd the starting serpents from th
Not half so swiftly shoots along in air
The gliding lightning or descending star.
Through crowds of airy shades she wing'd
And dark dominions of the silent night:
Swift as she pass'd the flitting ghosts wi
And the pale spectres trembled at her vi
To the' iron gates of Tenarus she flies,
There spreads her dusky pinions to the

day beheld, and sickening at the sight,
d her fair glories in the shades of night.
ghted Atlas on the distant shore
nbled, and shook the heavens and gods he bore.
from beneath Malea's airy height
: she sprung, and steer'd to Thebes her flight;
ı eager speed the well-known journey took,
here regrets the hell she late forsook.
ndred snakes her gloomy visage shade,
ndred serpents guard her horrid head;
:r sunk eyeballs dreadful meteors glow:
ı rays from Phœbe's bloody circle flow, [high
n labouring with strong charms she shoots from
:ry gleam, and reddens all the sky. [came
d stain'd her cheeks, and from her mouth there
steaming poisons, and a length of flame.
ı every blast of her contagious breath
ine and drought proceed, and plagues and death.
be obscene was o'er her shoulders thrown,
ess by fates and furies worn alone.
toss'd her meagre arms; her better hand
aving circles whirl'd a funeral brand:
rpent from her left was seen to rear
flaming crest, and lash the yielding air.
when the fury took her stand on high,
:re vast Cithæron's top salutes the sky,
ss from all the snaky tire went round:
dreadful signal all the rocks rebound,
through the' Achaian cities send the sound.
, with high Parnassus, heard the voice;
ntas' banks remurmur'd to the noise;
n Leucothea shook at these alarms,
press'd Palæmon closer in her arms.
llong from thence the glowing fury springs,
o'er the Theban palace spreads her wings.

Once more invades the guilty dome, and ahr
Its bright pavilions in a veil of clouds.
Straight with the rage of all their race posse:
Stung to the soul, the brothers start from re
And all their furies wake within their breast
Their tortur'd minds repining envy tears,
And hate, engender'd by suspicious fears;
And sacred thirst of sway, and all the ties
Of nature broke, and royal perjuries:
And impotent desire to reign alone,
That scorns the dull reversion of a throne:
Each would the sweets of sovereign rule dev
While discord waits upon divided pow'r.
As stubborn steers, by brawny ploughmen l
And join'd reluctant to the galling yoke,
Alike disdain with servile necks to bear
The' unwonted weight, or drag the crooked
But rend the reins, and bound a different wa
And all the furrows in confusion lay:
Such was the discord of the royal pair,
Whom fury drove precipitate to war.
In vain the chiefs contriv'd a specious way
To govern Thebes by their alternate sway:
Unjust decree! while this enjoys the state,
That mourns in exile his unequal fate,
And the short monarch of a hasty year
Foresees with anguish his returning heir.
Thus did the league their impious arms restr
But scarce subsisted to the second reign.
Yet then no proud aspiring piles were rais'
No fretted roofs with polish'd metals blaz'd;
No labour'd columns in long order plac'd,
No Grecian stone the pompous arches grac'd
No nightly bands in glittering armour wait
Before the sleepless tyrant's guarded gate;

rges then were wrought in burnish'd gold,
ver vases took the forming mould;
ms on bowls emboss'd were seen to shine,
on the brims, and sparkle in the wine—
retched rivals! what provokes your rage?
what end your impious arms engage?
bright Phœbus views in early morn,
en his evening beams the west adorn,
the south glows with his meridian ray,
e cold north receives a fainter day;
mes like these not all those realms suffice,
ll those realms the guilty victor's prize!
fortune now (the lots of empire thrown)
s to proud Eteocles the crown;
oys, O tyrant! swell'd thy soul that day,
ll were slaves thou could'st around survey,
to behold unbounded pow'r thy own,
igly fill a fear'd and envied throne!
he vile vulgar, ever discontent,
rowing fears in secret murmurs vent;
one to change, though still the slaves of state,
re the monarch whom they have to hate;
rds they madly make, then tamely bear,
ftly curse the tyrants whom they fear.
e of those who groan beneath the sway
s impos'd, and grudgingly obey,
envy to the great, and vulgar spite,
candal arm'd, the' ignoble mind's delight)
n'd—'O Thebes! for thee what fates remain,
oes attend this inauspicious reign?
e, alas! our doubtful necks prepare
aughty master's yoke by turns to bear,
d to change whom chang'd we still must fear!
ow control a wretched people's fate,
n divide, and these reverse the state:

Ev'n fortune rules no more—O servile land,
Where exil'd tyrants still by turns command!
Thou sire of gods and men, imperial Jove!
Is this the' eternal doom decreed above?
On thy own offspring hast thou fix'd this fate
From the first birth of our unhappy state,
When banish'd Cadmus, wandering o'er the main,
For lost Europa search'd the world in vain,
And fated in Bœotian fields to found
A rising empire on a foreign ground,
First rais'd our walls on that ill-omen'd plain
Where earth-born brothers were by brothers slain?
What lofty looks the' unrivall'd monarch bears!
How all the tyrant in his face appears!
What sullen fury clouds his scornful brow!
Gods! how his eyes with threatening ardour glow!
Can this imperious lord forget to reign,
Quit all his state, descend, and serve again?
Yet who before more popularly bow'd?
Who more propitious to the suppliant crowd?
Patient of right, familiar in the throne,
What wonder then? he was not then alone.
Oh, wretched we! a vile submissive train,
Fortune's tame fools, and slaves in every reign!
As when two winds with rival force contend,
This way and that the wavering sails they bend,
While freezing Boreas and black Eurus blow,
Now here, now there, the reeling vessel throw:
Thus on each side, alas! our tottering state
Feels all the fury of resistless fate,
And doubtful still, and still distracted stands,
While that prince threatens, and while this commands.'

And now the almighty father of the gods
Convenes a council in the bless'd abodes.

Far in the bright recesses of the skies,
High o'er the rolling heavens, a mansion lies,
Whence far below, the gods at once survey
The realms of rising and declining day, [and sea.
And all the' extended space of earth, and air,
Full in the midst, and on a starry throne,
The majesty of heaven superior shone:
Serene he look'd, and gave an awful nod,
And all the trembling spheres confess'd the god.
At Jove's assent the deities around
In solemn state the consistory crown'd.
Next a long order of inferior powers
Ascend from hills, and plains, and shady bowers;
Those from whose urns the rolling rivers flow,
And those that give the wandering winds to blow:
Here all their rage and even their murmurs cease,
And sacred silence reigns, and universal peace.
A shining synod of majestic gods
Gilds with new lustre the divine abodes:
Heaven seems improv'd with a superior ray,
And the bright arch reflects a double day.
The monarch then his solemn silence broke,
The still creation listen'd while he spoke;
Each sacred accent bears eternal weight,
And each irrevocable word is fate.

'How long shall man the wrath of Heaven defy,
And force unwilling vengeance from the sky?
O race confederate into crimes, that prove
Triumphant o'er the' eluded rage of Jove;
This wearied arm can scarce the bolt sustain,
And unregarded thunder rolls in vain:
The' o'erlabour'd Cyclop from his task retires.
The' Æolian forge exhausted of its fires.
For this I suffer'd Phœbus' steeds to stray,
And the mad ruler to misguide the day,

When the wide earth to heaps of ashes turn'd,
And Heaven itself the wandering chariot burn'd
For this my brother of the watery reign
Releas'd the' impetuous sluices of the main;
But flames consum'd, and billows rag'd in vain.
Two races now, allied to Jove, offend;
To punish these, see Jove himself descend.
The Theban kings their line from Cadmus trace,
From godlike Perseus those of Argive race.
Unhappy Cadmus' fate who does not know,
And the long series of succeeding woe?
How oft the furies from the deeps of night
Arose, and mix'd with men in mortal fight;
The' exulting mother stain'd with filial blood,
The savage hunter and the haunted wood?
The direful banquet why should I proclaim,
And crimes that grieve the trembling gods name?
Ere I recount the sins of these profane,
The sun would sink into the western main,
And, rising, gild the radiant east again.
Have we not seen (the blood of Laius shed)
The murdering son ascend his parent's bed,
Through violated nature force his way,
And stain the sacred womb where once he lay?
Yet now in darkness and despair he groans,
And for the crimes of guilty fate atones;
His sons with scorn their eyeless father view,
Insult his wounds, and make them bleed anew.
Thy curse, O Œdipus! just Heav'n alarms,
And sets the' avenging thunderer in arms.
I from the root thy guilty race will tear,
And give the nations to the waste of war.
Adrastus soon, with gods averse, shall join
In dire alliance with the Theban line:

Hence strife shall rise, and mortal war succeed:
The guilty realms of Tantalus shall bleed:
Fix'd is their doom. This all-remembering breast
Yet harbours vengeance for the tyrant's feast.'
He said; and thus the queen of Heav'n return'd:
(With sudden grief her labouring bosom burn'd)
'Must I, whose cares Phoroneus' towers defend,
Must I, O Jove, in bloody wars contend?
Thou know'st those regions my protection claim,
Glorious in arms, in riches, and in fame:
Though there the fair Egyptian heifer fed,
And there deluded Argus slept and bled;
Though there the brazen tow'r was storm'd of old,
When Jove descended in almighty gold!
Yet I can pardon those obscurer rapes,
Those bashful crimes disguis'd in borrow'd shapes;
But Thebes, where, shining in celestial charms,
Thou cam'st triumphant to a mortal's arms,
When all my glories o'er her limbs were spread,
And blazing lightnings danc'd around her bed:
Curs'd Thebes the vengeance it deserves may prove—
Ah! why should Argos feel the rage of Jove?
Yet since thou wilt thy sister-queen control,
Since still the lust of discord fires thy soul,
Go, raise my Samos, let Mycene fall,
And level with the dust the Spartan wall;
No more let mortals Juno's pow'r invoke,
Her fanes no more with eastern incense smoke,
Nor victims sink beneath the sacred stroke:
But to your Isis all my rights transfer,
Let altars blaze and temples smoke for her;
For her, through Egypt's fruitful clime renown'd,
Let weeping Nilus hear the timbrel sound.

But if thou must reform the stubborn times,
Avenging on the sons the fathers' crimes,
And from the long records of distant age
Derive incitements to renew thy rage:
Say, from what period then has Jove design'd
To date his vengeance? to what bounds confin'd?
Begin from thence, where first Alpheus hides
His wandering stream, and through the briny tides
Unmix'd to his Sicilian river glides.
Thy own Arcadians there the thunder claim,
Whose impious rites disgrace thy mighty name;
Who raise thy temples where the chariot stood
Of fierce Œnomaüs, defil'd with blood;
Where once his steeds their savage banquet found,
And human bones yet whiten all the ground.
Say, can those honours please? and can'st thou love
Presumptuous Crete, that boasts the tomb of Jove?
And shall not Tantalus's kingdom share
Thy wife and sister's tutelary care?
Reverse, O Jove! thy too severe decree,
Nor doom to war a race deriv'd from thee:
On impious realms and barbarous kings impose
Thy plagues, and curse 'em with such sons as those.'
Thus in reproach and pray'r the queen express'd
The rage and grief contending in her breast;
Unmov'd remain'd the ruler of the sky,
And from his throne return'd this stern reply:
'Twas thus I deem'd thy haughty soul would bear
The dire though just revenge which I prepare
Against a nation thy peculiar care:
No less Dione might for Thebes contend,
Nor Bacchus less his native town defend;
Yet these in silence see the Fates fulfil
Their work, and reverence our superior will.

For by the black infernal Styx I swear,
(That dreadful oath which binds the Thunderer)
'Tis fix'd, the' irrevocable doom of Jove;
No force can bend me, no persuasion move.
Haste then, Cyllenius, thro .gh the liquid air;
Go, mount the winds, and to the shades repair;
Bid hell's black monarch my commands obey,
And give up Laius to the realms of day,
Whose ghost yet shivering on Cocytus' sand
Expects its passage to the further strand:
Let the pale sire revisit Thebes, and bear
These pleasing orders to the tyrant's ear;
That from his exil'd brother, swell'd with pride
Of foreign forces and his Argive bride,
Almighty Jove commands him to detain
The promis'd empire, and alternate reign:
Be this the cause of more than mortal hate;
The rest succeeding times shall ripen into fate.'
The god obeys, and to his feet applies
Those golden wings that cut the yielding skies;
His ample hat his beamy locks o'erspread,
And veil'd the starry glories of his head.
He seiz'd the wand that causes sleep to fly,
Or in soft slumbers seals the wakeful eye;
That drives the dead to dark Tartarean coasts,
Or back to life compels the wandering ghosts.
Thus through the parting clouds the son of May
Wings on the whistling winds his rapid way;
Now smoothly steers through air his equal flight,
Now springs aloft, and tow'rs the' ethereal height;
Then wheeling down the steep of heaven he flies,
And draws a radiant circle o'er the skies.
Meantime the banish'd Polynices roves
(*His Thebes* abandon'd) through the' Aonian groves.

While future realms his wandering thoughts delight
His daily vision, and his dream by night;
Forbidden Thebes appears before his eye,
From whence he sees his absent brother fly.
With transport views the airy rule his own,
And swells on an imaginary throne;
Fain would he cast a tedious age away,
And live out all in one triumphant day:
He chides the lazy progress of the sun,
And bids the year with swifter motion run;
With anxious hopes his craving mind is tost,
And all his joys in length of wishes lost.
The hero then resolves his course to bend
Where ancient Danaus' fruitful fields extend,
And fam'd Mycene's lofty towers ascend!
(Where late the sun did Atreus' climes detest,
And disappear'd in horror of the feast)
And now by chance, by fate, or furies, led,
From Bacchus' consecrated caves he fled,
Where the shrill cries of frantic matrons sound,
And Pantheus' blood enrich'd the rising ground;
Then sees Cithæron towering o'er the plain,
And thence declining gently to the main;
Next to the bounds of Nisus' realm repairs,
Where treacherous Scylla cut the purple hairs:
The hanging cliffs of Scyron's rock explores,
And hears the murmurs of the different shores;
Passes the strait that parts the foaming seas,
And stately Corinth's pleasing site surveys.
'Twas now the time when Phœbus yields to night,
And rising Cynthia sheds her silver light;
Wide o'er the world in solemn pomp she drew
Her airy chariot, hung with pearly dew:

ll birds and beasts lie hush'd : sleep steals away
he wild desires of men, and toils of day,
nd brings, descending through the silent air,
sweet forgetfulness of human care.
et no red clouds, with golden borders gay,
omise the skies the bright return of day ;
faint reflections of the distant light
reak with long gleams the scattering shades of
night :
om the damp earth impervious waters rise,
crease the darkness, and involve the skies.
once the rushing winds with roaring sound
irst from the' Æolian caves, and rend the ground ;
ith equal rage their airy quarrel try,
nd win by turns the kingdom of the sky :
it with a thicker night black Auster shrouds
e heav'ns, and drives on heaps the rolling clouds,
om whose dark womb a rattling tempest pours,
hich the cold north congeals to haily show'rs :
om pole to pole the thunder roars aloud,
d broken lightnings flash from every cloud.
w smokes with showers the misty mountain-
ground,
d floated fields lie undistinguish'd round :
e' Inichian streams with headlong fury run,
d Erasinus rolls a deluge on ;
e foaming Lerna swells above its bounds,
d spreads its ancient poisons o'er the grounds :
here late was dust, now rapid torrents play,
sh through the mounds, and bear the dams away
l limbs of trees, from crackling forests torn,
e whirl'd in air, and on the winds are borne ·
e storm the dark Lycæan groves display'd,
d *first to light* expos'd the sacred shade.

The' intrepid Theban hears the bursting sky
Sees yawning rocks in massy fragments fly,
And views astonish'd, from the hills afar,
The floods descending, and the watery war,
That, driv'n by storms, and pouring o'er the
Swept herds, and hinds, and houses, to the m
Through the brown horrors of the night he f
Nor knows, amaz'd, what doubtful path to tr
His brother's image to his mind appears,
Inflames his heart with rage, and wings hi
with fears.

So fares the sailor on the stormy main,
When clouds conceal Boötes' golden wain,
When not a star its friendly lustre keeps,
Nor trembling Cynthia glimmers on the deep
He dreads the rocks, and shoals, and seas, and
While thunder roars, and lightning round hin
Thus strove the chief, on every side distre
Thus still his courage with his toils increas'd
With his broad shield oppos'd, he forc'd his v
Through thickest woods, and rous'd the be
Till he beheld where from Larissa's height [
The shelving walls reflect a glancing light;
Thither with haste the Theban hero flies;
On this side Lerna's poisonous water lies,
On that Prosymna's grove and temple rise.
He pass'd the gates, which then unguarded la
And to the regal palace bent his way;
On the cold marble, spent with toil he lies,
And waits till pleasing slumbers seal his eyes

Adrastus here his happy people sways,
Bless'd with calm peace in his declining days
By both his parents of descent divine,
Great Jove and Phœbus grac'd his noble line

av'n had not crown'd his wishes with a son,
t two fair daughters heir'd his state and throne.
him Apollo (wondrous to relate!
: who can pierce into the depths of fate?)
l sung—'Expect thy sons on Argos' shore,
'ellow lion, and a bristly boar.'
is long revolv'd in his paternal breast,
heavy on his heart, and broke his rest;
is, great Amphiaraus! lay hid from thee,
ough skill'd in fate and dark futurity.
e father's care and prophet's art were vain,
thus did the predicting god ordain.
o, hapless Tydeus! whose ill-fated hand
l slain his brother, leaves his native land,
l, seiz'd with horror in the shades of night,
rough the thick deserts headlong urg'd his flight:
v by the fury of the tempest driv'n,
seeks a shelter from the' inclement heav'n,
, led by fate, the Theban's steps he treads,
l to fair Argos' open courts succeeds.
Vhen thus the chiefs from different lands resort
Adrastus' realms and hospitable court,
e king surveys his guests with curious eyes,
l views their arms and habit with surprise.
on's yellow skin the Theban wears,
rid his mane, and rough with curling hairs;
h once employ'd Alcides' youthful toils,
yet adorn'd with Nemea's dreadful spoils.
oar's stiff hide, of Calydonian breed,
ides' manly shoulders overspread;
ique his tusks, erect his bristles stood,
e the pride and terror of the wood.
truck with the sight, and fix'd in deep amaze,
king the' accomplish'd oracle surveys.

Reveres Apollo's vocal caves, and owns
The guiding godhead and his future sons;
O'er all his bosom secret transports reign,
And a glad horror shoots through every v
To heav'n he lifts his hands, erects his sig
And thus invokes the silent queen of nigh
'Goddess of shades! beneath whose gloo
Yon spangled arch glows with the starry t
You who the cares of heav'n and earth all
Till nature, quicken'd by the' inspiring ra
Wakes to new vigour with the rising day:
O thou! who freest me from my doubtful
Long lost and wilder'd in the maze of fate
Be present still, O goddess! in our aid;
Proceed, and 'firm those omens thou hast r
We to thy name our annual rights will pa
And on thy altars sacrifices lay;
The sable flock shall fall beneath the stro
And fill thy temples with a grateful smok
Hail! faithful Tripos! hail! ye dark aboc
Of awful Phœbus; I confess the gods!'
Thus, seized with sacred fear, the monarc
Then to his inner court the guests convey
Where yet thin fumes from dying sparks
And dust yet white upon each altar lies,
The relics of a former sacrifice.
The king once more the solemn rites requ
And bids renew the feasts and wake the fi
His train obey; while all the courts aroun
With noisy care and various tumult sound.
Embroider'd purple clothes the golden be
This slave the floor, and that the table spr
A third dispels the darkness of the night,
And fills depending lamps with beams of

loaves in canisters are pil'd on high,
here in flames the slaughter'd victims fly.
ne in regal state Adrastus shone,
h'd on rich carpets on his ivory throne;
y couch receives each princely guest;
d, at awful distance, wait the rest.
l now the king, his royal feast to grace,
s calls, the guardian of his race,
irst their youth in arts of virtue train'd,
heir ripe years in modest grace maintain'd;
softly whisper'd in her faithful ear,
ade his daughters at the rites appear.
from the close apartments of the night
yal nymphs approach divinely bright,
was Diana's, such Minerva's face,
ine their beauties with superior grace,
at in these a milder charm endears,
ess of terror in their looks appears.
the heroes first they cast their eyes,
heir fair cheeks the glowing blushes rise;
downcast looks a decent shame confess'd,
on their father's reverend features rest.
banquet done, the monarch gives the sign
l the goblet high with sparkling wine,
Danaus us'd in sacred rites of old,
sculpture grac'd, and rough with rising gold:
to the clouds victorious Perseus flies,
sa seems to move her languid eyes,
ev'n in gold, turns paler as she dies:
from the chase Jove's towering eagle bears,
lden wings, the Phrygian to the stars;
s he rises in the' ethereal height,
tive mountains lessen to his sight,

While all his sad companions upward gaze,
Fix'd on the glorious scene in wild amaze,
And the swift hounds, affrighted as he flies,
Run to the shade, and bark against the skies.
This golden bowl with generous juice was cro
The first libation sprinkled on the ground,
By turns on each celestial power they call;
With Phœbus' name resounds the vaulted hall.
The courtly train, the strangers, and the rest,
Crown'd with chaste laurel, and with garl
dress'd,
While with rich gums the fuming altars blaze,
Salute the god in numerous hymns of praise.
Then thus the king: 'Perhaps, my noble gues
These honour'd altars, and these annual feasts
To bright Apollo's awful name design'd,
Unknown with wonder may perplex your minc
Great was the cause: our old solemnities
From no blind zeal or fond tradition rise;
But sav'd from death, our Argives yearly pay
These grateful honours to the god of day.
'When by a thousand darts the Python slain
With orbs unroll'd lay covering all the plain,
(Transfix'd as o'er Castalia's streams he hung,
And suck'd new poisons with his triple tongue
To Argos' realms the victor god resorts,
And enters old Crotopos' humble courts.
This rural prince one only daughter bless'd,
That all the charms of blooming youth possess'
Fair was her face, and spotless was her mind,
Where filial love with virgin sweetness join'd:
Happy! and happy still she might have prov'd,
Were she less beautiful, or less belov'd!
But Phœbus lov'd, and on the flowery side
Of Nemea's stream the yielding fair enjoy'd.

Now ere ten moons their orb with light adorn,
The' illustrious offspring of the god was born;
The nymph, her father's anger to evade,
Retires from Argos to the silvan shade;
To woods and wilds the pleasing burden bears,
And trusts her infant to a shepherd's cares.

'How mean a fate, unhappy child, is thine!
Ah! how unworthy those of race divine!
On flowery herbs in some green covert laid,
His bed the ground, his canopy the shade,
He mixes with the bleating lambs his cries,
While the rude swain his rural music tries,
To call soft slumbers on his infant eyes.
Yet ev'n in those obscure abodes to live
Was more, alas! than cruel fate would give;
For on the grassy verdure as he lay,
And breath'd the freshness of the early day,
Devouring dogs the helpless infant tore,
Fed on his trembling limbs, and lapp'd the gore.
The' astonish'd mother, when the rumour came,
Forgets her father, and neglects her fame;
With loud complaints she fills the yielding air,
And beats her breast, and rends her flowing hair;
Then wild with anguish to her sire she flies,
Demands the sentence, and contented dies.

'But touch'd with sorrow for the deed too late,
The raging god prepares to' avenge her fate.
He sends a monster, horrible and fell,
Begot by furies in the depths of hell.
The pest a virgin's face and bosom bears;
High on her crown a rising snake appears,
Guards her black front, and hisses in her hairs:
About the realm she walks her dreadful round,
When night with sable wings o'erspreads the *ground.*

Devours young babes before their parents' eyes,
And feeds and thrives on public miseries.
'But generous rage the bold Chorœbus warms,
Chorœbus! fam'd for virtue as for arms;
Some few, like him, inspir'd with martial flame,
Thought a short life well lost for endless fame.
These, where two ways in equal parts divide,
The direful monster from afar descry'd,
Two bleeding babes depending at her side;
Whose panting vitals, warm with life, she draws,
And in their hearts imbrues her cruel claws.
The youths surround her with extended spears;
But brave Chorœbus in the front appears;
Deep in her breast he plung'd his shining sword,
And hell's dire monster back to hell restor'd.
The' Inachians view the slain with vast surprise,
Her twisting volumes, and her rolling eyes,
Her spotted breast and gaping womb imbrued
With livid poison and our children's blood.
The crowd in stupid wonder fix'd appear,
Pale ev'n in joy, nor yet forget to fear.
Some with vast beams the squalid corse engage,
And weary all the wild efforts of rage.
The birds obscene, that nightly flock'd to taste,
With hollow screeches fled the dire repast;
And ravenous dogs, allur'd by scented blood,
And starving wolves, ran howling to the wood.
'But fir'd with rage, from cleft Parnassus' brow
Avenging Phœbus bent his deadly bow,
And hissing flew the feather'd fates below:
A night of sultry clouds involv'd around
The towers, the fields, and the devoted ground:
And now a thousand lives together fled,
Death with his scythe cut off the fatal thread,
And a whole province in his triumph led.

Phœbus, ask'd why noxious fires appear,
ing Sirius blasts the sickly year?
is their lives by whom his monster fell,
oms a dreadful sacrifice to hell.
s'd be thy dust, and let eternal fame
thy manes, and preserve thy name,
ted hero! who, divinely brave,
a cause disdain'd thy life to save,
w'd the shrine with a superior look,
upbraided godhead thus bespoke:
h piety, the soul's securest guard,
ıscious virtue, still its own reward,
I come, unknowing how to fear,
lt thou, Phœbus, find a suppliant here:
nster's death to me was ow'd alone,
a deed too glorious to disown.
him here, for whom, so many days,
ous clouds conceal'd thy sullen rays;
ɔm, as man no longer claim'd thy care,
mbers fell by pestilential air!
he' abandon'd race of human kind
ɔds above no more compassion find;
inclemency in heaven can dwell,
must unoffending Argos feel
ıgeance due to this unlucky steel?
on me, let all thy fury fall,
from me, since I deserve it all,
ıur desert cities please thy sight,
al flames reflect a grateful light.
ge thy shafts, this ready bosom rend,
he shades a ghost triumphant send;
my country let my fate atone;
the vengeance, as the crime my own.'
distress'd impartial Heaven relieves,
ne life relenting Phœbus gives;

For not the vengeful power, that glow'd with rage,
With such amazing virtue durst engage.
The clouds dispers'd, Apollo's wrath expir'd,
And from the wondering god the' unwilling youth retir'd.
Thence we these altars in his temple raise,
And offer annual honours, feasts, and praise;
These solemn feasts propitious Phœbus please;
These honours, still renew'd, his ancient wrath appease.

'But say, illustrious guest! (adjoin'd the king)
What name you bear, from what high race you spring?
The noble Tydeus stands confess'd, and known
Our neighbour prince, and heir of Calydon:
Relate your fortunes, while the friendly night
And silent hours to various talk invite.'

The Theban bends on earth his gloomy eyes,
Confus'd, and sadly thus at length replies:—

'Before these altars how shall I proclaim
(O generous prince!) my nation or my name,
Or through what veins our ancient blood has roll'd?
Let the sad tale for ever rest untold!
Yet if, propitious to a wretch unknown,
You seek to share in sorrows not your own,
Know then from Cadmus I derive my race,
Jocasta's son, and Thebes my native place.'
To whom the king (who felt his generous breast
Touch'd with concern for his unhappy guest)
Replies—'Ah! why forbears the son to name
His wretched father, known too well by fame?
Fame, that delights around the world to stray,
Scorns not to take our Argos in her way.
Ev'n those who dwell where suns at distance roll,
In northern wilds, and freeze beneath the pole,

And those who tread the burning Libyan lands,
The faithless syrtes, and the moving sands;
Who view the western sea's extremest bounds,
Or drink of Ganges in their eastern grounds;
All these the woes of Œdipus have known,
Your fates, your furies, and your haunted town.
If on the sons the parents' crimes descend,
What prince from those his lineage can defend?
Be this thy comfort, that 'tis thine to' efface,
With virtuous acts, thy ancestors' disgrace,
And be thyself the honour of thy race.
But see! the stars begin to steal away,
And shine more faintly at approaching day;
Now pour the wine; and in your tuneful lays
Once more resound the great Apollo's praise.'

'O father Phœbus! whether Lycia's coast
And snowy mountains thy bright presence boast:
Whether to sweet Castalia thou repair,
And bathe in silver dews thy yellow hair;
Or pleas'd to find fair Delos float no more,
Delight in Cynthus and the shady shore;
Or choose thy seat in Ilion's proud abodes,
The shining structures rais'd by labouring gods;
By thee the bow and mortal shafts are borne;
Eternal charms thy blooming youth adorn:
Skill'd in the laws of secret fate above,
And the dark counsels of almighty Jove,
'Tis thine the seeds of future war to know,
The change of sceptres and impending woe,
When direful meteors spread through glowing air
Long trails of light, and shake their blazing hair,
Thy rage the Phrygian felt, who durst aspire
To' excel the music of thy heavenly lyre;
Thy shafts aveng'd lew'd Tityus' guilty flame,
The' immortal victim of thy mother's fame;

Thy hand slew Python, and the dame who lo
Her numerous offspring for a fatal boast.
In Phlegyas' doom thy just revenge appears,
Condemn'd to furies and eternal fears;
He views his food, but dreads, with lifted eye,
The mouldering rock that trembles from on l
'Propitious hear our pray'r, O power divin
And on thy hospitable Argos shine;
Whether the style of Titan please thee more,
Whose purple rays the Achæmenes' adore;
Or great Osiris, who first taught the swain
In Pharian fields to sow the golden grain;
Or Mithra, to whose beams the Persian bows,
And pays, in hollow rocks, his awful vows;
Mithra! whose head the blaze of light adorns,
Who grasps the struggling heifer's lunar horn

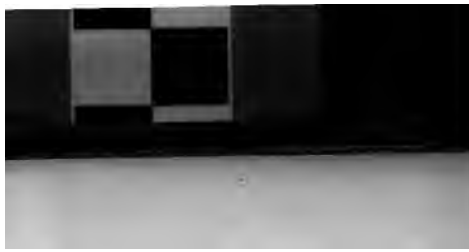
PROLOGUE

TO

MR. ADDISON'S CATO.

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart:
To make mankind, in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold
For this the tragic Muse first trod the stage,
Commanding tears to stream through every a
Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love;
In pitying love, we but our weakness show,
And wild ambition well deserves its woe.

Here tears shall flow from a more generous cause,
Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws:
He bids your breasts with ancient ardour rise,
And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes.
Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,
What Plato thought, and godlike Cato was:
No common object to your sight displays,
But what with pleasure Heaven itself surveys,
A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling state.
While Cato gives his little senate laws,
What bosom beats not in his country's cause?
Who sees him act, but envies every deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?
Ev'n when proud Cæsar, midst triumphal cars,
The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Show'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state;
As her dead father's reverend image past,
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast;
The triumph ceas'd, tears gush'd from every eye;
The world's great victor pass'd unheeded by;
Her last good man dejected Rome ador'd,
And honour'd Cæsar's less than Cato's sword.
Britons! attend: be worth like this approv'd,
And show you have the virtue to be mov'd.
With honest scorn the first fam'd Cato view'd
Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she subdued:
Your scene precariously subsists too long
On French translation and Italian song.
Dare to have sense yourselves; assert the stage,
Be justly warm'd with your own native rage:
Such plays alone should win a British ear,
As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.



EPILOGUE

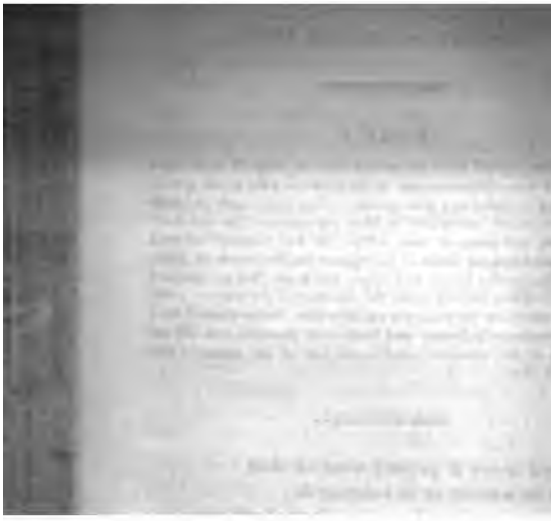
TO

MR. ROWE'S JANE SHORE.

(Designed for Mrs. Oldfield.)

PRODIGIOUS this! the frail one of our play
From her own sex should mercy find to-day!
You might have held the pretty head aside,
Peep'd in your fans, been serious, thus, and cr
'The play may pass—but that strange cre
Shore,
I can't—indeed now—I so hate a whore—'
Just as a blockhead rubs his thoughtless skul
And thanks his stars he was not born a fool;
So from a sister sinner you shall hear,
'How strangely you expose yourself, my dea
But let me die, all raillery apart,
Our sex are still forgiving at their heart;
And, did not wicked custom so contrive,
We'd be the best good-natur'd things alive.
There are, 'tis true, who tell another tale,
That virtuous ladies envy while they rail;
Such rage without betrays the fire within;
In some close corner of the soul they sin;
Still hoarding up, most scandalously nice,
Amidst their virtues a reserve of vice.
The godly dame, who fleshly failings damns,
Scolds with her maid, or with her chaplain c
Would you enjoy soft nights, and solid dinne
Faith, gallants! board with saints, and bed wi
Well, if our author in his wife offends,
He has a husband that will make amends.

He draws him gentle, tender, and forgiving;
And sure such kind good creatures may be living.
In days of old, they pardon'd breach of vows,
Stern Cato's self was no relentless spouse:
Plu—Plutarch, what's his name, that writes his life?
Tells us, that Cato dearly lov'd his wife:
Yet if a friend, a night or so, should need her,
He'd recommend her as a special breeder.
To lend a wife, few here would scruple make;
But, pray, which of you all would take her back?
Though with the stoic chief our stage may ring,
The stoic husband was the glorious thing.
The man had courage, was a sage, 'tis true,
And lov'd his country—but what's that to you?
Those strange examples ne'er were made to fit ye,
But the kind cuckold might instruct the city:
There, many an honest man may copy Cato,
Who ne'er saw naked sword, or look'd in Plato.
If, after all, you think it a disgrace,
That Edward's miss thus perks it in your face;
To see a piece of failing flesh and blood,
In all the rest so impudently good;
Faith, let the modest matrons of the town
Come here in crowds, and stare the strumpet down.



AN

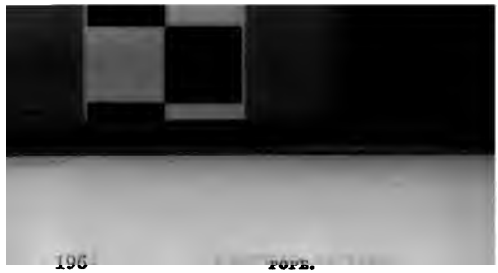
ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1709.

PART I.

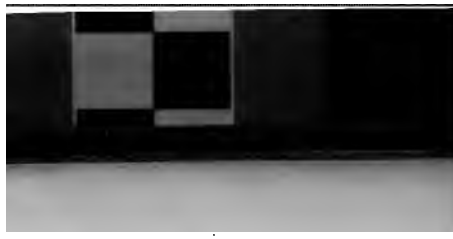
roduction.—That it is as great a fault to judge ill as to write l, and a more dangerous one to the public.—That a true taste is s rare to be found as a true genius.—That most men are born ith some taste, but spoiled by false education.—The multitude f critics, and causes of them.—That we are to study our own ste, and know the limits of it.—Nature the best guide of judgnent.—Improved by art and rules, which are but methodized lature.—Rules derived from the practice of the ancient poets. -That therefore the ancients are necessary to be studied by a ritic, particularly Homer and Virgil.—Of licences, and the use f them by the ancients.—Reverence due to the ancients, and raise of them.

ıs hard to say if greater want of skill
›pear in writing or in judging ill;
ıt of the two, less dangerous is the' offence
› tire our patience than mislead our sense;
me few in that, but numbers err in this,
:n censure wrong for one who writes amiss;
fool might once himself alone expose,
›w one in verse makes many more in prose.
'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
› *just alike*, yet each believes his own.



In poets as true genius is but rare,
True taste as seldom is the critic's share;
Both must alike from Heaven derive their light
These born to judge, as well as those to write.
Let such teach others who themselves excel,
And censure freely who have written well.
Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true,
But are not critics to their judgment too?
  Yet if we look more closely, we shall find
Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind
Nature affords at least a glimmering light;
The lines, though touch'd but faintly, are dra
  right:
But as the slightest sketch, if justly trac'd,
Is by ill-colouring but the more disgrac'd,
So by false learning is good sense defac'd:
Some are bewilder'd in the maze of schools,
And some made coxcombs Nature meant but fools
In search of wit these lose their common sense,
And then turn critics in their own defence:
Each burns alike, who can or cannot write,
Or with a rival's or an eunuch's spite.
All fools have still an itching to deride,
And fain would be upon the laughing side.
If Mævius scribble in Apollo's spite,
There are who judge still worse than he can wr
  Some have at first for wits, then poets, past;
Turn'd critics next, and prov'd plain fools at las
Some neither can for wits nor critics pass,
As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass.
Those half-learn'd witlings, numerous in our isl
As half-form'd insects on the banks of Nile;
Unfinish'd things, one knows not what to call,
Their generation's so equivocal;

ell 'em would a hundred tongues require,
ne vain wit's, that might a hundred tire.
ıt you who seek to give and merit fame,
justly bear a critic's noble name,
ıre yourself and your own reach to know,
far your genius, taste, and learning go;
ıch not beyond your depth, but be discreet,
mark that point where sense and dulness meet.
ıture to all things fix'd the limits fit,
wisely curb'd proud man's pretending wit.
n the land while here the ocean gains,
her parts it leaves wide sandy plains;
; in the soul while memory prevails,
solid power of understanding fails;
re beams of warm imagination play,
memory's soft figures melt away.
science only will one genius fit;
ast is art, so narrow human wit:
only bounded to peculiar arts,
oft in those confin'd to single parts.
: kings we lose the conquests gain'd before,
ain ambition still to make them more;
ı might his several province well command,
ıld all but stoop to what they understand.
rst follow Nature, and your judgment frame
ıer just standard, which is still the same:
rring Nature, still divinely bright,
clear, unchang'd, and universal light,
, force, and beauty, must to all impart,
ınce the source, and end, and test of art.
from that fund each just supply provides,
:ks without show, and without pomp presides:
ome fair body thus the' informing soul
h *spirits feeds*, with vigour fills, the whole;



Music resembles poetry; in each
Are nameless graces which no methods teach
And which a master-hand alone can reach.
If, where the rules not far enough extend,
(Since rules were made but to promote their
Some lucky licence answer to the full
The' intent propos'd, that licence is a rule.
Thus Pegasus, a nearer way to take,
May boldly deviate from the common track.
From vulgar bounds with brave disorder par
And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art,
Which, without passing through the judgment
The heart, and all its end at once attains.
In prospects thus some objects please our ey
Which out of nature's common order rise,
The shapeless rock, or hanging precipice.
Great wits sometimes may gloriously offend,
And rise to faults true critics dare not mend
But though the ancients thus their rules inv
(As kings dispense with laws themselves have
Moderns, beware! or, if you must offend
Against the precept, ne'er transgress its end
Let it be seldom, and compell'd by need;
And have at least the precedent to plead:
The critic else proceeds without remorse,
Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.
I know there are, to whose presumptuous th
Those freer beauties, ev'n in them, seem fa
Some figures monstrous and mis-shap'd app
Consider'd singly, or beheld too near,
Which, but proportion'd to their light or pl
Due distance reconciles to form and grace.
A prudent chief not always must display
His powers in equal ranks and fair array,

But with the' occasion and the place comply,
Conceal his force, nay seem sometimes to fly.
Those oft are stratagems which errors seem,
Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.

Still green with bays each ancient altar stands
Above the reach of sacrilegious hands,
Secure from flames, from envy's fiercer rage,
Destructive war, and all-involving age.
See from each clime the learn'd their incense bring!
Hear in all tongues consenting pæans ring!
In praise so just let every voice be join'd,
And fill the general chorus of mankind.
Hail, bards triumphant! born in happier days,
Immortal heirs of universal praise!
Whose honours with increase of ages grow,
As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow;
Nations unborn your mighty names shall sound,
And worlds applaud that must not yet be found!
O may some spark of your celestial fire
The last, the meanest, of your sons inspire,
(That on weak wings, from far, pursues your flights,
Glows while he reads, but trembles as he writes)
To teach vain wits a science little known,
To' admire superior sense, and doubt their own!

PART II.

Causes hindering a true judgment.—Pride.—Imperfect learni Judging by parts, and not by the whole.—Critics in wit, guage, versification, only.—Being too hard to please, or too admire.—Partiality—too much love to a sect—to the ancie moderns.—Prejudice or prevention.—Singularity.—Incons Party spirit—Envy.—Against envy, and in praise of good-na —When severity is chiefly to be used by critics.

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.
Whatever nature has in worth denied,
She gives in large recruits of needful pride:
For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find
What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with w
Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty void of sense:
If once right reason drives that cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.
Trust not yourself; but your defects to know,
Make use of every friend—and every foe.
A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.
Fir'd at first sight with what the Muse imparts,
In fearless youth we tempt the heights of arts,
While from the bounded level of our mind
Short views we take, nor see the lengths behin

ıore advanc'd, behold with strange surprise
distant scenes of endless science rise!
eas'd at first the towering Alps we try,
t o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky!
eternal snows appear already past,
he first clouds and mountains seem the last:
ıose attain'd, we tremble to survey
rowing labours of the lengthen'd way;
increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes,
peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!
ıerfect judge will read each work of wit
the same spirit that its author writ;
y the whole, nor seek slight faults to find
e nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;
ɔse, for that malignant dull delight,
enerous pleasure to be charm'd with wit.
ı such lays as neither ebb nor flow,
ctly cold, and regularly low,
shunning faults one quiet tenor keep,
annot blame indeed—but we may sleep.
, as nature, what affects our hearts
the' exactness of peculiar parts;
ot a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
ıe joint force and full result of all.
when we view some well-proportion'd dome,
world's just wonder, and ev'n thine, O Rome!)
ıgle parts unequally surprise,
ɔmes united to the' admiring eyes;
ɔnstrous height, or breadth, or length appear;
vhole at once is bold and regular.
ıoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
ts what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
ery work regard the writer's end,
none can compass more than they intend;

And if the means be just, the conduct true,
Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.
As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,
To' avoid great errors must the less commit;
Neglect the rules each verbal critic lays,
For not to know some trifles is a praise.
Most critics, fond of some subservient art,
Still make the whole depend upon a part:
They talk of principles, but notions prize,
And all to one lov'd folly sacrifice.

Once on a time La Mancha's knight, they say,
A certain bard encountering on the way,
Discours'd in terms as just, with looks as sage;
As e'er could Dennis, of the Grecian stage,
Concluding all were desperate sots and fools
Who durst depart from Aristotle's rules.
Our author, happy in a judge so nice,
Produc'd his play, and begg'd the knight's advi
Made him observe the subject and the plot,
The manners, passions, unities, what not?
All which exact to rule were brought about,
Were but a combat in the lists left out.
'What! leave the combat out?' exclaims
knight.
'Yes, or we must renounce the Stagirite.'—
'Not so, by Heav'n! (he answers in a rage)
Knights, 'squires, and steeds, must enter on
stage.'
'So vast a throng the stage can ne'er contain.'-
'Then build a new, or act it on a plain.'

Thus critics, of less judgment than caprice,
Curious, not knowing, not exact, but nice,
Form short ideas, and offend in arts
(*As* most in manners) by a love to parts.

Some to conceit alone their taste confine,
And glittering thoughts struck out at every line;
Pleas'd with a work where nothing's just or fit,
One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.
Poets, like painters, thus unskill'd to trace
The naked nature and the living grace,
With gold and jewels cover every part,
And hide with ornaments their want of art.
True wit is nature to advantage dress'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd;
Something whose truth convinc'd at sight we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind.
As shades more sweetly recommend the light,
So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit:
For works may have more wit than does 'em good,
As bodies perish through excess of blood.
Others for language all their care express,
And value books, as women men, for dress:
Their praise is still—'the style excellent;'
The sense they humbly take upon content.
Words are like leaves; and where they most abound
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.
False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
Its gaudy colours spreads on every place;
The face of nature we no more survey,
All glares alike, without distinction gay;
But true expression, like the' unchanging sun,
Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon;
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.
Expression is the dress of thought, and still
Appears more decent as more suitable.
A vile conceit in pompous words express'd
Is like a clown in regal purple dress'd:
For different styles with different subjects sort,
As several garbs with country, town, and court.

Some by old words to fame have made pretence,
Ancients in phrase, mere moderns in their sense;
Such labour'd nothings, in so strange a style,
Amaze the' unlearn'd, and make the learned smile.
Unlucky as Fungoso in the play,
These sparks with awkward vanity display
What the fine gentleman wore yesterday;
And but so mimic ancient wits at best,
As apes our grandsires in their doublets dress'd.
In words as fashions the same rule will hold,
Alike fantastic if too new or old:
Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

But most by numbers judge a poet's song,
And smooth or rough with them is right or wrong:
In the bright Muse though thousand charms con-
Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire; [spire,
Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,
Not mend their minds; as some to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
These equal syllables alone require,
Though oft the ear the open vowels tire,
While expletives their feeble aid do join,
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line:
While they ring round the same unvaried chimes,
With sure returns of still expected rhymes;
Where'er you find 'the cooling western breeze,'
In the next line it 'whispers through the trees;'
If crystal streams 'with pleasing murmurs creep,'
The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with 'sleep;'
Then, at the last and only couplet fraught
With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length
along.

'e such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
.t's roundly smooth, or languishingly slow,
praise the easy vigour of a line [join.
:re Denham's strength and Waller's sweetness
: ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
nose move easiest who have learn'd to dance.
not enough no harshness gives offence;
sound must seem an echo to the sense.
is the strain when zephyr gently blows,
the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar.
n Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
line too labours, and the words move slow:
so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
; o'er the' unbending corn, and skims along the
· how Timotheus' varied lays surprise, [main.
bid alternate passions fall and rise!
le at each change the son of Lybian Jove,
burns with glory and then melts with love;
his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,
sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow:
ians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
the world's victor stood subdued by sound!
power of music all our hearts allow,
what Timotheus was, is Dryden now.
roid extremes, and shun the fault of such
) still are pleas'd too little or too much.
very trifle scorn to take offence;
: always shows great pride or little sense:
se heads, as stomachs, are not sure the best
ch nauseate all, and nothing can digest.
let not each gay turn thy rapture move;
'ools admire, but men of sense approve:

As things seem large which we through mists de
Dulness is ever apt to magnify.
Some foreign writers, some our own despise
The ancients only, or the moderns prize.
Thus wit, like faith, by each man is applied
To one small sect, and all are damn'd beside.
Meanly they seek the blessing to confine,
And force that sun but on a part to shine,
Which not alone the southern wit sublimes,
But ripens spirits in cold northern climes;
Which from the first has shone on ages past,
Enlights the present, and shall warm the last;
Though each may feel increases and decays,
And see now clearer and now darker days.
Regard not then if wit be old or new,
But blame the false, and value still the true.
Some ne'er advance a judgment of their ow
But catch the spreading notion of the town;
They reason and conclude by precedent,
And own stale nonsense which they ne'er inve
Some judge of authors' names, not works, and
Nor praise nor blame the writings, but the me
Of all this servile herd, the worst is he
That in proud dulness joins with quality;
A constant critic at the great man's board,
To fetch and carry nonsense for my lord.
What woful stuff this madrigal would be
In some starv'd hackney sonneteer or me!
But let a lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens! how the style refines!
Before his sacred name flies every fault,
And each exalted stanza teems with thought!
The vulgar thus through imitation err;
As oft the learn'd, by being singular;

much they scorn the crowd, that if the throng
chance go right, they purposely go wrong.
schismatics the plain believers quit,
d are but damn'd for having too much wit.
ne praise at morning what they blame at night,
: always think the last opinion right.
luse by these is like a mistress us'd,
.s hour she's idoliz'd, the next abus'd;
ile their weak heads, like towns unfortified,
vixt sense and nonsense daily change their side.
: them the cause; they're wiser still, they say;
l still to-morrow's wiser than to-day.
think our fathers fools, so wise we grow;
' wiser sons no doubt will think us so.
:e school-divines this zealous isle o'erspread;
o knew most sentences was deepest read:
h, gospel, all seem made to be disputed,
l none had sense enough to be confuted.
tists and Thomists now in peace remain
id their kindred cobwebs in Duck Lane.
ith itself has different dresses worn,
at wonder modes in wit should take their turn:
leaving what is natural and fit,
current folly proves the ready wit;
. authors think their reputation safe,
ich lives as long as fools are pleas'd to laugh.
ome, valuing those of their own side or mind,
make themselves the measure of mankind
dly we think we honour merit then,
en we but praise ourselves in other men.
ies in wit attend on those of state,
. public faction doubles private hate.
.e, malice, folly, against Dryden rose,
rious shapes of parsons, critics, beaux

But sense surviv'd when merry jests were past;
For rising merit will buoy up at last.
Might he return and bless once more our eyes,
New Blackmores and new Milbourns must arise:
Nay, should great Homer lift his awful head,
Zoilus again would start up from the dead.
Envy will merit as its shade pursue,
But, like a shadow, proves the substance true;
For envied wit, like Sol eclips'd, makes known
The' opposing body's grossness, not its own.
When first that sun too powerful beams displays,
It draws up vapours which obscure its rays;
But ev'n those clouds at last adorn its way,
Reflect new glories, and augment the day.

Be thou the first true merit to befriend;
His praise is lost who stays till all commend.
Short is the date, alas! of modern rhymes,
And 'tis but just to let them live betimes.
No longer now that golden age appears,
When patriarch-wits surviv'd a thousand years:
Now length of fame (our second life) is lost,
And bare threescore is all ev'n that can boast:
Our sons their fathers' failing language see,
And such as Chaucer is shall Dryden be.
So when the faithful pencil has design'd
Some bright idea of the master's mind,
Where a new world leaps out at his command
And ready nature waits upon his hand;
When the ripe colours soften and unite,
And sweetly melt into just shade and light;
When mellowing years their full perfection
And each bold figure just begins to live,
The treacherous colours the fair art betray,
And all the bright creation fades away!

ıhappy wit, like most mistaken things,
ıes not for that envy which it brings:
ɔuth alone its empty praise we boast,
soon the short-liv'd vanity is lost;
: some fair flower the early spring supplies,
t gaily blooms, but ev'n in blooming dies.
ıt is this wit, which must our cares employ?
owner's wife that other men enjoy;
n most our trouble still when most admir'd,
. still the more we give, the more requir'd;
ɔse fame with pains we guard, but lose with ease,
: some to vex, but never all to please;
what the vicious fear, the virtuous shun;
'ools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone!
wit so much from ignorance undergo,
let not learning too commence its foe!
ɔld those met rewards who could excel,
l such were prais'd who but endeavour'd well:
ɔugh triumphs were to generals only due,
wns were reserv'd to grace the soldiers too.
ν they who reach Parnassus' lofty crown
ploy their pains to spurn some others down;
l while self-love each jealous writer rules,
ıtending wits become the sport of fools;
still the worst with most regret commend,
each ill author is as bad a friend.
what base ends, and by what abject ways,
: mortals urg'd through sacred lust of praise!
! ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast,
: in the critic let the man be lost.
ɔd-nature and good sense must ever join;
err is human, to forgive divine.
But if in noble minds some dregs remain,
: *yet purg'd off*, of spleen and sour disdain,

Discharge that rage on more provoking crimes,
Nor fear a dearth in these flagitious times.
No pardon vile obscenity should find,
Though wit and art conspire to move your mind;
But dulness with obscenity must prove
As shameful sure as impotence in love.
In the fat age of pleasure, wealth, and ease,
Sprung the rank weed, and thriv'd with large increase:
When love was all an easy monarch's care;
Seldom at council, never in a war;
Jilts rul'd the state, and statesmen farces writ;
Nay, wits had pensions, and young lords had wit
The fair sat panting at a courtier's play,
And not a mask went unimprov'd away;
The modest fan was lifted up no more,
And virgins smil'd at what they blush'd before.
The following licence of a foreign reign
Did all the dregs of bold Socinus drain;
Then unbelieving priests reform'd the nation,
And taught more pleasant methods of salvation;
Where Heaven's free subjects might their rights dispute,
Lest God himself should seem too absolute:
Pulpits their sacred satire learn'd to spare,
And vice admir'd to find a flatterer there!
Encourag'd thus, wit's Titans brav'd the skies,
And the press groan'd with licens'd blasphemies
These monsters, critics! with your darts engage,
Here point your thunder, and exhaust your rage
Yet shun their fault, who scandalously nice,
Will needs mistake an author into vice:
All seems infected that the' infected spy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye.

PART III.

or the conduct and manners in a critic.—Candour.—Modes. Good-breeding.—Sincerity and freedom of advice.—When counsel is to be restrained.—Character of an incorrigible —And of an impertinent critic.—Character of a good critic. istory of Criticism, and characters of the best critics: Aris. —Horace.—Dionysius —Petronius.—Quintilian.—Longinus. the decay of criticism, and its revival.—Erasmus.—Vida.— ıu.—Lord Roscommon, &c.—Conclusion.

; then what morals critics ought to show,
is but half a judge's task to know.
ot enough taste, judgment, learning, join;
you speak let truth and candour shine;
ıot alone what to your sense is due
ıy allow, but seek your friendship too.
silent always when you doubt your sense,
peak, though sure, with seeming diffidence;
positive persisting fops we know,
if once wrong will needs be always so;
ɔu with pleasure own your errors past,
nake each day a critique on the last.
; not enough your counsel still be true;
truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do:
nust be taught as if you taught them not,
hings unknown propos'd as things forgot.
ɔut good-breeding truth is disapprov'd;
only makes superior sense belov'd.
niggards of advice on no pretence,
ıe worst avarice is that of sense.
mean complacence ne'er h
e so civil as to prove n

Fear not the anger of the wise to raise;
Those best can bear reproof who merit praise.
'Twere well might critics still this freedom take,
But Appius reddens at each word you speak,
And stares tremendous, with a threatening eye,
Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry.
Fear most to tax an honourable fool,
Whose right it is, uncensur'd, to be dull:
Such, without wit, are poets when they please,
As without learning they can take degrees.
Leave dangerous truths to unsuccessful satires,
And flattery to fulsome dedicators;
Whom when they praise, the world believes no more
Than when they promise to give scribbling o'er.
'Tis best sometimes your censure to restrain,
And charitably let the dull be vain;
Your silence there is better than your spite,
For who can rail so long as they can write?
Still humming on their drowsy course they keep,
And lash'd so long, like tops, are lash'd asleep.
False steps but help them to renew the race,
As, after stumbling, jades will mend their pace.
What crowds of these, impenitently bold,
In sounds and jingling syllables grown old,
Still run on poets, in a raging vein,
Ev'n to the dregs and squeezings of the brain,
Strain out the last dull droppings of their sense,
And rhyme with all the rage of impotence!
Such shameless bards we have; and yet 'tis true
There are as mad abandon'd critics too.
The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head,
With his own tongue still edifies his ears,
And always listening to himself appears.

All books he reads, and all he reads assails,
From Dryden's fables down to Durfey's tales.
With him most authors steal their works, or buy;
Garth did not write his own Dispensary.
Name a new play, and he's the poet's friend;
Nay, show'd his faults—but when would poets mend?
No place so sacred from such fops is barr'd,
Nor is Paul's church more safe than Paul's church-
yard:
Nay, fly to altars; there they'll talk you dead;
For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.
Distrustful sense with modest caution speaks,
It still looks home, and short excursions makes;
But rattling nonsense in full vollies breaks,
And never shock'd, and never turn'd aside,
Bursts out, resistless, with a thundering tide.
But where's the man who counsel can bestow,
Still pleas'd to teach, and yet not proud to know?
Unbias'd or by favour or by spite,
Not dully prepossess'd nor blindly right;
Though learn'd, well-bred, and though well-bred,
Modestly bold, and humanly severe; [sincere;
Who to a friend his faults can freely show,
And gladly praise the merit of a foe?
Bless'd with a taste exact, yet unconfin'd,
A knowledge both of books and human kind;
Generous converse; a soul exempt from pride;
And love to praise, with reason on his side?
Such once were critics; such the happy few
Athens and Rome in better ages knew.
The mighty Stagirite first left the shore,
Spread all his sails, and durst the deeps explore;
He steer'd securely, and discover'd far,
Led by the light of the Mæonian star.

Poets, a race long unconfin'd and free,
Still fond and proud of savage liberty,
Receiv'd his laws, and stood convinc'd 'twas fit,
Who conquer'd nature should preside o'er wit.
  Horace still charms with graceful negligence,
And, without method, talks us into sense;
Will, like a friend, familiarly convey
The truest notions in the easiest way.
He who, supreme in judgment as in wit,
Might boldly censure as he boldly writ,
Yet judg'd with coolness, though he sung with fire
His precepts teach but what his works inspire.
Our critics take a contrary extreme,
They judge with fury, but they write with phlegm
Nor suffers Horace more in wrong translations
By wits, than critics in as wrong quotations.
  See Dionysius Homer's thoughts refine,
And call new beauties forth from every line!
  Fancy and art in gay Petronius please,
The scholar's learning with the courtier's ease.
  In grave Quintilian's copious work we find
The justest rules and clearest method join'd.
Thus useful arms in magazines we place,
All rang'd in order, and dispos'd with grace;
But less to please the eye than arm the hand,
Still fit for use, and ready at command.
  Thee, bold Longinus! all the Nine inspire,
And bless their critic with a poet's fire:
An ardent judge, who, zealous in his trust,
With warmth gives sentence, yet is always just;
Whose own example strengthens all his laws,
And is himself that great sublime he draws.
  Thus long succeeding critics justly reign'd,
Licence repress'd, and useful laws ordain'd:

Learning and Rome alike in empire grew,
And arts still follow'd where her eagles flew;
From the same foes at last both felt their doom,
And the same age saw learning fall, and Rome.
With tyranny then superstition join'd,
As that the body, this enslav'd the mind;
Much was believ'd, but little understood,
And to be dull was construed to be good:
A second deluge learning thus o'er-ran,
And the monks finish'd what the Goths began.
At length Erasmus, that great injur'd name,
(The glory of the priesthood, and the shame!)
Stem'd the wild torrent of a barbarous age,
And drove those holy Vandals off the stage.
But see! each Muse in Leo's golden days
Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd bays;
Rome's ancient genius, o'er its ruins spread,
Shakes off the dust, and rears his reverend head.
Then sculpture and her sister arts revive;
Stones leap'd to form, and rocks began to live;
With sweeter notes each rising temple rung;
A Raphael painted, and a Vida sung:
Immortal Vida! on whose honour'd brow
The poet's bays and critic's ivy grow!
Cremona now shall ever boast thy name,
As next in place to Mantua, next in fame!
But soon by impious arms from Latium chas'd,
Their ancient bounds the banish'd Muses pass'd;
Thence arts o'er all the northern world advance,
But critic-learning flourish'd most in France;
The rules a nation born to serve obeys,
And Boileau still in right of Horace sways.
But we, brave Britons, foreign laws despis'd,
And kept unconquer'd and unciviliz'd;

Fierce for the liberties of wit, and bold,
We still defied the Romans, as of old.
Yet some there were among the sounder few
Of those who less presum'd and better knew,
Who durst assert the juster ancient cause,
And here restor'd wit's fundamental laws.
Such was the Muse, whose rules and practice tell
'Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well.'
Such was Roscommon, not more learn'd than good,
With manners generous as his noble blood;
To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
And every author's merit but his own.
Such late was Walsh—the Muse's judge and friend,
Who justly knew to blame or to commend;
To failings mild, but zealous for desert,
The clearest head, and the sincerest heart.
This humble praise, lamented shade! receive;
This praise at least a grateful Muse may give:
The muse whose early voice you taught to sing,
Prescrib'd her heights, and prun'd her tender wing,
(Her guide now lost) no more attempts to rise,
But in low numbers short excursions tries;
Content if hence the unlearn'd their wants may view,
The learn'd reflect on what before they knew;
Careless of censure, nor too fond of fame;
Still pleas'd to praise, yet not afraid to blame;
Averse alike to flatter or offend:
Not free from faults, not yet too vain to mend.

AN

ESSAY ON MAN.

IN FOUR EPISTLES TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

THE DESIGN.

HAVING proposed to write some pieces on human life and manners, such as (to use my Lord Bacon's expression) 'come home to men's business and bosoms,' I thought it more satisfactory to begin with considering man in the abstract, his nature and his state; since to prove any moral duty, to enforce any moral precept, or to examine the perfection or imperfection of any creature whatsoever, it is necessary first to know what condition and relation it is placed in, and what is the proper end and purpose of its being.

The science of human nature is, like all other sciences, reduced to a few clear points; there are not many certain truths in this world. It is therefore in the anatomy of the mind, as in that of the body; more good will accrue to mankind by attending to the large, open, and perceptible parts, than by studying too much such finer nerves and vessels, the conformations and uses of which will forever escape our observations. The disputes are all upon these last; and, I will venture to say, they have less sharpened the wits than the hearts of men, against each other, and have diminished the practice more than advanced the theory of morality. If I could flatter myself that this Essay has any merit, it is in steering betwixt the extremes of

will appear obvious; that principles, maxi
precepts, so written, both strike the reade
strongly at first, and are more easily retai
him afterwards: the other may seem odd, b
true; I found I could express them more
this way than in prose itself; and nothing i
certain, than that much of the force as
grace of arguments or instructions depe
their conciseness. I was unable to treat th
of my subject more in detail, without becomi
and tedious; or more poetically, without sac
perspicuity to ornament, without wanderin
the precision, or breaking the chain of rea
If any man can unite all these, without dim
of any of them, I freely confess he will con
thing above my capacity.

What is now published is only to be cons
as a general map of man, marking out no
than the greater parts, their extent, their
and their connection, but leaving the partic

EPISTLE I.

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN WITH RESPECT TO THE UNIVERSE.

ARGUMENT.

Of man in the abstract—1. That we can judge only with regard to our own system, being ignorant of the relations of systems and things.—2. That man is not to be deemed imperfect, but a being suited to his place and rank in the creation, agreeable to the general order of things, and conformable to ends and relations to him unknown.—3. That it is partly upon his ignorance of future events, and partly upon the hope of a future state, that all his happiness in the present depends.—4. The pride of aiming at more knowledge, and pretending to more perfection, the cause of man's error and misery. The impiety of putting himself in the place of God, and judging of the fitness or unfitness, perfection or imperfection, justice or injustice, of his dispensations.—5. The absurdity of conceiting himself the final cause of the creation, or expecting that perfection in the moral world which is not in the natural.—6. The unreasonableness of his complaints against Providence, while, on the one hand, he demands the perfections of the angels, and, on the other, the bodily qualifications of the brutes; though to possess any of the sensitive faculties in a higher degree would render him miserable.—7. That throughout the whole visible world an universal order and gradation in the sensual and mental faculties is observed, which causes a subordination of creature to creature, and of all creatures to man. The gradations of sense, instinct, thought, reflection, reason: that reason alone countervails all the other faculties.—8. How much further this order and subordination of living creatures may extend above and below us; were any part of which broken, not that part only, but the whole connected creation, must be destroyed.—9. The extravagance, madness, and pride, of such a desire.—10. The consequence of all, the absolute submission due to Providence, both as to our present and future state.

AWAKE, my St. John! leave all meaner things
To low ambition and the pride of Kings.

Let us (since life can little more supply
Than just to look about us and to die)
Expatiate free o'er all this scene of man;
A mighty maze! but not without a plan;
A wild where weeds and flowers promiscuous sh
Or garden tempting with forbidden fruit.
Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield;
The latent tracts, the giddy heights, explore
Of all who blindly creep or sightless soar;
Eye nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise;
Laugh where we must, be candid where we ca
But vindicate the ways of God to man.

1. Say first, of God above or man below
What can we reason but from what we know?
Of man what see we but his station here,
From which to reason or to which refer?
Through worlds unnumber'd though the God
'Tis our's to trace him only in our own. [kno
He who through vast immensity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compose one universe,
Observe how system into system runs,
What other planets circle other suns,
What varied beings people every star,
May tell why Heaven has made us as we are:
But of this frame the bearings and the ties,
The strong connexions, nice dependencies,
Gradations just, has thy pervading soul
Look'd through; or can a part contain the whole
Is the great chain that draws all to agree,
And drawn supports, upheld by God or thee?

2. Presumptuous man! the reason wouldst thou
Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind! [find,
First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,
Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less?
Ask of thy mother-earth, why oaks are made
Taller or stronger than the weeds they shade!
Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
Why Jove's satellites are less than Jove!
Of systems possible, if 'tis confess'd
That wisdom infinite must form the best,
Where all must full or not coherent be,
And all that rises rise in due degree;
Then in the scale of reasoning life 'tis plain
There must be somewhere such a rank as man;
And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)
Is only this,—If God has plac'd him wrong?
Respecting man, whatever wrong we call,
May, must be right, as relative to all.
In human works, though labour'd on with pain,
A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain;
In God's, one single can its end produce,
Yet serves to second too some other use:
So man, who here seems principal alone,
Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal:
'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole. [strains
When the proud steed shall know why man re-
His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains:
When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Egypt's god;
Then shall man's pride and dulness comprehend
His actions', passions', being's, use and end;
Why doing, suffering, check'd, impell'd; and why
This hour a slave, the next a deity.

Then say not man's imperfect, Heaven in fau
Say rather man's as perfect as he ought;
His knowledge measur'd to his state and place
His time a moment, and a point his space.
If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
What matter soon or late, or here or there!
The bless'd to-day is as completely so
As who began a thousand years ago. [l

3. Heaven from all creatures hides the bool
All but the page prescrib'd, their present state
From brutes what men, from men what spirits kn
Or who could suffer being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason would he skip and play?
Pleas'd to the last he crops the flowery food,
And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood
O blindness to the future! kindly giv'n,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heaver
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.
Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soa
Wait the great teacher Death; and God adore.
What future bliss he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never is but always to be bless'd.
The soul, uneasy and confin'd from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His soul proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk or milky way;

simple nature to his hope has giv'n,
ind the cloud-top'd hill, an humbler heav'n;
ıe safer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
ıe happier island in the watery waste,
ere slaves once more their native land behold,
fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
be content's his natural desire;
asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;
thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
faithful dog shall bear him company.
. Go, wiser thou! and in thy scale of sense
igh thy opinion against Providence;
. imperfection what thou fancy'st such;
here he gives too little, there too much;
troy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
cry, if man's unhappy, God's unjust;
ıan alone engross not Heaven's high care,
ne made perfect here, immortal there;
tch from his hand the balance and the rod,
udge his justice, be the god of God.
ride, in reasoning pride, our error lies;
quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
le still is aiming at the bless'd abodes,
n would be angels, angels would be gods:
iring to be gods, if angels fell,
iring to be angels, men rebel:
l who but wishes to invert the laws
order, sins against the' Eternal cause.
. Ask for what end the heavenly bodies shine,
th for whose use?—Pride answers. "'Tis for mine:
me kind Nature wakes her genial power,
kles each herb and spreads out every flower;
ual for me the grape, the rose, renew
juice nectareous and the balmy dew;

For me the mine a thousand treasures brings;
For me health gushes from a thousand springs
Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise;
My footstool earth, my canopy the skies.'
But errs not Nature from this gracious end,
From burning suns when livid deaths descend
When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests s
Towns to one grave, whole nations to the dee
'No, ('tis replied) the first Almighty Cause
Acts not by partial but by general laws:
The' exceptions few; some change since all be
And what created perfect?"—Why then man
If the great end be human happiness,
Then Nature deviates; and can man do less?
As much that end a constant course requires
Of showers and sunshine, as of man's desires;
As much eternal springs and cloudless skies,
As men for ever temperate, calm, and wise.
If plagues or earthquakes break not Heaven's de
Why then a Borgia, or a Catiline?
Who knows but He, whose hand the lightning f
Who heaves old ocean, and who wings the st
Pours fierce ambition in a Cæsar's mind,
Or turns young Ammon loose to scourge man
From pride, from pride, our very reasoning spr
Account for moral as for natural things:
Why charge we Heaven in those, in these acq
In both to reason right, is to submit.
Better for us, perhaps, it might appear,
Were there all harmony, all virtue here;
That never air or ocean felt the wind;
That never passion discompos'd the mind:
But all subsists by elemental strife;
And passions are the elements of life.

The general order, since the whole began,
Is kept in nature, and is kept in man. [soar,
6. What would this man? Now upward will he
And little less than angel, would be more;
Now looking downwards, just as griev'd appears
To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.
Made for his use all creatures if he call,
Say what their use had he the powers of all?
Nature to these without profusion kind,
The proper organs, proper powers assign'd;
Each seeming want compensated of course,
Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force;
All in exact proportion to the state;
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
Each beast, each insect, happy in its own:
Is Heaven unkind to man, and man alone?
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleas'd with nothing, if not bless'd with all?
The bliss of man (could pride that blessing find)
Is not to act or think beyond mankind;
No powers of body or of soul to share,
But what his nature and his state can bear.
Why has not man a microscopic eye?
For this plain reason, man is not a fly.
Say what the use were finer optics giv'n,
To' inspect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n?
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To smart and agonize at every pore?
Or quick effluvia darting through the brain,
Die of a rose in aromatic pain?
If nature thunder'd in his opening ears,
And stun'd him with the music of the spheres,
How would he wish that Heaven had left him still
The whispering zephyr and the purling rill?

Who finds not Providence all good and wise,
Alike in what it gives and what denies?

7. Far as creation's ample range extends
The scale of sensual, mental, powers ascends:
Mark how it mounts to man's imperial race
From the green myriads in the peopled grass:
What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme
The mole's dim curtain and the lynx's beam!
Of smell, the headlong lyoness between
And hound sagacious on the tainted green!
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood
To that which warbles through the vernal wood
The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:
In the nice bee what sense so subtly true,
From poisonous herbs extracts the healing dew
How instinct varies in the grovelling swine,
Compar'd, half reasoning elephant, with thine
'Twixt that and reason what a nice barrier!
For ever separate, yet for ever near!
Remembrance and reflection how allied!
What thin partitions sense from thought divide
And middle natures how they long to join,
Yet never pass the' insuperable line!
Without this just gradation could they be
Subjected these to those, or all to thee?
The powers of all subdued by thee alone,
Is not thy reason all these powers in one?

8. See through this air, this ocean, and this earth
All matter quick and bursting into birth!
Above, how high progressive life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep, extend below!
Vast chain of being! which from God began;
Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,

ıst, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
glass can reach; from infinite to thee;
ım thee to nothing—On superior powers
:re we to press, inferior might on ours;
in the full creation leave a void,
ıere, one step broken, the great scale's destroy'd:
ım Nature's chain whatever link you strike,
ıth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.
ınd if each system in gradation roll,
ke essential to the' amazing whole,
e least confusion but in one, not all
ıt system only, but the whole must fall.
: earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
nets and suns run lawless through the sky;
: ruling angels from their spheres be hurl'd,
ng on being wreck'd, and world on world;
aven's whole foundations to their centre nod,
d nature tremble to the throne of God.
this dread order break—for whom? for thee?
e worm!—O madness! pride! impiety!
). What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,
hand to toil, aspir'd to be the head?
ıat if the head, the eye, or ear, repin'd
serve mere engines to the ruling mind?
:t as absurd for any part to claim
be another in this general frame;
ıt as absurd to mourn the tasks or pains
e great directing Mind of All ordains.
All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
ıose body Nature is, and God the soul:
at chang'd through all, and yet in all the same,
eat in the earth as in the' ethereal frame,
ırms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
ows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;

Lives through all life, extends through all exte
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns:
To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all!

10. Cease then, nor order imperfection name
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: this kind, this due degre
Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on th
Submit—In this or any other sphere,
Secure to be as bless'd as thou canst bear;
Safe in the hand of one disposing Pow'r,
Or in the natal or the mortal hour.
All nature is but art unknown to thee;
All chance direction, which thou can'st not see
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good:
And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, *Whatever is is right.*

EPISTLE II.

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN WITH RESPECT TO HIMSELF AS AN INDIVIDUAL.

ARGUMENT.

1. The business of man not to pry into God, but to study himself. His middle nature; his powers and frailties.—The limits of his capacity.—2. The two principles of man, self-love, and reason, both necessary.—Self-love the stronger, and why.—Their end the same.—3. The passions, and their use.—The predominant passion, and its force.—Its necessity, in directing men to different purposes.—Its providential use, in fixing our principle, and ascertaining our virtue. Virtue and vice joined in our mixed nature; the limits near, yet the things separate and evident: what is the office of reason.—5. How odious vice in itself, and how we deceive ourselves into it.—6. That, however, the ends of Providence and general good are answered in our passions and imperfections.—How usefully these are distributed to all orders of men: how useful they are to society; and to the individuals, in every state, and every age of life.

1. Know then thyself, presume not God to scan;
The proper study of mankind is man.
Plac'd on this isthmus of a middle state,
A being darkly wise and rudely great;
With too much knowledge for the sceptic side,
With too much weakness for the stoic's pride,
He hangs between, in doubt to act or rest;
In doubt to deem himself a god or beast;
In doubt his mind or body to prefer;
Born but to die, and reasoning but to err;
Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
Whether he thinks too little or too much.

Chaos of thought and passion, all confus'd;
Still by himself abus'd or disabus'd;
Created half to rise, and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all:
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurl'd;
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world! [guides;
Go, wondrous creature! mount where science
Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides;
Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
Correct old time, and regulate the sun;
Go, soar with Plato to the' empyreal sphere,
To the first good, first perfect, and first fair;
Or tread the mazy round his followers trod,
And quitting sense call, imitating God;
As eastern priests in giddy circles run,
And turn their heads to imitate the sun,
Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule—
Then drop into thyself, and be a fool!
Superior beings, when of late they saw
A mortal man unfold all Nature's law,
Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And show'd a Newton as we show an ape.
Could He, whose rules the rapid comet bind,
Describe or fix one movement of his mind?
Who saw its fires here rise, and there descend,
Explain his own beginning or his end?
Alas! what wonder! man's superior part
Uncheck'd may rise, and climb from art to art;
But when his own great work is but begun,
What reason weaves by passion is undone.
Trace science then, with modesty thy guide:
First strip off all her equipage of pride;
Deduct what is but vanity or dress,
Or learning's luxury, or idleness;

Or tricks to show the stretch of human brain,
Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain:
Expunge the whole, or lop the' excrescent parts
Of all our vices have created arts;
Then see how little the remaining sum,
Which serv'd the past, and must the times to come!

2. Two principles in human nature reign,
Self-love to urge, and reason to restrain;
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call,
Each works its end, to move or govern all;
And to their proper operation still
Ascribe all good, to their improper—ill.

Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul;
Reason's comparing balance rules the whole.
Man, but for that, no action could attend,
And but for this, were active to no end;
Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot,
To draw nutrition, propagate and rot;
Or, meteor-like, flame lawless through the void,
Destroying others, by himself destroy'd.

Most strength the moving principle requires;
Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires.
Sedate and quiet the comparing lies,
Form'd but to check, deliberate, and advise.
Self-love, still stronger, as its objects nigh;
Reasons at distance, and in prospect lie:
That sees immediate good by present sense;
Reason the future and the consequence.
Thicker than arguments temptations throng;
At best more watchful this, but that more strong.
The action of the stronger to suspend,
Reason still use, to reason still attend.
Attention habit and experience gains;
Each strengthens reason, and self-love restrains.

Let subtle schoolmen teach these friends to fig
More studious to divide than to unite;
And grace and virtue, sense and reason split,
With all the rash dexterity of wit.
Wits, just like fools, at war about a name,
Have full as oft no meaning, or the same.
Self-love and reason to one end aspire,
Pain their aversion, pleasure their desire;
But greedy that, its object would devour;
This taste the honey, and not wound the flower:
Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,
Our greatest evil or our greatest good.

3. Modes of self-love the passions we may call
'Tis real good or seeming, moves them all:
But since not every good we can divide,
And reason bids us for our own provide,
Passions, though selfish, if their means be fair,
List under reason, and deserve her care;
Those that imparted, court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take some virtue's name.

In lazy apathy let stoics boast
Their virtue fix'd; 'tis fix'd as in a frost;
Contracted all, retiring to the breast;
But strength of mind is exercise, not rest;
The rising tempest puts in act the soul,
Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.
On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the card, but passion is the gale;
Nor God alone in the still calm we find,
He mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind.

Passions, like elements, though born to fight,
Yet, mix'd and soften'd, in his work unite:
These 'tis enough to temper and employ;
But what composes man can man destroy?

Suffice that reason keep to nature's road;
Subject, compound them, follow her and God.
Love, hope, and joy, fair pleasure's smiling train,
Hate, fear, and grief, the family of pain,
These mix'd with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
Make and maintain the balance of the mind;
The lights and shades, whose well accorded strife
Gives all the strength and colour of our life.

Pleasures are ever in our hands or eyes,
And when in act they cease, in prospect rise;
Present to grasp, and future still to find,
The whole employ of body and of mind.
All spread their charms, but charm not all alike;
On different senses different objects strike;
Hence different passions more or less inflame,
As strong or weak the organs of the frame;
And hence one master-passion in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.

As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath
Receives the lurking principle of death,
The young disease, that must subdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength:
So, cast and mingled with his very frame,
The mind's disease, its ruling passion came;
Each vital humour, which should feed the whole,
Soon flows to this, in body and in soul;
Whatever warms the heart or fills the head,
As the mind opens and its functions spread,
Imagination plies her dangerous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part.

Nature its mother, habit is its nurse,
Wit, spirit, faculties, but make it worse;
Reason itself but gives it edge and pow'r,
As Heaven's blest beam turns vinegar more sour.

We, wretched subjects, though to lawful sway
In this weak queen some favourite still obey:
Ah! if she lend not arms as well as rules,
What can she more than tell us we are fools?
Teach us to mourn our nature, not to mend,
A sharp accuser, but a helpless friend!
Or from a judge turn pleader, to persuade
The choice we make, or justify it made;
Proud of an easy conquest all along,
She but removes weak passions for the strong:
So when small humours gather to a gout,
The doctor fancies he has driven them out.

Yes, Nature's road must ever be preferr'd;
Reason is here no guide, but still a guard;
'Tis her's to rectify, not overthrow,
And treat this passion more as friend than foe:
A mightier power the strong direction sends,
And several men impels to several ends:
Like varying winds, by other passions tost,
This drives them constant to a certain coast.
Let power or knowledge, gold or glory, please,
Or (oft more strong than all) the love of ease;
Through life 'tis follow'd, ev'n at life's expense
The merchant's toil, the sage's indolence,
The monk's humility, the hero's pride,
All, all alike, find reason on their side.

The' eternal art educing good from ill,
Grafts on this passion our best principle:
'Tis thus the mercury of man is fix'd,
Strong grows the virtue with his nature mix'd;
The dross cements what else were too refin'd,
And in one interest body acts with mind.

As fruits ungrateful to the planter's care,
On savage stocks inserted, learn to bear;

The surest virtues thus from passions shoot,
Wild nature's vigour working at the root.
What crops of wit and honesty appear
From spleen, from obstinacy, hate, or fear!
See anger zeal and fortitude supply;
Ev'n avarice prudence, sloth philosophy;
Lust, through some certain strainers well refin'd,
Is gentle love, and charms all womankind;
Envy, to which the' ignoble mind's a slave,
Is emulation in the learn'd or brave;
Nor virtue male or female can we name,
But what will grow on pride or grow on shame.
  Thus nature gives us (let it check our pride)
The virtue nearest to our vice allied:
Reason the bias turns to good from ill,
And Nero reigns a Titus if he will.
The fiery soul abhor'd in Cataline,
In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine:
The same ambition can destroy or save,
And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.
  4. This light and darkness in our chaos join'd,
What shall divide?—the God within the mind.
  Extremes in nature equal ends produce;
In man they join to some mysterious use;
Though each by turns the other's bounds invade,
As in some well-wrought picture light and shade,
And oft so mix, the difference is too nice
Where ends the virtue or begins the vice.
  Fools! who from hence into the notion fall
That vice or virtue there is none at all.
If white and black blend, soften, and unite
A thousand ways, is there no black or white?
Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain;
'Tis to mistake them costs the time and pain.

5. Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As to be hated needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.
But where the' extreme of vice was ne'er agr
Ask where's the north?—at York 'tis on the Tw
In Scotland at the Orcades; and there
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows wh
No creature owns it in the first degree,
But thinks his neighbour further gone than he
Ev'n those who dwell beneath its very zone,
Or never feel the rage, or never own;
What happier natures shrink at with affright,
The hard inhabitant contends is right.

Virtuous and vicious every man must be,
Few in the' extreme, but all in the degree:
The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wise,
And ev'n the best by fits what they despise.
'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill;
For vice or virtue self directs it still;
Each individual seeks a several goal;
But Heaven's great view is one, and that the wh
That counterworks each folly and caprice;
That disappoints the' effect of every vice;
That happy frailties to all ranks applied,
Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,
Fear to the statesman, rashness to the chief,
To kings presumption, and to crowds belief:
That virtue's ends from vanity can raise,
Which seeks no interest, no reward but praise
And build on wants, and on defects of mind,
The joy, the peace, the glory of mankind!

Heaven forming each on other to depend,
A master, or a servant, or a friend,

Bids each on other for assistance call,
Till one man's weakness grows the strength of all.
Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally
The common interest, or endear the tie.
To these we owe true friendship, love sincere,
Each home-felt joy that life inherits here;
Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,
Those joys, those loves, those interests, to resign;
Taught, half by reason, half by mere decay,
To welcome death, and calmly pass away.
Whate'er the passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
Not one will change his neighbour with himself.
The learn'd is happy nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more;
The rich is happy in the plenty giv'n,
The poor contents him with the care of Heav'n.
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
The sot a hero, lunatic a king;
The starving chemist in his golden views
Supremely bless'd, the poet in his Muse.
  See some strange comfort every state attend,
And pride bestow'd on all, a common friend:
See some fit passion every age supply;
Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die.
  Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law,
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw:
Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite:
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
And beads and prayer-books are the toys of age:
Pleas'd with this bauble still, as that before,
Till tir'd he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.
  Meanwhile, opinion gilds with varying rays
Those painted clouds that beautify our days;

And not a vanity is given in vain:
Ev'n mean self-love becomes, by force d
The scale to measure others' wants by t
See! and confess one comfort still must
'Tis this,—Though man's a fool, yet God

EPISTLE III.

NATURE AND STATE OF MAN WITH RESPECT TO SOCIETY.

ARGUMENT.

'hole universe one system of society.—Nothing made whol- itself, nor yet wholly for another.—The happiness of ani- mutual.—2. Reason or instinct operate alike to the good of ndividual.—Reason or instinct operate also to society in all ls.—3. How far society carried by instinct;—how much r by reason.—4. Of that which is called the state of nature. ion instructed by instinct in the invention of arts;—and in rms of society.—5. Origin of political societies;—origin of rchy;—patriarchal government.—6. Origin of true religion vernment, from the same principle of love;—origin of su- ion and tyranny, from the same principle of fear.—The ice of self-love operating to the social and public good.— ation of true religion and government on their first prin- —Mixed government.—Various forms of each, and the true 'all.

then we rest:—'the Universal Cause
o one end, but acts by various laws.'
the madness of superfluous health,
rim of pride, the impudence of wealth,
is great truth be present night and day,
ost be present, if we preach or pray.
ook round our world; behold the chain of love
ining all below and all above.
lastic Nature working to this end,
ingle atoms each to other tend,
t, attracted to, the next in place
'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace.
atter next, with various life endued,
to one centre still the general good:

See dying vegetables life sustain,
See life dissolving, vegetate again:
All forms that perish other forms supply,
(By turns we catch the vital breath, and die,
Like bubbles on the sea of matter borne,
They rise, they break, and to that sea return
Nothing is foreign, parts relate to whole:
One all-extending, all-preserving soul
Connects each being, greatest with the least,
Made beast in aid of man, and man of beast;
All serv'd, all serving; nothing stands alone;
The chain holds on, and where it ends unkn

Has God, thou fool! work'd solely for thy g
Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food?
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly spreads the flowery lawn:
Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings?—
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?—
Loves of his own and raptures swell the note
The bounding steed you pompously bestride,
Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pri
Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain?
The birds of Heaven shall vindicate their gra
Thine the full harvest of the golden year?—
Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer.
The hog that ploughs not, nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labours of this lord of all.

Know Nature's children all divide her care
The fur that warms a monarch warm'd a bear
While man exclaims, 'See all things for my u
'See man for mine!' replies the pamper'd go
And just as short of reason he must fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

Grant that the powerful still the weak control,
Be man the wit and tyrant of the whole:
Nature that tyrant checks: he only knows,
And helps another creature's wants and woes.
Say, will the falcon, stooping from above,
Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove?
Admires the jay the insect's gilded wings?
Or hears the hawk when Philomela sings?—
Man cares for all: to birds he gives his woods,
To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods;
For some his interest prompts him to provide,
For more his pleasure, yet for more his pride:
All feed on one vain patron, and enjoy
The' extensive blessing of his luxury.
That very life his learned hunger craves,
He saves from famine, from the savage saves;
Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast,
And till he ends the being, makes it bless'd;
Which sees no more the stroke, nor feels the pain,
Than favour'd man by touch ethereal slain.
The creature had his feast of life before;
Thou too must perish when thy feast is o'er!

To each unthinking being, Heaven, a friend,
Gives not the useless knowledge of its end:
To man imparts it, but with such a view
As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too:
The hour conceal'd, and so remote the fear,
Death still draws nearer, never seeming near.
Great standing miracle! that Heav'n assign'd,
Its only thinking thing, this turn of mind.

2. Whether with reason or with instinct bless'd,
Know all enjoy that pow'r which suits them best;
To bliss alike by that direction tend,
And find the means proportion'd to their end.

Say, where full instinct is the' unerring guide,
What pope or council can they need beside?
Reason, however able, cool at best,
Cares not for service, or but serves when press'd,
Stays till we call, and then not often near;
But honest instinct comes a volunteer,
Sure never to o'ershoot, but just to hit,
While still too wide or short is human wit
Sure by quick nature happiness to gain,
Which heavier reason labours at in vain.
This, too, serves always; reason, never long;
One must go right, the other may go wrong,
See then the acting and comparing pow'rs
One in their nature, which are two in ours;
And reason raise o'er instinct as you can,
In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis man.
Who taught the nations of the field and wood
To shun their poison, and to choose their food?
Prescient the tides or tempests to withstand,
Build on the wave, or arch beneath the sand?
Who made the spider parallels design,
Sure as De Moivre, without rule or line?
Who bid the stork, Columbus-like, explore
Heavens not his own, and worlds unknown before?
Who calls the council, states the certain day,
Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?
3. God in the nature of each being founds
Its proper bliss, and sets its proper bounds;
But as he fram'd the whole the whole to bless,
On mutual wants built mutual happiness:
So from the first eternal order ran,
And creature link'd to creature, man to man.
Whate'er of life all-quickening ether keeps,
Or breathes through air, or shoots beneath the deeps,

· pours profuse on earth, one nature feeds
ıe vital flame, and swells the genial seeds.
ıt man alone, but all that roam the wood,
· wing the sky, or roll along the flood,
ch loves itself, but not itself alone,
ch sex desires alike, till two are one.
ır ends the pleasure with the fierce embrace:
ıey love themselves a third time in their race.
.us beast and bird their common charge attend,
.e mothers nurse it, and the sires defend;
e young dismiss'd to wander earth or air,
ere stops the instinct, and there ends the care;
e link dissolves, each seeks a fresh embrace,
.other love succeeds another race.
onger care man's helpless kind demands;
at longer care contracts more lasting bands:
flection, reason, still the ties improve,
once extend the interest and the love;
th choice we fix, with sympathy we burn;
ch virtue in each passion takes its turn;
d still new needs, new helps, new habits rise,
at graft benevolence on charities.
l as one brood, and as another rose,
ese natural love maintain'd, habitual those:
e last, scarce ripen'd into perfect man;
ν helpless him from whom their life began;
mory and forecast just returns engage,
ıt pointed back to youth, this on to age;
ıile pleasure, gratitude, and hope, combin'd,
l spread the interest, and preserv'd the kind.
. Nor think in Nature's state they blindly trod;
e state of Nature was the reign of God:
f-love and social at her birth began,
on the bond of all things, and of man.

Pride then was not, nor arts that pride to aid
Man walk'd with beast, joint tenant of the sh
The same his table, and the same his bed;
No murder cloth'd him, and no murder fed:
In the same temple, the resounding wood,
All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God:
The shrine with gore unstain'd, with gold und
Unbrib'd, unbloody, stood the blameless pri
Heaven's attribute was universal care,
And man's prerogative to rule, but spare.
Ah! how unlike the man of times to come!
Of half that live, the butcher and the tomb;
Who, foe to nature, hears the general groan
Murders their species, and betrays his own.
But just disease to luxury succeeds,
And every death its own avenger breeds;
The fury passions from that blood began,
And turn'd on man a fiercer savage, man.
  See him from nature rising slow to art!
To copy instinct then was reason's part:
Thus then to man the voice of nature spake.
'Go, from the creatures thy instructions tak
Learn from the birds what food the thickets
Learn from the beasts the physic of the fiel
Thy arts of building from the bee receive;
Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to v
Learn of the little nautilus to sail,
Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gı
Here too all forms of social union find,
And hence let reason, late, instruct mankind
Here subterranean works and cities see;
Their towns aërial on the waving tree.
Learn each small people's genius, policies,
The ants' republic, and the realm of bees.

How those in common all their wealth bestow,
And anarchy without confusion know;
And these for ever, though a monarch reign,
Their separate cells and properties maintain.
Mark what unvaried laws preserve each state,
Laws wise as nature, and as fix'd as fate.
In vain thy reason finer webs shall draw,
Entangle justice in her net of law,
And right, too rigid, harden into wrong,
Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong.
Yet go! and thus o'er all the creatures sway,
Thus let the wiser make the rest obey;
And for those arts mere instinct could afford,
Be crown'd as monarchs, or as gods ador'd.'

5. Great Nature spoke; observant man obey'd;
Cities were built, societies were made;
Here rose one little state; another near
Grew by like means, and join'd through love or fear.
Did here the trees with ruddier burdens bend,
And there the streams in purer rills descend?
What war could ravish, commerce could bestow,
And he return'd a friend who came a foe.
Converse and love mankind might strongly draw,
When love was liberty, and nature law.
Thus states were form'd, the name of king unknown,
Till common interest plac'd the sway in one.
'Twas virtue only (or in arts or arms,
Diffusing blessings, or averting harms)
The same which in a sire the sons obey'd,
A prince the father of a people made.

6. Till then, by Nature crown'd, each patriarch sate
King, priest, and parent of his growing state;
On him, their second Providence, they hung,
Their law his eye, their oracle his tongue,

He from the wondering furrow call'd the food,
Taught to command the fire, control the flood,
Draw forth the monsters of the' abyss profound,
Or fetch the' aërial eagle to the ground;
Till drooping, sickening, dying, they began
Whom they rever'd as God to mourn as man:
Then, looking up from sire to sire, explor'd
One great first father, and that first ador'd:
Or plain tradition that this *all* begun,
Convey'd unbroken faith from sire to son;
The worker from the work distinct was known,
And simple reason never sought but one.
Ere wit oblique had broke that steady light,
Man, like his Maker, saw that all was right;
To virtue in the paths of pleasure trod,
And own'd a father when he own'd a God.
Love all the faith, and all the' allegiance then,
For nature knew no right divine in men;
No ill could fear in God, and understood
A sovereign being but a sovereign good,
True faith, true policy, united ran;
That was but love of God, and this of man.
Who first taught souls enslav'd, and realms undone,
The' enormous faith of many made for one;
That proud exception to all Nature's laws,
To' invert the world, and counterwork its cause?—
Force first made conquest, and that conquest law;
Till superstition taught the tyrant awe,
Then shar'd the tyranny, then lent it aid,
And gods of conquerors, slaves of subjects, made;
She, midst the lightning's blaze and thunder's sound,
When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the ground,
She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,
To power unseen, and mightier far than they;

, from the rending earth and bursting skies,
· gods descend, and fiends infernal rise;
·e fix'd the dreadful, there the bless'd abodes;
r made her devils, and weak hope her gods;
ls partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
ose attributes were rage, revenge, or lust:
h as the souls of cowards might conceive,
l, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe.
l then, not charity, became the guide,
l hell was built on spite, and heaven on pride:
en sacred seem'd the' ethereal vault no more;
ars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore:
en first the flamen tasted living food,
ct his grim idol smear'd with human blood;
h heaven's own thunders shook the world below,
l play'd the god an engine on his foe.
drives self-love through just and through unjust,
one man's power, ambition, lucre, lust:
e same self-love in all becomes the cause
what restrains him, government and laws.
, what one likes if others like as well,
at serves one will, when many wills rebel?
w shall he keep what, sleeping or awake,
veaker may surprise, a stronger take?
, safety must his liberty restrain:
join to guard what each desires to gain.
·c'd into virtue thus by self-defence,
'n kings learn'd justice and benevolence:
f-love forsook the path it first pursued,
d found the private in the public good.
Twas then the studious head, or generous mind,
llower of God, or friend of human-kind,
et or patriot, rose but to restore
e *faith and moral* Nature gave before;

Relum'd her ancient light, not kindled new;
If not God's image, yet his shadow drew;
Taught power's due use to people and to kings,
Taught not to slack nor strain its tender strings,
The less or greater set so justly true,
That touching one must strike the other too,
Till jarring interests of themselves create
The' according music of a well-mix'd state.
Such is the world's great harmony, that springs
From order, union, full consent of things; [made
Where small and great, where weak and mighty,
To serve, not suffer; strengthen, not invade;
More powerful each as needful to the rest,
And, in proportion as it blesses, blest;
Draw to one point, and to one centre bring
Beast, man, or angel, servant, lord, or king.
For forms of government let fools contest:
Whate'er is best administer'd is best:
For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.
In faith and hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity:
All must be false that thwart this one great end;
And all of God that bless mankind or mend.

Man, like the generous vine, supported lives;
The strength he gains is from the' embrace he gives.
On their own axis as the planets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the sun;
So two consistent motions act the soul,
And one regards itself, and one the whole.

Thus God and nature link'd the general frame,
And bade self-love and social be the same.

EPISTLE IV.

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN, WITH RESPECT TO HAPPINESS.

ARGUMENT.

1. False notions of happiness, philosophical and popular, answered. —2. It is the end of all men, and attainable by all.—God intends happiness to be equal; and, to be so, it must be social, since all particular happiness depends on general, and since he governs by general, not particular laws.—As it is necessary for order, and the peace and welfare of society, that external goods should be unequal, happiness is not made to consist in these.—But, notwithstanding that inequality, the balance of happiness among mankind is kept even by Providence, by the two passions of hope and fear.—3. What the happiness of individuals is, as far as is consistent with the constitution of this world; and that the good man has here the advantage.—The error of imputing to virtue what are only the calamities of nature, or of fortune.—4. The folly of expecting that God should alter his general laws in favour of particulars.—5. That we are not judges who are good; but that whoever they are, they must be happiest.—6. That external goods are not the proper rewards, but often inconsistent with, or destructive of, virtue.—That even these can make no man happy without virtue: instanced in riches.—Honours.—Nobility.—Greatness.—Fame.—Superior talents, with pictures of human infelicity in men possessed of them all. 7. That virtue only constitutes a happiness, whose object is universal, and whose prospect eternal. That the perfection of virtue and happiness consists in a conformity to the order of Providence here, and a resignation to it here and hereafter.

O HAPPINESS! our being's end and aim!
Good, pleasure, ease, content! whate'er thy name:
That something still which prompts the eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die,

Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'erlook'd, seen double, by the fool and wise.
Plant of celestial seed! if dropt below,
Say in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?
Fair opening to some court's propitious shine,
Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine?
Twin'd with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,
Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field? [toil,
Where grows?—where grows it not? If vain our
We ought to blame the culture, not the soil:
Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere,
'Tis no where to be found, or every where:
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And fled from monarchs, St. John! dwells with thee.
Ask of the learn'd the way? the learn'd are blind;
This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind;
Some place the bliss in action, some in ease,
Those call it pleasure, and contentment these;
Some sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain;
Some swell'd to gods, confess ev'n virtue vain!
Or indolent, to each extreme they fall,
To trust in every thing, or doubt of all.
Who thus define it, say they more or less
Than this, that happiness is happiness?—
Take nature's path, and mad opinion's leave;
All states can reach it, and all heads conceive;
Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell:
There needs but thinking right and meaning well,
And mourn our various portions as we please,
Equal is common sense and common ease.
Remember, man, 'the Universal Cause
Acts not by partial but by general laws,'
And makes what happiness we justly call
Subsist not in the good of one, but all.

There's not a blessing individuals find,
But some way leans and hearkens to the kind;
No bandit fierce, no tyrant mad with pride,
No cavern'd hermit rests self-satisfied:
Who most to shun or hate mankind pretend,
Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend.
Abstract what others feel, what others think,
All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink:
Each has his share; and who would more obtain,
Shall find the pleasure pays not half the pain.
Order is Heaven's first law; and, this confess'd,
Some are and must be greater than the rest,
More rich, more wise: but who infers from hence
That such are happier, shocks all common sense.
Heaven to mankind impartial we confess,
If all are equal in their happiness:
But mutual wants this happiness increase:
All nature's difference keeps all nature's peace.
Condition, circumstance, is not the thing;
Bliss is the same in subject or in king,
In who obtain defence, or who defend,
In him who is, or him who finds a friend:
Heav'n breathes through every member of the whole
One common blessing, as one common soul,
But fortune's gifts, if each alike possess'd,
And each were equal, must not all contest?
If then to all men happiness was meant,
God in externals could not place content.
Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,
And these be happy call'd, unhappy those;
But Heaven's just balance equal will appear,
While those are plac'd in hope, and these in fear:
Not present good or ill the joy or curse,
But future views of better or of worse.

O sons of earth! attempt ye still to rise
By mountains pil'd on mountains to the skies?
Heav'n still with laughter the vain toil surveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.
Know all the good that individuals find,
Or God and nature meant to mere mankind,
Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words,—health, peace, and competence.
But health consists with temperance alone;
And peace, O virtue! peace is all thy own.
The good or bad the gifts of fortune gain;
But these less taste them, as they worse obtain.
Say, in pursuit of profit or delight,
Who risk the most, that take wrong means or right?
Of vice or virtue, whether bless'd or curs'd,
Which meets contempt, or which compassion first?
Count all the' advantage prosperous vice attains,
'Tis but what virtue flies from and disdains:
And grant the bad what happiness they would,
One they must want, which is to pass for good.
O blind to truth and God's whole scheme below,
Who fancy bliss to vice, to virtue woe!
Who sees and follows that great scheme the best,
Best knows the blessing, and will most be bless'd,
But fools the good alone unhappy call,
For ills or accidents that chance to all.
See Falkland dies, the virtuous and the just!
See godlike Turenne prostrate on the dust!
See Sidney bleeds amid the martial strife!—
Was this their virtue, or contempt of life?
Say, was it virtue, more though Heav'n ne'er gave,
Lamented Digby! sunk thee to the grave?
Tell me, if virtue made the son expire,
Why full of days and honour lives the sire?

Why drew Marseilles' good bishop purer breath
When nature sicken'd, and each gale was death?
Or why so long (in life if long can be)
Lent Heaven a parent to the poor and me?
  What makes all physical or moral ill?
There deviates nature, and here wanders will.
God sends not ill, if rightly understood,
Or partial ill is universal good,
Or change admits, or nature lets it fall
Short and but rare, till man improv'd it all.
We just as wisely might of Heaven complain
That righteous Abel was destroy'd by Cain,
As that the virtuous son is ill at ease
When his lewd father gave the dire disease.
Think we, like some weak prince, the' Eternal Cause
Prone for his favourites to reverse his laws?
  Shall burning Ætna, if a sage requires,
Forget to thunder, and recal her fires?
On air or sea new motions be impress'd,
O blameless Bethel! to relieve thy breast?
When the loose mountain trembles from on high,
Shall gravitation cease, if you go by?
Or some old temple, nodding to its fall,
For Chartres' head reserve the hanging wall?
  But still this world (so fitted for the knave)
Contents us not.—A better shall we have?
A kingdom of the just then let it be;
But first consider how those just agree.
The good must merit God's peculiar care;
But who but God can tell us who they are?
One thinks on Calvin Heaven's own spirit fell;
Another deems him instrument of hell:
If Calvin feel Heaven's blessing or his rod,
This cries there is, and that there is no God.

What shocks one part will edify the rest;
Nor with one system can they all be bless'd.
The very best will variously incline,
And what rewards your virtue, punish mine.
Whatever is is right.—This world, 'tis true,
Was made for Cæsar—but for Titus too: [say,
And which more bless'd? who chain'd his country,
Or he whose virtue sigh'd to lose a day?—
'But sometimes virtue starves while vice is fed.'
What then? is the reward of virtue bread?
That vice may merit; 'tis the price of toil;
The knave deserves it when he tills the soil,
The knave deserves it when he tempts the main,
Where folly fights for kings, or dives for gain.
The good man may be weak, be indolent;
Nor is his claim to plenty but content.
But grant him riches, your demand is o'er; [pow'r?'
'No—shall the good want health, the good want
Add health and power, and every earthly thing.
'Why bounded power? why private? why no king?
Nay, why external for internal giv'n?
Why is not man a god, and earth a heav'n?'—
Who ask and reason thus, will scarce conceive
God gives enough while he has more to give:
Immense the power, immense were the demand;
Say at what part of nature will they stand?—
What nothing earthly gives or can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine and the heart-felt joy,
Is virtue's prize. A better would you fix?
Then give humility a coach and six,
Justice a conqueror's sword, or truth a grown,
Or public spirit its great cure, a crown.
Weak, foolish man! will Heaven reward us there
With the same trash mad mortals wish for here?

he boy and man an individual makes,
et sigh'st thou now for apples and for cakes?
o, like the Indian, in another life
xpect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife;
s well as dream such trifles are assign'd,
s toys and empires, for a godlike mind:
ewards, that either would to virtue bring
o joy, or be destructive of the thing.
ow oft by these at sixty are undone
he virtues of a saint at twenty-one!
o whom can riches give repute or trust,
ontent or pleasure, but the good and just?
ıdges and senates have been bought for gold;
steem and love were never to be sold.
fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,
he lover and the love of human-kind,
/hose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear,
ecause he wants a thousand pounds a year.
Honour and shame from no condition rise;
ct well your part, there all the honour lies.
ortune in men has some small difference made,
ne flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
he cobler apron'd, and the parson gown'd,
he friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl?
ll tell you, friend, a wise man and a fool.
ou'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
r, cobler-like, the parson will be drunk,
'orth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;
he rest is all but leather or prunello.
Stuck o'er with titles, and hung round with strings;
hat thou may'st be by kings, or whores of kings.
oast the pure blood of an illustrious race,
quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece:

But by your fathers' worth if your's you rate,
Count me those only who were good and great.
Go! if your ancient but ignoble blood
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood;
Go! and pretend your family is young,
Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.
What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?—
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.

Look next on greatness; say where greatness lies?
'Where but among the heroes and the wise?'
Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede;
The whole strange purpose of their lives to find
Or make an enemy of all mankind!
Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,
Yet ne'er looks forward further than his nose.
No less alike the politic and wise;
All sly slow things with circumspective eyes:
Men in their loose unguarded hours they take,
Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.
But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat.
'Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great:
Who wickedly is wise or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
Like Socrates;—that man is great indeed.

What's fame? a fancied life in others' breath;
A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death:
Just what you hear you have; and what's unknown
The same (my lord) if Tully's or your own.
All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the small circle of our foes or friends;

beside as much an empty shade,
ɣene living as a Cæsar dead;
›r when or where, they shone or shine,
he Rubicon or on the Rhine.
.a feather, and a chief a rod;
est man's the noblest work of God.
ut from death a villain's name can save,
ice tears his body from the grave;
what to' oblivion better were resign'd
on high to poison half mankind.
e is foreign but of true desert,
›und the head, but comes not to the heart:
f-approving hour whole years outweighs
id starers and of loud huzzas;
›re true joy Marcellus, exil'd, feels
æsar with a senate at his heels.
superior what advantage lies!
r you can) what is it to be wise?
to know how little can be known,
all others' faults, and feel our own,
in'd in business or in arts to drudge,
: a second, or without a judge:
ould you teach, or save a sinking land?
none aid you, and few understand.
pre-eminence! yourself to view
fe's weakness, and its comforts too.
then these blessings to a strict account;
ir deductions; see to what they 'mount;
ch of other each is sure to cost;
:h for other oft is wholly lost;
onsistent greater goods with these;
netimes life is risk'd, and always ease:
nd if still the things thy envy call,
ldst thou be the man to whom they fall?

To sigh for ribands if thou art so silly,
Mark how they grace Lord Umbra or Sir Bill
Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life?
Look but on Gripus or on Gripus' wife.
If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind!
Or ravish'd with the whistling of a name,
See Cromwell damn'd to everlasting fame!
If all united thy ambition call,
From ancient story learn to scorn them all;
There in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd, and g
See the false scale of happiness complete!
In hearts of kings or arms of queens who lay
How happy! those to ruin, these betray.
Mark by what wretched steps their glory gro
From dirt and sea-weed, as proud Venice ros
In each how guilt and greatness equal ran,
And all that rais'd the hero sunk the man;
Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold,
But stain'd with blood, or ill exchang'd for go
Then see them broke with toils, or sunk in e
Or infamous for plunder'd provinces.
O wealth ill-fated! which no act of fame
E'er taught to shine, or sanctified from shame
What greater bliss attends their close of life!
Some greedy minion, or imperious wife,
The trophied arches, storied halls invade,
And haunt their slumbers in the pompous sha
Alas! not dazzled with their noontide ray,
Compute the morn and evening to the day;
The whole amount of that enormous fame,
A tale that blends their glory with their sham
Know then this truth (enough for man to k
'Virtue alone is happiness below?

The only point where human bliss stands still,
And tastes the good without the fall to ill;
Where only merit constant pay receives,
Is bless'd in what it takes and what it gives;
The joy unequall'd if its end it gain,
And, if it lose, attended with no pain:
Without satiety, though e'er so bless'd,
And but more relish'd as the more distress'd:
The broadest mirth unfeeling folly wears,
Less pleasing far than virtue's very tears:
Good from each object, from each place, acquir'd,
For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;
Never elated while one man's oppress'd;
Never dejected while another's bless'd;
And where no wants no wishes can remain,
Since but to wish more virtue is to gain.

See the sole bliss Heaven could on all bestow!
Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know:
Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
The bad must miss, the good untaught will find;
Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through nature up to nature's God;
Pursues that chain which links the' immense design,
Joins Heaven and earth, and mortal and divine;
Sees that no being any bliss can know,
But touches some above and some below;
Learns from this union of the rising whole,
The first, last purpose, of the human soul;
And knows where faith, law, morals, all began,
All end, in love of God and love of man.

For him alone hope leads from goal to goal,
And opens still and opens on his soul,
Till lengthen'd on to faith, and unconfin'd,
It *pours the bliss* that fills up all the mind.

He sees why nature plants in man alone
Hope of known bliss, and faith in bliss unknown:
(Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
Are given in vain, but what they seek they find)
Wise is her present; she connects in this
His greatest virtue with his greatest bliss;
At once his own bright prospect to be bless'd,
And strongest motive to assist the rest.
Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.
Is this too little for the boundless heart?
Extend it, let thy enemies have part:
Grasp the whole world of reason, life, and sense,
In one close system of benevolence:
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
And height of bliss but height of charity.

God loves from whole to parts: but human soul
Must rise from individual to the whole.
Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake:
The centre mov'd, a circle straight succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads;
Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace;
His country next, and next all human race;
Wide and more wide, the' o'erflowings of the mind
Take every creature in of every kind:
Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty bless'd,
And Heaven beholds its image in his breast.

Come then, my friend! my genius! come along;
O master of the poet and the song!
And while the Muse now stoops, or now ascends,
To man's low passions, or their glorious ends,
Teach me, like thee, in various nature wise,
To fall with dignity, with temper rise;

n'd by thy converse happily to steer
n grave to gay, from lively to severe;
ect with spirit, eloquent with ease,
ıt to reason, or polite to please.
vhile along the stream of time thy name
ınded flies, and gathers all its fame,
shall my little bark attendant sail,
ue the triumph, and partake the gale?
:n statesmen, heroes, kings, in dust repose,
ıse sons shall blush their fathers were thy foes,
l then this verse to future age pretend
u wert my guide, philosopher, and friend?
, urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art
n sounds to things, from fancy to the heart;
wit's false mirror held up nature's light,
v'd erring pride—whatever is is right;
: reason, passion, answer one great aim;
: true self-love and social are the same;
t virtue only makes our bliss below,
all our knowledge is—ourselves to know.

UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

DEO OPT. MAX.

FATHER of all! in every age,
  In every clime, ador'd,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
  Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou great First Cause, least understood;
  Who all my sense confin'd
To know but this, that thou art good,
  And that myself am blind:

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
  To see the good from ill;
And binding nature fast in fate,
  Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
  Or warns me not to do;
This teach me more than hell to shun,
  That more than Heaven pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives,
  Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when man receives:
  To' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
  Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
  When thousand worlds are round

Let not this weak unknowing hand
  Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land
  On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
  Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
  To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride
  Or impious discontent
At aught thy wisdom has denied,
  Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
  To hide the fault I see
That mercy I to others show,
  That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
  Since quicken'd by thy breath:
O lead me, whereso'er I go,
  Through this day's life or death!

This day be bread and peace my lot:
  All else beneath the sun
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
  And let thy will be done.

To Thee whose temple is all space,
  Whose altar earth, sea, skies!
One chorus let all being raise!
  All nature's incense rise!

MORAL ESSAYS.

IN FOUR EPISTLES.

Est brevitate opus, ut currat sententia, neu se
Impediat verbis lassas onerantibus aures:
Et sermone opus est modo tristi, sæpe jocoso,
Defendente vicem modo rhetoris atque poetæ
Interdum urbani, parcentis viribus, atque
Extenuantis eas consulto. HOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

(BY DR. WARBURTON.)

THE Essay on Man was intended to have been comprised in four books:

The first of which the author has given us under that title in four epistles.

The second was to have consisted of the same number: 1. Of the extent and limits of human reason. 2. Of those arts and sciences, and of the parts of them, which are useful, and therefore attainable; together with those which are unuseful, and therefore unattainable. 3. Of the nature, ends, use, and application, of the different capacities of men. 4. Of the use of learning; of the science of the world; and of wit; concluding with a satire against the misapplication of them, illustrated by pictures, characters, and examples.

The third book regarded civil regimen, or the

ıce of politics; in which the several forms of a ıblic were to be examined and explained; to-er with the several modes of religious worship, r forth as they affect society: between which ıuthor always supposed there was the most in-ɜting relation and closest connection. So that part would have treated of civil and religious ɜty in their full extent.

he fourth and last book concerned private ɜs, or practical morality, considered in all the ımstances, orders, professions, and stations of an life.

he scheme of all this had been maturely di-ed, and communicated to Lord Bolingbroke, Swift, and one or two more; and was intended ɜhe only work of his riper years; but was, ly through ill health, partly through discou-ments from the depravity of the times; and ly on prudential and other considerations, in-ıpted, postponed, and lastly, in a manner laid ɜ.

ıt as this was the author's favourite work, ɜh more exactly reflected the image of his ıg capacious mind, and as we can have but a imperfect idea of it from the *disjecta membra* ɜ that now remain, it may not be amiss to be tle more particular concerning each of these ected books.

ıe first, as it treats of man in the abstract, considers him in general under every of his ıions, becomes the foundation, and furnishes ɜhe subjects of the three following: so that he second book was to take up again the first *second epistles* of the first book, and to treat

the other three.

The third book, in like manner, was to
the subject of the third epistle of the fi
treats of man in his social, political, and
capacity. But this part the poet afterw
ceived might be best executed in an e
as the action would make it more anim
the fable less invidious; in which all
principles of true and false government
ligions should be chiefly delivered in fe
amples.

The fourth and last book was to pu
subject of the fourth epistle of the firs
treat of ethics, or practical morality; a
have consisted of many members, of
four following epistles were detached
the two first, on the characters of men an
being the introductory part of this c

EPISTLE I.

) SIR RICHARD TEMPLE, LORD COBHAM.

HE KNOWLEDGE AND CHARACTERS OF MEN.

ARGUMENT.

t is not sufficient for this knowledge to consider man in tract: books will not serve the purpose, nor yet our own nce singly.—General maxims, unless they be formed up- ı, will be but notional.—Some peculiarity in every man, eristic to himself, yet varying from himself.—Difficulties from our own passions, fancies, faculties, &c.—The shortness) observe in, and the uncertainty of the principles of action to observe by.—Our own principles of action often hid ırselves.—Some few characters plain, but in general con- l, dissembled, or inconsistent.—The same man utterly t in different places and seasons.—Unimaginable weak- n the greatest.—Nothing constant and certain but God ıture.—No judging of the motives from the actions; ne actions proceeding from contrary motives, and ıme motives influencing contrary actions.—Yet to haracters we can only take the strongest actions of a ife, and try to make them agree: the utter uncertainty from nature itself, and from policy.—Characters given ıg to the rank of men of the world; and some reason Education alters the nature, or at least the character, of -Actions, passions, opinions, manners, humours, or prin- ıll subject to change. No judging by nature.—3. It only to find (if we can) his ruling passion; that will certain, nce all the rest, and can reconcile the seeming or real tency of all his actions.—Instanced in the extraordinary r of Clodio.—A caution against mistaking second quali- first, which will destroy all possibility of the knowledge cind.—Examples of the strength of the ruling passion, continuation to the last breath.

PART I.

ı despise the man to books confin'd,
ɔm his study rails at human kind;

Though what he learns he speaks, and may advance
Some general maxims, or be right by chance.
The coxcomb bird, so talkative and grave,
That from his cage cries 'cuckold, whore, and knave,'
Though many a passenger he rightly call,
You hold him no philosopher at all.

And yet the fate of all extremes is such,
Men may be read, as well as books, too much.
To observations which ourselves we make,
We grow more partial for the observer's sake;
To written wisdom, as another's, less:
Maxims are drawn from notions, these from guess.
There's some peculiar in each leaf and grain,
Some unmark'd fibre, or some varying vein.
Shall only man be taken in the gross?
Grant but as many sorts of mind as moss.

That each from other differs, first confess;
Next, that he varies from himself no less;
Add nature's, custom's, reason's, passion's strife,
And all opinion's colours cast on life.

Our depths who fathoms, or our shallows finds
Quick whirls and shifting eddies of our minds.
On human actions reason though you can,
It may be reason, but it is not man:
His principle of action once explore,
That instant 'tis his principle no more.
Like following life through creatures you dissect,
You lose it in the moment you detect.

Yet more; the difference is as great between
The optics seeing as the objects seen.
All manners take a tincture from our own,
Or come discolour'd, through our passions shown;
Or fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies,
Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thousand dyes.

or will life's stream for observation stay,
urries all too fast to mark their way:
ain sedate reflections we would make,
en half our knowledge we must snatch, not take.
in the passions' wild rotation tost,
spring of action to ourselves is lost:
l, not determin'd, to the last we yield,
what comes then, is master of the field.
he least image of that troubled heap,
en sense subsides, and fancy sports in sleep,
ough past the recollection of the thought)
omes the stuff of which our dream is wrought:
ething as dim to our internal view
us, perhaps, the cause of most we do.
rue, some are open, and to all men known;
ers so very close, they're hid from none;
darkness strikes the sense no less than light)
s gracious Chandos is belov'd at sight;
every child hates Shylock, though his soul
sits at squat, and peeps not from its hole.
alf mankind when generous Manly raves,
know 'tis virtue, for he thinks them knaves:
en universal homage Umbra pays,
see 'tis vice, and itch of vulgar praise.
en flattery glares, all hate it in a queen,
le one there is who charms us with his spleen.
ut these plain characters we rarely find;
ugh strong the bent, yet quick the turns of mind:
uzzling contraries confound the whole;
ffectations quite reverse the soul.
dull flat falsehood serves for policy;
in the cunning truth itself's a lie:
hought of frailties cheat us in the wise:
fool lies hid in inconsistencies.

See the same man in vigour, in the gout,
Alone, in company, in place, or out;
Early at business, and at hazard late,
Mad at a fox-chase, wise at a debate,
Drunk at a borough, civil at a ball,
Friendly at Hackney, faithless at Whitehall!
  Catius is ever moral, ever grave,
Thinks who endures a knave is next a knave,
Save just at dinner—then prefers, no doubt,
A rogue with venison to a saint without.
  Who would not praise Patricio's high desert,
His hand unstain'd, his uncorrupted heart,
His comprehensive head, all interests weigh'd,
All Europe sav'd, yet Britain not betray'd?
He thanks you not, his pride is in piquet,
Newmarket fame, and judgment at a bet.
  What made (say Montaigne, or more sage [Charron)
Otho a warrior, Cromwell a buffoon?
A perjur'd prince a leaden saint revere,
A godless regent tremble at a star?
The throne a bigot keep, a genius quit,
Faithless through piety, and dup'd through wit?
Europe a woman, child, or dotard, rule;
And just her wisest monarch made a fool?
  Know, God and nature only are the same:
In man the judgment shoots at flying game,
A bird of passage! gone as soon as found;
Now in the moon, perhaps, now under ground.

PART II.

In vain the sage, with retrospective eye,
Would from the' apparent *what* conclude the *why*,

the motive from the deed, and show
what we chanc'd, was what we meant to do.
d! if fortune or a mistress frowns,
plunge in business, others shave their crowns:
se the soul of one oppressive weight,
quits an empire, that embroils a state.
ame adust complexion has impell'd
es to the convent, Philip to the field.
always actions show the man: we find
does a kindness is not therefore kind;
ps prosperity becalm'd his breast:
ps the wind just shifted from the east:
erefore humble he who seeks retreat;
guides his steps, and bids him shun the great:
combats bravely is not therefore brave;
eads a death-bed like the meanest slave:
reasons wisely is not therefore wise;
side in reasoning, not in acting, lies.
grant that actions best discover man;
the most strong, and sort them as you can:
ew that glare each character must mark;
alance not the many in the dark.
will you do with such as disagree?
ess them, or miscall them policy?
then at once (the character to save)
plain rough hero turn a crafty knave?
in truth the man but chang'd his mind;
ps was sick, in love, or had not din'd.
why from Britain Cæsar would retreat?
himself might whisper, he was beat.
risk the world's great empire for a punk?
perhaps might answer, he was drunk.
age historians! 'tis your task to prove
ction, conduct, one heroic love.

'Tis from high life high characters are drawn;
A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn:
A judge is just, a chancellor juster still;
A gownman learn'd; a bishop what you will;
Wise if a minister; but if a king,
More wise, more learn'd, more just, more ev
thing.
Court-virtues bear, like gems, the highest rate,
Born where Heavn's influence scarce can penetra
In life's low vale, the soil the virtues like,
They please as beauties, here as wonders strike.
Though the same sun, with all-diffusive rays,
Blush in the rose, and in the diamond blaze,
We prize the stronger effort of his pow'r,
And justly set the gem above the flow'r.
'Tis education forms the common mind;
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclin'd.
Boastful and rough, your first son is a 'squire;
The next a tradesman, meek, and much a liar;
Tom struts a soldier, open, bold, and brave;
Will sneaks a scrivener, an exceeding knave.
Is he a churchman?—then he's fond of pow'r:
A quaker?—sly: a presbyterian?—sour:
A smart free thinker?—all things in an hour.
Ask men's opinion: Scoto now shall tell
How trade increases, and the world goes well:
Strike off his pension by the setting sun,
And Britain, if not Europe, is undone.
That gay free-thinker, a fine talker once,
What turns him now a stupid silent dunce?
Some god or spirit he has lately found,
Or chanc'd to meet a minister that frown'd.
Judge we by nature?—habit can efface,
Interest o'ercome, or policy take place:

By actions?—those uncertainty divides:
By passions?—these dissimulation hides:
Opinions?—they still take a wider range:
Find, if you can, in what you cannot change.
Manners with fortunes, humours turn with climes,
Tenets with books, and principles with times.

PART III.

Search then the ruling passion: there, alone,
The wild are constant, and the cunning known;
The fool consistent, and the false sincere;
Priests, princes, women, no dissemblers here.
This clue once found unravels all the rest,
The prospect clears, and Wharton stands confess'd.
Wharton! the scorn and wonder of our days,
Whose ruling passion was the lust of praise:
Born with whate'er could win it from the wise,
Women and fools must like him, or he dies:
Though wondering senates hung on all he spoke,
The club must hail him master of the joke.
Shall parts so various aim at nothing new?
He'll shine a Tully and a Wilmot too:
Then turns repentant, and his God adores
With the same spirit that he drinks and whores;
Enough if all around him but admire,
And now the punk applaud, and now the friar.
Thus with each gift of nature and of art,
And wanting nothing but an honest heart;
Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt;
And most contemptible to shun contempt;
His passion still to covet general praise;
His life, to forfeit it a thousand ways;

A constant bounty, which no friend has made;
An angel tongue, which no man can persuade;
A fool, with more of wit than half mankind,
Too rash for thought, for action too refin'd;
A tyrant to the wife his heart approves;
A rebel to the very king he loves;
He dies, sad outcast of each church and state,
And, harder still! flagitious, yet not great!
Ask you why Wharton broke through every rule?
'Twas all for fear the knaves should call him fool.
  Nature well known, no prodigies remain;
Comets are regular, and Wharton plain.
  Yet in this search the wisest may mistake,
If second qualities for first they take.
When Catiline by rapine swell'd his store,
When Cæsar made a noble dame a whore,
In this the lust, in that the avarice,
Were means, not ends; ambition was the vice.
That very Cæsar, born in Scipio's days,
Had aim'd, like him, by chastity at praise.
Lucullus, when frugality could charm,
Had roasted turnips in the Sabine farm.
In vain the' observer eyes the builder's toil,
But quite mistakes the scaffold for the pile.
  In this one passion man can strength enjoy,
As fits give vigour just when they destroy.
Time, that on all things lays his lenient hand,
Yet tames not this; it sticks to our last sand.
Consistent in our follies and our sins,
Here honest Nature ends as she begins.
  Old politicians chew on wisdom past,
And totter on in business to the last;
As weak, as earnest, and as gravely out
As sober Lanesb'row dancing in the gout.

Behold a reverend sire, whom want of grace
Has made the father of a nameless race,
Shov'd from the wall, perhaps, or rudely press'd
By his own son, that passes by unbless'd;
Still to his wench he crawls on knocking knees,
And envies every sparrow that he sees.
A salmon's belly, Helluo, was thy fate;
The doctor call'd, declares all help too late.
'Mercy!' cries Helluo, 'mercy on my soul!
Is there no hope?—Alas!—then bring the jowl.'—
The frugal crone, whom praying priests attend,
Still strives to save the hallow'd taper's end,
Collects her breath, as ebbing life retires.
For one puff more, and in that puff expires,
'Odious! in woollen! 'twould a saint provoke,
(Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke)
No, let a charming chintz and Brussels lace
Wrap my cold limbs and shade my lifeless face:
One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead—
And—Betty—give this cheek a little red.'
The courtier smooth, who forty years had shin'd
An humble servant to all human-kind, [stir,
Just brought out this, when scarce his tongue could
'If—where I'm going—I could serve you, sir?'—
'I give and I devise (old Euclio said,
And sigh'd) my lands and tenements to Ned.'
'Your money, sir?'—My money, sir, what all?
Why—if I must—(then wept) I give it Paul.'
'The manor, sir!'—'The manor! hold,' he cried,
'Not that—I cannot part with that'—and died.
And you, brave Cobham! to the latest breath
Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death;
Such in those moments as in all the past,
'*O save my* country, Heaven!' shall be your last.

EPISTLE II.

TO A LADY.

OF THE CHARACTERS OF WOMEN.

ARGUMENT.

That the particular characters of women are not so strong marked as those of men, seldom so fixed, and still more inconsistent with themselves.—Instances of contrarieties given, even from such characters as are more strongly marked, and seemingly, therefore, most consistent: as 1. In the affected.—2. the soft natured.— In the cunning and artful.—4.—In the whimsical.—5. In the lewd and vicious.—6. In the witty and refined.—7. In the stupid and simple.—The former part having shewn that the particular characters of women are more various than those of men, it is nevertheless observed that the general characteristic of the sex, as to the ruling passion, is more uniform.—This is occasioned partly by their nature, partly by their education, and in some degree by necessity.—What art, the air and the fate of this sex:—1. As to power—2. As to pleasure.—Advice for their true interest.—The picture of an estimable woman, with the best kind of contrarieties.

Nothing so true as what you once let fall,
'Most women have no characters at all:'
Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,
And best distinguish'd by black, brown, or fair.
How many pictures of one nymph we view,
All how unlike each other, all how true!
Arcadia's countess here, in ermin'd pride,
Is there, Pastora by a fountain side:
Here Fannia, leering on her own good man,
And there a naked Leda with a swan.
Let then the fair-one beautifully cry,
In Magdalen's loose hair and lifted eye;

lress'd in smiles of sweet Cecilia shine,
h simpering angels, palms, and harps divine,
ether the charmer sinner it, or saint it,
lly grow romantic, I must paint it.
ome then, the colours and the ground prepare!
in the rainbow, trick her off in air;
ose a firm cloud before it fall, and in it
h ere she change, the Cynthia of this minute.
ufa, whose eye quick-glancing o'er the Park,
acts each light gay meteor of a spark,
ees as ill with Rufa studying Locke,
Sappho's diamonds with her dirty smock,
Sappho at her toilet's greasy task,
Sappho fragrant at an evening mask:
orning insects, that in muck begun,
e, buz, and fly-blow in the setting sun.
ow soft is Silia! fearful to offend;
frail one's advocate, the weak one's friend.
er Calista prov'd her conduct nice,
good Simplicius asks of her advice.
den she storms! she raves! you tip the wink;
spare your censure; Silia does not drink.
eyes may see from what the change arose;
eyes may see—a pimple on her nose.
pilia, wedded to her amorous spark,
s for the shades—'How charming is a park!'
ark is purchas'd; but the fair he sees
ath'd in tears—'Oh, odious, odious trees!'
adies, like variegated tulips show;
to their changes half their charms we owe:
by defect, and delicately weak,
ir happy spots the nice admirer take.
as thus Calypso once each heart alarm'd,
d without virtue, without beauty charm'd;

Her tongue bewitch'd as oddly as her eyes;
Less wit than mimic, more a wit than wise:
Strange graces still, and stranger flights, she had
Was just not ugly, and was just not mad;
Yet ne'er so sure our passion to create,
As when she touch'd the brink of all we hate.
Narcissa's nature, tolerably mild,
To make a wash would hardly stew a child;
Has ev'n been prov'd to grant a lover's pray'r,
And paid a tradesman once, to make him stare;
Gave alms at Easter in a christian trim,
And made a widow happy for a whim.
Why then declare good-nature is her scorn,
When 'tis by that alone she can be borne?
Why pique all mortals, yet affect a name?
A fool to pleasure, yet a slave to fame:
Now deep in Taylor and the Book of Martyrs,
Now drinking citron with his grace and Chartres
Now conscience chills her, and now passion burn
And atheism and religion take their turns;
A very heathen in the carnal part,
Yet still a sad good christian at the heart.
See sin in state majestically drunk,
Proud as a peeress, prouder as a punk;
Chaste to her husband, frank to all beside,
A teeming mistress, but a barren bride.
What then, let blood and body bear the fault;
Her head's untouch'd, that noble seat of thought
Such this day's doctrine—in another fit
She sins with poets through pure love of wit.
What has not fir'd her bosom or her brain?—
Cæsar and Tallboy, Charles and Charlemagne,
As Helluo, late dictator of the feast,
The nose of haût-gout, and the tip of taste,

iqu'd your wine, and analyz'd your meat,
on plain pudding deign'd at home to eat:
'hilomedé, lecturing all mankind
the soft passion, and the taste refin'd,
' address, the delicacy—stoops at once,
, makes her hearty meal upon a dunce.
lavia's a wit, has too much sense to pray;
toast our wants and wishes is her way;
asks of God, but of her stars, to give
mighty blessing 'while we live to live:'
n all for death, that opiate of the soul!
retia's dagger, Rosamonda's bowl.
what can cause such impotence of mind?
ark too fickle, or a spouse too kind.
e wretch! with pleasures too refin'd to please;
h too much spirit to be e'er at ease;
h too much quickness ever to be taught;
1 too much thinking to have common thought;
purchase pain with all that joy can give,
die of nothing but a rage to live.
.rn then from wits, and look on Simo's mate;
ss so meek, no ass so obstinate:
er that owns her faults, but never mends,
use she's honest, and the best of friends:
er whose life the church and scandal share,
ever in a passion or a pray'r:
er who laughs at hell, but (like her grace)
s, 'Ah! how charming if there's no such place!'
ho in sweet vicissitude appears
irth and opium, ratafie and tears;
daily anodyne and nightly draught,
ill those foes to fair ones, time and thought.
nan and fool are too hard things to hit;
true no-meaning puzzles more than wit.

But what are these to great Atossa's mind?
Scarce once herself, by turns all woman-kind!
Who with herself, or others, from her birth
Finds all her life one warfare upon earth;
Shines in exposing knaves and painting fools,
Yet is whate'er she hates and ridicules:
No thought advances, but her eddy brain
Whisks it about, and down it goes again.
Full sixty years the world has been her trade;
The wisest fool much time has ever made:
From loveless youth to unrespected age,
No passion gratified except her rage:
So much the fury still outran the wit,
The pleasure miss'd her, and the scandal hit.
Who breaks with her provokes revenge from h
But he's a bolder man who dares be well.
Her every turn with violence pursued,
Nor more a storm her hate than gratitude:
To that each passion turns or soon or late;
Love, if it makes her yield, must make her hate
Superiors?—death! and equals?—what a curse
But an inferior not dependent?—worse!
Offend her, and she knows not to forgive;
Oblige her, and she'll hate you while you live;
But die, and she'll adore you—then the bust
And temple rise—then fall again to dust.
Last night her lord was all that's good and grea
A knave this morning, and his will a cheat.
Strange! by the means defeated of the ends,
By spirit robb'd of power, by warmth of friends,
By wealth of followers! without one distress,
Sick of herself, through very selfishness!
Atossa, curs'd with every granted pray'r,
Childless with all her children, wants an heir:

ıeirs unknown descends the' unguarded store,
'anders, heaven-directed, to the poor.
ctures like these, dear Madam! to design,
ı no firm hand and no unerring line;
e wandering touches, some reflected light,
e flying stroke, alone can hit 'em right;
how should equal colours do the knack?
neleons who can paint in white and black?
'et Chloe sure was form'd without a spot.'—
re in her then err'd not, but forgot.
th every pleasing, every prudent, part,
what can Chloe want?"—She wants a heart.
speaks, behaves, and acts, just as she ought,
never never reach'd one generous thought.
ıe she finds too painful an endeavour,
ent to dwell in decencies for ever.
ery reasonable, so unmov'd,
ever yet to love or to be lov'd.
while her lover pants upon her breast,
mark the figures on an Indian chest;
when she sees her friend in deep despair,
rves how much a chintz exceeds mohair.
id it, Heaven! a favour or a debt
e'er should cancel!—but she may forget.
is your secret still in Chloe's ear;
none of Chloe's shall you ever hear;
l her dears she never slander'd one,
cares not if a thousand are undone.
ld Chloe know if you're alive or dead?
bids her footman put it in her head.
e is prudent—Would you too be wise?
ı never break your heart when Chloe dies.
ıe certain portrait may (I grant) be seen,
ch Heaven has varnish'd out and made a queen.

The same for ever! and describ'd by all
With truth and goodness, as with crown and ball.
Poets heap virtues, painters gems, at will,
And show their zeal, and hide their want of skill.
'Tis well—but, artists! who can paint or write,
To draw the naked is your true delight.
That robe of quality so struts and swells,
None see what parts of nature it conceals:
The' exactest traits of body or of mind,
We owe to models of an humble kind.
If Queensberry to strip there's no compelling,
'Tis from a handmaid we must take a Helen.
From peer or bishop 'tis no easy thing
To draw the man who loves his God or king.
Alas! I copy (or my draught would fail)
From honest Mah'met or plain parson Hale.

But grant in public men sometimes are shown;
A woman's seen in private life alone:
Our bolder talents in full light display'd;
Your virtues open fairest in the shade.
Bred to disguise, in public 'tis you hide;
There none distinguish 'twixt your shame or pride,
Weakness or delicacy; all so nice,
That each may seem a virtue or a vice.

In men we various ruling passions find;
In women two almost divide the kind;
Those only fix'd, they first or last obey,
The love of pleasure, and the love of sway.

That nature gives; and where the lesson taught
Is but to please, can pleasure seem a fault?
Experience this: by man's oppression curs'd,
They seek the second not to lose the first.

Men some to business, some to pleasure take;
But every woman is at heart a rake:

ıen some to quiet, some to public strife;
ʒut every lady would be queen for life.
Yet mark the fate of a whole sex of queens!
'ower all their end, but beauty all the means.
n youth they conquer with so wild a rage,
ıs leaves them scarce a subject in their age:
'or foreign glory, foreign joy, they roam;
To thought of peace or happiness at home.
ʒut wisdom's triumph is well-tim'd retreat,
ıs hard a science to the fair as great!
ʒeauties, like tyrants, old and friendless grown,
'et hate repose, and dread to be alone;
Vorn out in public, weary every eye,
Tor leave one sigh behind them when they die.
Pleasures the sex, as children birds, pursue,
till out of reach, yet never out of view;
ure if they catch to spoil the toy at most,
'o covet, flying, and regret when lost:
.t last to follies youth could scarce defend,
: grows their age's prudence to pretend;
.sham'd to own they gave delight before,
'educ'd to feign it when they give no more,
.s hags hold sabbaths less for joy than spite,
o these their merry miserable night;
till round and round the ghosts of beauty glide,
.nd haunt the places where their honour died.
See how the world its veterans rewards!
. youth of frolics, an old age of cards;
air to no purpose, artful to no end,
oung without lovers, old without a friend;
. fop their passion, but their prize a sot,
live ridiculous, and dead forgot!
Ah, friend! to dazzle let the vain design;
'o raise the thought and touch the heart be thine

That charm shall grow, while what fatigues the ring
Flaunts and goes down an unregarded thing.
So when the sun's broad beam has tir'd the sight,
All mild ascends the moon's more sober light,
Serene in Virgin modesty she shines,
And unobserv'd the glaring orb declines.
O! bless'd with temper, whose unclouded ray
Can make to morrow cheerful as to-day;
She who can love a sister's charms, or hear
Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear;
She who ne'er answers *till a husband cools*,
Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules;
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humour most when she obeys;
Let fops or fortune fly which way they will,
Disdains all loss of tickets or codille;
Spleen, vapours, or small-pox, above them all,
And mistress of herself though china fall.
And yet believe me, good as well as ill,
Woman's at best a contradiction still.
Heaven, when it strives to polish all it can
Its last best work, but forms a softer man;
Picks from each sex to make the favourite bless'd,
Your love of pleasure, our desire of rest;
Blends, in exception to all general rules,
Your taste of follies with our scorn of fools;
Reserve with frankness, art with truth allied,
Courage with softness, modesty with pride;
Fix'd principles, with fancy ever new:
Shakes all together, and produces—you.
Be this a woman's fame; with this unbless'd
Toasts live a scorn, and queens may die a jest.
This Phœbus promis'd (I forget the year)
When those blue eyes first open'd on the sphere;

endant Phœbus watch'd that hour with care,
·rted half your parents' simple pray'r.
l gave you beauty, but denied the pelf
ıt buys your sex a tyrant o'er itself.
: generous god, who wit and gold refines,
l ripens spirits as he ripens mines,
ɔt dross for dutchesses, the world shall know it,
you gave sense, good-humour, and a poet.

EPISTLE III.

TO ALLEN, LORD BATHURST.

OF THE USE OF RICHES.

ARGUMENT.

That it is known to few, most falling into one of the extre avarice or profusion.—The point discussed, whether the is tion of money has been more commodious or pernicious to kind.—That riches, either to the avaricious or the prod cannot afford happiness, scarcely necessaries.—That avari an absolute frenzy, without an end or purpose.—Conjec about the motives of avaricious men.—That the conduct of with respect to riches, can only be accounted for by the ord Providence, which works the general good out of extremes. brings all to its great end by perpetual revolutions.—How s ser acts upon principles which appear to him reasonable.— a prodigal does the same.—The due medium and true u riches.—The Man of Ross.—The fate of the profuse and the tous, in two examples; both miserable in life and in dea Story of Sir Balaam.

P. Who shall decide when doctors disagree,
And soundest casuists doubt, like you and me?
You hold the word from Jove to Momus giv'n,
That man was made the standing jest of Heav'n
And gold but sent to keep the fools in play,
For some to heap and some to throw away.
  But I, who think more highly of our kind.
(And surely Heaven and I are of a mind)
Opine that nature, as in duty bound,
Deep hid the shining mischief under ground.
But when by man's audacious labour won
Flam'd forth this rival to its sire the sun,
Then careful Heaven supplied two sorts of men
To squander these, and those to hide again.

Like doctors thus, when much dispute has past,
We find our tenets just the same at last:
Both fairly owning riches, in effect,
No grace of Heaven, or token of the' elect;
Given to the fool, the mad, the vain, the evil,
To Ward, to Waters, Chartres, and the devil.
B. What nature wants, commodious gold bestows;
'Tis thus we eat the bread another sows.
P. But how unequal it bestows observe;
'Tis thus we riot, while who sow it starve:
What nature wants (a phrase I must distrust)
Extends to luxury, extends to lust:
Useful I grant, it serves what life requires,
But dreadful too, the dark assassin hires.
B. Trade it may help, society extend,
P. But lures the pirate and corrupts the friend.
B. It raises armies in a nation's aid.
P. But bribes a senate, and the land's betray'd.
In vain may heroes fight and patriots rave,
If secret gold sap on from knave to knave.
Once, we confess, beneath the patriot's cloak
From the crack'd bag the dropping guinea spoke,
And jingling down the back stairs, told the crew,
'Old Cato is as great a rogue as you.'
Bless'd paper-credit! last and best supply!
That lends corruption lighter wings to fly!
Gold imp'd by thee, can compass hardest things,
Can pocket states, can fetch or carry kings;
A single leaf shall waft an army o'er,
Or ship off senates to some distant shore;
A leaf, like Sibyl's, scatter to and fro
Our fates and fortunes as the winds shall blow;
Pregnant with thousands flits the scrap unseen,
And, *silent, sells* a king or buys a queen.

Oh! that such bulky bribes as all might see
Still, as of old, encumber'd villany!
Could France or Rome divert our brave designs
With all their brandies or with all their wines?
What could they more than knights and 'squires confound,
Or water all the quorum ten miles round?
A statesman's slumbers how this speech would spoil!
'Sir, Spain has sent a thousand jars of oil!
Huge bales of British cloth blockade the door;
A hundred oxen at your levee roar.'
Poor Avarice one torment more would find,
Nor could Profusion squander all in kind:
Astride his cheese Sir Morgan might we meet,
And Worldly, crying coals from street to street,
Whom, with a whig so wild and mein so maz'd,
Pity mistakes for some poor tradesman craz'd.
Had Colepepper's whole wealth been hops and hogs,
Could he himself have sent it to the dogs?
His grace will game: to White's a bull be led,
With spurning heels and with a butting head:
To White's be carried, as to ancient games,
Fair coursers, vases, and alluring dames.
Shall then Uxorio, if the stakes he sweep,
Bear home six whores, and make his lady weep?
Or soft Adonis, so perfum'd and fine,
Drive to St. James's a whole herd of swine?
Oh, filthy check on all industrious skill,
To spoil the nation's last great trade,—quadrille!
Since then, my lord, on such a world we fall,
What say you? *B.* Say? Why, take it, gold and all.
P. What riches give us let us then inquire:
Meat, fire, and clothes. *B.* What more? *P.* Meat, clothes, and fire.

Is this too little? would you more than live?
Alas! 'tis more than Turner finds they give.
Alas! 'tis more than (all his visions past)
Unhappy Wharton, waking, found at last!
What can they give? To dying Hopkins, heirs?
To Chartres, vigour? Japhet, nose and ears?
Can they in gems bid pallid Hippia glow?
In Fulvia's buckle ease the throbs below?
Or heal, old Narses, thy obscener ail,
With all the' embroidery plaster'd at thy tail?—
They might (were Harpax not too wise to spend)
Give Harpax' self the blessing of a friend;
Or find some doctor that would save the life
Of wretched Shylock, spite of Shylock's wife.
But thousands die without or this or that,
Die, and endow a college or a cat:
To some indeed Heaven grants the happier fate
To' enrich a bastard, or a son they hate.
Perhaps you think the poor might have their part?
Bond damns the poor, and hates them from his heart.
The grave Sir Gilbert holds it for a rule
That every man in want is knave or fool.
'God cannot love (says Blunt, with tearless eyes)
The wretch he starves'—and piously denies:
But the good bishop, with a meeker air,
Admits, and leaves them, Providence's care.
Yet, to be just to these poor men of pelf,
Each does but hate his neighbour as himself:
Damn'd to the mines, an equal fate betides
The slave that digs it and the slave that hides.
B. Who suffers thus, mere charity should own,
Must act on motives powerful though unknown.
P. Some war, some plague or famine, they foresee,
Some *revelation* hid from you and me.

Shylock wants a meal the cause is found;
inks a loaf will rise to fifty pound.
t made directors cheat in South-sea year?
ive on ven'son, when it sold so dear.
you why Phrynè the whole auction buys?
ynè foresees a general excise.
ıy she and Sappho raise that monstrous sum?—
as! they fear a man will cost a plum.
Wise Peter sees the world's respect for gold,
nd therefore hopes this nation may be sold.
lorious ambition! Peter, swell thy store,
And be what Rome's great Didius was before.
The crown of Poland, venal twice an age,
To just three millions stinted modest Gage.
But nobler scenes Maria's dreams unfold,
Hereditary realms, and worlds of gold.
Congenial souls! whose life one avarice joins,
And one fate buries in the' Asturian mines.
Much-injured Blunt! why bears he Britain's hat
A wizard told him in these words our fate:—
'At length corruption, like a general flood,
(So long by watchful ministers withstood)
Shall deluge all; and avarice creeping on,
Spread like a low-born mist and blot the sun;
Statesman and patriot ply alike the stocks,
Peeress and butler share alike the box,
And judges job, and bishops bite the town,
And mighty dukes pack cards for half a crow
See Britain sunk in lucre's sordid charms,
And France reveng'd of Anne's and Edward's
'Twas no court-badge, great scrivener! fir
Nor lordly luxury, nor city gain:
No, 'twas thy righteous end, asham'd to see
Senates degenerate, patriots disagree,

nobly wishing party-rage to cease,
uy both sides, and give thy country peace.
ll this is madness,' cries a sober sage:—
who, my friend, has reason in his rage!
ruling passion, be it what it will,
ruling passion, conquers reason still.'
mad the wildest whimsey we can frame
ev'n that passion if it has no aim;
hough such motives folly you may call,
'olly's greater to have none at all. [sends,
ar then the truth:—''Tis Heav'n each passion
lifferent men directs to different ends.
mes in nature equal good produce;
mes in man concur to general use.'
ve what makes one keep, and one bestow?—
Power who bids the ocean ebb and flow;
ieedtime, harvest, equal course maintain,
igh reconcil'd extremes of drought and rain;
s life on death, on change duration founds,
gives the' eternal wheels to know their rounds.
hes, like insects, when conceal'd they lie,
but for wings, and in their season fly.
sees pale Mammon pine amidst his store,
ut a backward steward for the poor;
ear a reservoir to keep and spare,
ext a fountain spouting through his heir,
ish streams to quench a country's thirst,
nen and dogs shall drink him till they burst.
Cotta sham'd his fortune and his birth,
as not Cotta void of wit or worth:
though (the use of barbarous spits forgot)
tchen-vied in coolness with his grot?
urt with nettles, moats with cresses stor'd,
oups unbought, and salads, bless'd his board?

If Cotta liv'd on pulse, it was no more
Than Bramins, saints, and sages, did before:
To cram the rich was prodigal expense;
And who would take the poor from Providence?
Like some lone chartreux stands the good old hall,
Silence without, and fasts within the wall;
No rafter'd roofs with dance and tabor sound,
No noontide bell invites the country round;
Tenants with sighs the smokeless towers survey,
And turn the' unwilling steeds another way;
Benighted wanderers, the forest o'er,
Curse the sav'd candle and unopening door;
While the gaunt mastiff, growling at the gate,
Affrights the beggar whom he longs to eat.
  Not so his son; he mark'd this oversight,
And then mistook reverse of wrong for right:
(For what to shun will no great knowledge need,
But what to follow is a task indeed!)
Yet sure, of qualities deserving praise,
More go to ruin fortunes than to raise.
What slaughter'd hecatombs, what floods of wine,
Fill the capacious 'squire and deep divine!
Yet no mean motive this profusion draws;
His oxen perish in his country's cause;
'Tis George and liberty that crown the cup,
And zeal for that great house which eats him up.
The woods recede around the naked seat,
The silvans groan—no matter—for the fleet:
Next goes his wool—to clothe our valiant bands;
Last, for his country's love, he sells his lands.
To town he comes, completes the nation's hope,
And heads the bold trainbands, and burns a pope.
And shall not Britain now reward his toils,
Britain, that pays her patriots with her spoils!

In vain at court the bankrupt pleads his cause;
His thankless country leaves him to her laws.
The sense to value riches, with the art
To' enjoy them, and the virtue to impart,
Not meanly nor ambitiously pursued,
Not sunk by sloth, nor rais'd by servitude;
To balance fortune by a just expense,
Join with economy magnificence;
With splendor charity, with plenty health,
O teach us, Bathurst! yet unspoil'd by wealth!
That secret rare, between the' extremes to move
Of mad good-nature and of mean self-love.
B. To worth or want well-weigh'd be bounty giv'n,
And ease or emulate the care of Heav'n:
(Whose measure full o'erflows on human race)
Mend Fortune's fault, and justify her grace.
Wealth in the gross is death, but life diffus'd,
As poison heals in just proportion us'd:
In heaps, like ambergris, a stink it lies,
But, well dispers'd, is incense to the skies.
P. Who starves by nobles, or with nobles eats?
The wretch that trusts them, and the rogue that cheats.
Is there a lord who knows a cheerful noon
Without a fiddler, flatterer, or buffoon?
Whose table wit or modest merit share,
Un-elbow' by a gamester, pimp, or play'r?
Who copies your's or Oxford's better part,
To ease the' oppress'd, and raise the sinking heart?
Where'er he shines, O Fortune! gild the scene,
And angels guard him in the golden mein!
There English bounty yet awhile may stand,
And honour linger ere it leaves the land.
But all our praises why should lords engross?
Rise, honest Muse! and sing the Man of Ross;

Pleas'd Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
But clear and artless, pouring through the plain
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
Whose seats the weary traveller repose?
Who taught that heav'n-directed spire to rise?
'The Man of Ross,' each lisping babe replies.
Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread!
The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread:
He feeds yon almshouse, neat, but void of state,
Where age and want sit smiling at the gate:
Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans bless'd,
The young who labour, and the old who rest.
Is any sick? the Man of Ross relieves,
Prescribes, attends, the med'cine makes and gives.
Is there a variance? enter but his door,
Balk'd are the courts, and contest is no more:
Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
And vile attornies, now a useless race.

B. Thrice happy man, enabled to pursue
What all so wish, but want the power to do!
O say, what sums that generous hand supply?
What mines to swell that boundless charity?

P. Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,
This man possess'd five hundred pounds a year.
Blush, grandeur, blush! proud courts, withdraw your blaze;
Ye little stars! hide your diminish'd rays.

And what? no monument, inscription, stone,
ace, his form, his name, almost unknown?
Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,
never mark the marble with his name:
earch it there, where to be born and die,
ch and poor makes all the history;
gh that virtue fill'd the space between,
'd by the ends of being to have been.
n Hopkins dies, a thousand lights attend
wretch who living sav'd a candle's end:
ldering God's altar a vile image stands,
s his features, nay, extends his hands;
live-long wig, which Gorgon's self might own,
nal buckle takes in Parian stone.
ld what blessings wealth to life can lend!
see what comfort it affords our end.
the worst inn's worst room, with mat half-hung,
floors of plaster, and the walls of dung,
nce a flock-bed, but repair'd with straw,
tape-tied curtains, never meant to draw,
George and Garter dangling from that bed
re tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
t Villiers lies—alas! how chang'd from him,
life of pleasure and that soul of whim?
nt and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove,
bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love;
ust as gay at council, in a ring
nimic statesmen, and their merry king.
vit to flatter, left of all his store!
ool to laugh at, which he valued more.
re, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
fame, this lord of useless thousands ends!
is grace's fate sage Cutler could foresee,
l well (he thought) advis'd him, 'Live like me.'

As well his grace replied, 'Like you, Sir John?
That I can do when all I have is gone!'
Resolve me, reason, which of these is worse,
Want with a full or with an empty purse?
Thy life more wretched, Cutler! was confess'd?
Arise, and tell me, was thy death more bless'd?
Cutler saw tenants break and houses fall;
For very want he could not build a wall.
His only daughter in a stranger's pow'r;
For very want he could not pay a dow'r.
A few gray hairs his reverend temples crown'd;
'Twas very want that sold them for two pound.
What! ev'n denied a cordial at his end,
Banish'd the doctor, and expell'd the friend?
What but a want, which you perhaps think mad,
Yet numbers feel,—the want of what he had!
Cutler and Brutus dying both exclaim,
'Virtue! and wealth! what are ye but a name!'
Say, for such worth are other worlds prepar'd
Or are they both in this their own reward?
A knotty point! to which we now proceed.
But you are tir'd—I'll tell a tale—*B.* Agreed.
P. Where London's column, pointing at the ski
Like a tall bully, lifts the head and lies,
There dwelt a citizen of sober fame,
A plain good man, and Balaam was his name;
Religious, punctual, frugal, and so forth;
His word would pass for more than he was worth
One solid dish his week-day meal affords,
And added pudding solemniz'd the Lord's:
Constant at church and 'Change; his gains were sur
His givings rare, save farthings to the poor.
The devil was piqued such saintship to behold,
And long'd to tempt him like good Job of old;

Satan now is wiser than of yore,
tempts by making rich, not making poor.
ous'd by the prince of air, the whirlwinds sweep
surge, and plunge his father in the deep;
n full against his Cornish lands they roar,
two rich shipwrecks bless the lucky shore.
r Balaam now, he lives like other folks,
akes his chirping pint and cracks his jokes.
e like yourself,' was soon my lady's word;
, lo! two puddings smok'd upon the board.
leep and naked as an Indian lay,
onest factor stole a gem away:
ledg'd it to the knight; the knight had wit,
ept the diamond, and the rogue was bit.
scruple rose, but thus he eas'd his thought;
now give sixpence where I gave a groat;
re once I went to church I'll now go twice—
am so clear too of all other vice.'
e tempter saw his time; the work he plied;
ks and subscriptions pour on every side,
ll the demon makes his full descent
e abundant shower of cent per cent,
deep within him, and possesses whole,
dubs director, and secures his soul.
hold Sir Balaam, now a man of spirit,
bes his gettings to his parts and merit;
late he call'd a blessing, now was wit,
God's good providence, a lucky hit.
gs change their titles as our manners turn:
ompting-house employ'd the Sunday morn
m at church ('twas such a busy life)
uly sent his family and wife.
(so the devil ordain'd) one Christmas-tide
ood old lady catch'd a cold and died.

A nymph of quality admires our knight;
He marries, bows at court, and grows polite;
Leaves the dull cits, and joins (to please the fair)
The well-bred cuckolds in St. James's air:
First for his son a gay commission buys,
Who drinks, whores, fights, and in a duel dies:
His daughter flaunts a viscount's tawdry wife;
She bears a coronet and p—x for life.
In Britain's senate he a seat obtains,
And one more pensioner St. Stephen gains.
My lady falls to play; so bad her chance,
He must repair it; takes a bribe from France:
The house impeach him; Coningsby harangues;
The court forsake him, and Sir Balaam hangs.
Wife, son, and daughter, Satan! are thy own,
His wealth, yet dearer, forfeit to the crown:
The devil and the king divide the prize,
And sad Sir Balaam curses God and dies.

EPISTLE IV.

RICHARD BOYLE, EARL OF BURLINGTON.

OF THE USE OF RICHES.

ARGUMENT.

ty of expense in people of wealth and quality. The abuse word taste.—That the first principle and foundation in in every thing else, is good sense.—The chief proof of it llow nature, even in works of mere luxury and elegance. ed in architecture and gardening, where all must be d to the genius and use of the place, and the beauties ced into it, but resulting from it.—How men are disap- d in their most expensive undertakings for want of this undation, without which nothing can please long, if at d the best examples and rules will but be perverted into ing burdensome and ridiculous.—A description of the aste of magnificence; the first grand error of which is gine that greatness consists in the size and dimension, l of the proportion and harmony, of the whole.—And ond, either in joining together parts incoherent, or too ly resembling, or in the repetition of the same too fre- y.—A word or two of false taste in books, in music, in g, even in preaching and prayer, and lastly in enter- nts.—Yet Providence is justified in giving wealth to be lered in this manner, since it is dispersed to the poor and us part of mankind.—[Recurring to what is laid down in it book, ep. ii. and in the epistle preceding this.]—What proper objects of magnificence, and a proper field for pense of great men.—And, finally, the great and public which become a prince.

range the miser should his cares employ
n those riches he can ne'er enjoy:
ss strange the prodigal should waste
alth to purchase what he ne'er can taste?

or himself he sees, or hears, or eats;
ts must choose his pictures, music, meats:
ays for Topham drawings and designs;
Pembroke statues, dirty gods, and coins;
e monkish manuscripts for Hearne alone,
d books for Mead, and butterflies for Sloane.
ink we all these are for himself? no more
an his fine wife, alas! or finer whore.
For what has Virro painted, built, and planted?
nly to show how many tastes he wanted.
What brought Sir Visto's ill-got wealth to waste?
Some demon whisper'd, 'Visto! have a taste.'
Heav'n visits with a taste the wealthy fool,
And needs no rod but Ripley with a rule.
See! sportive fate, to punish awkward pride,
Bids Bubo build, and sends him such a guide:
A standing sermon at each year's expense,
That never coxcomb reach'd magnificence!
You show us Rome was glorious, not profuse,
And pompous buildings once were things of use;
Yet shall, my lord, your just, your noble rules
Fill half the land with imitating fools;
Who random drawings from your sheets shall take;
And of one beauty many blunders make;
Load some vain church with old theatric state;
Turn arcs of triumph to a garden gate;
Reverse your ornaments, and hang them all
On some patch'd dog-hole ek'd with ends of wal
Then clap four slices of pilaster on't,
That, lac'd with bits of rustic, makes a front;
Shall call the winds through long arcades to ro
Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door:
Conscious they act a true Palladian part,
And if they starve, they starve by rules of art

Oft have you hinted to your brother peer
A certain truth, which many buy too dear;
Something there is more needful than expense,
And something previous ev'n to taste—'tis sense;
Good sense, which only is the gift of Heaven,
And though no science, fairly worth the seven;
A light which in yourself you must perceive;
Jones and Le Nôtre have it not to give.
To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
To rear the column, or the arch to bend,
To swell the terrace, or to sink the grot,
In all, let Nature never be forgot;
But treat the goddess like a modest fair,
Nor over-dress, nor leave her wholly bare;
Let not each beauty every where be spied,
Where half the skill is decently to hide.
He gains all points who pleasingly confounds,
Surprises, varies, and conceals the bounds.
Consult the genius of the place in all;
That tells the waters or to rise or fall;
Or helps the' ambitious hill the heav'ns to scale,
Or scoops in circling theatres the vale;
Calls in the country, catches opening glades,
Joins willing woods, and varies shades from shades;
Now breaks, or now directs, the' intending lines;
Paints as you plant, and as your work designs.
Still follow sense, of every art the soul;
Parts answering parts shall slide into a whole.
Spontaneous beauties all around advance,
Start ev'n from difficulty, strike from chance;
Nature shall join you: time shall make it grow
A work to wonder at—perhaps a Stow.
Without it, proud Versailles! thy glory falls,
And Nero's terraces desert their walls:

The vast parterres a thousand hands shall make,
Lo! Cobham comes, and floats them with a lake:
Or cut wide views through mountains to the plain,
You'll wish your hill or shelter'd seat again.
Ev'n in an ornament its place remark,
Nor in an hermitege set Doctor Clarke.

Behold Villario's ten years' toil complete,
His quincunx darkens, his espaliers meet,
The wood supports the plain, the parts unite,
And strength of shade contends with strength of light:
A waving glow the bloomy beds display,
Blushing in bright diversities of day,
With silver-quivering rills meander'd o'er—
Enjoy them you! Villario can no more:
Tir'd of the scene parterres and fount ains yield,
He finds, at last, he better likes a field.

Through his young woods how pleas'd Sabinus stray'd,
Or sat delighted in the thickening shade,
With annual joy the reddening shoots to greet,
Or see the stretching branches long to meet!
His son's fine taste an opener visto loves,
Foe to the dryads of his father's groves;
One boundless green or flourish'd carpet views,
With all the mournful family of yews:
The thriving plants, ignoble broomsticks made,
Now sweep those alleys they were born to shade.

At Timon's villa let us pass a day;
Where all cry out, 'What sums are thrown away!'
So proud, so grand; of that stupendous air,
Soft and agreeable come never there.
Greatness with Timon dwells in such a draught,
As brings all Brobdignag before your thought.
To compass this, his building is a town,
His pond an ocean, his parterre a down:

› but must laugh, the master when he sees,
ıny insect shivering at a breeze!
what huge heaps of littleness around!
whole a labour'd quarry above ground.
· cupids squirt before : a lake behind
roves the keenness of the northern wind.
gardens next your admiration call;
:very side you look, behold the wall!
›leasing intricacies intervene,
ırtful wildness to perplex the scene;
/e nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
half the platform just reflects the other.
suffering eye inverted Nature sees,
:s cut to statues, statues thick as trees;
h here a fountain never to be play'd,
there a summer-house that knows no shade;
e Amphitritè sails through myrtle bowers,
re gladiators fight, or die in flowers,
/ater'd see the drooping seahorse mourn,
. swallows roots in Nilus' dusty urn.
y lord advances with majestic mien,
t with the mighty pleasure, to be seen:
soft—by regular approach—not yet—
t through the length of yon hot terrace sweat;
l when up ten steep slopes you've dragg'd your
. at his study-door he'll bless your eyes. [thighs,
.is study! with what authors is it stor'd?
›ooks, not authors, curious is my lord;
all their dated backs he turns you round;
:se Aldus printed, those Du Suël has bound;
some are vellum, and the rest as good,
all his lordship knows,—but they are wood!
Locke or Milton 'tis in vain to look;
:se shelves admit not any modern book.

And now the chapel's silver bell you hear,
That summons you to all the pride of pray'r:
Light quirks of music, broken and unev'n,
Make the soul dance upon a jig to Heav'n.
On painted ceilings you devoutly stare,
Where sprawl the saints of Verrio or Laguerre,
Or gilded clouds in fair expansion lie,
And bring all paradise before your eye.
To rest, the cushion and soft dean invite,
Who never mentions hell to ears polite.

But, hark! the chiming clocks to dinner call;
A hundred footsteps scrape the marble hall:
The rich buffet well-colour'd serpents grace,
And gaping Tritons spew, to wash your face.
Is this a dinner? this a genial room?
No, 'tis a temple and a hecatomb.
A solemn sacrifice perform'd in state,
You drink by measure, and to minutes eat.
So quick retires each flying course, you'd swear
Sancho's dread doctor and his wand were there.
Between each act the trembling salvers ring,
From soup to sweet wine, and God bless the King.
In plenty starving, tantaliz'd in state,
And complaisantly help'd to all I hate,
Treated, caress'd, and tir'd, I take my leave,
Sick of his civil pride from morn to eve;
I curse such lavish cost and little skill,
And swear no day was ever pass'd so ill.

Yet hence the poor are cloth'd, the hungry fed;
Health to himself, and to his infants bread
The labourer bears: what his hard heart denies,
His charitable vanity supplies.

Another age shall see the golden ear
Imbrown the slope, and nod on the parterre,

harvests bury all his pride has plan'd,
.ughing Ceres reassume the land.
) then shall grace, or who improve the soil?—
lants like Bathurst, or who builds like Boyle?
.e alone that sanctifies expense,
)lendour borrows all her rays from sense.
father's acres who enjoys in peace,
kes his neighbours glad if he increase;
: cheerful tenants bless their yearly toil,
their lord owe more than to the soil;
: ample lawns are not asham'd to feed
ilky heifer and deserving steed;
: rising forests, not for pride or show,
ture buildings, future navies, grow:
; plantations stretch from down to down,
hade a country, and then raise a town.
, too, proceed! make falling arts your care,
new wonders, and the old repair;
and Palladio to themselves restore,
e whate'er Vitruvius was before:
ngs call forth the ideas of your mind,
l to accomplish what such hands design'd)
rbours open, public ways extend,
mples worthier of the God ascend,
e broad arch the dangerous flood contain,
ole projected break the roaring main,
o his bounds their subject sea command,
)ll obedient rivers through the land:
honours peace to happy Britain brings;
are imperial works, and worthy kings.

EPISTLE V.

TO MR. ADDISON.

OCCASIONED BY HIS DIALOGUES ON MEDALS.

SEE the wild waste of all devouring years!
How Rome her own sad sepulchre appears!
With nodding arches, broken temples spread!
The very tombs now vanish'd like their dead!
Imperial wonders rais'd on nations spoil'd,
Where, mix'd with slaves, the groaning martyr toil'd
Huge theatres, that now unpeopled woods,
Now drain'd a distant country of her floods:
Fanes, which admiring gods with pride survey,
Statutes of men, scarce less alive than they!
Some felt the silent stroke of mouldering age,
Some hostile fury, some religious rage:
Barbarian blindness, Christian zeal conspire,
And papal piety, and gothic fire.
Perhaps, by its own ruins sav'd from flame,
Some buried marble half preserves a name:
That name the learn'd with fierce disputes pursu
And give to Titus old Vespasian's due.
Ambition sigh'd: she found it vain to trust
The faithless column and the crumbling bust;
Huge moles, whose shadow stretch'd from shore
shore,
Their ruins perish'd, and their place no more!
Convinc'd, she now contracts her vast design,
And all her triumphs shrink into a coin.
A narrow orb each crowded conquest keeps,
Beneath her palm here sad Judea weeps.
Now scantier limits the proud arch confine,
And scarce are seen the prostrate Nile or Rhine

A small Euphrates through the piece is roll'd,
And little eagles wave their wings in gold.
The medal, faithful to its charge of fame,
Through climes and ages bears each form and name:
In one short view subjected to our eye,
Gods, emperors, heroes, sages, beauties, lie.
With sharpen'd sight pale antiquaries pore,
The' inscription value, but the rust adore.
This the blue varnish, that the green endears,
The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years!
To gain Pescennius one employs his schemes,
One grasps a Cecrops in ecstatic dreams.
Poor Vadius, long with learned spleen devour'd,
Can taste no pleasure since his shield was scour'd;
And Curio, restless by the fair one's side,
Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his bride.
Theirs is the vanity, the learning thine:
Touch'd by thy hand, again Rome's glories shine;
Her gods and godlike heroes rise to view,
And all her faded garlands bloom anew.
Nor blush these studies thy regard engage;
These pleas'd the fathers of poetic rage;
The verse and sculpture bore an equal part,
And art reflected images to art.
Oh, when shall Britain, conscious of her claim,
Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame?
In living medals see her wars enroll'd,
And vanquish'd realms supply recording gold?
Here, rising bold, the patriot's honest face;
There, warriors frowning in historic brass:
Then future ages with delight shall see
How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's looks agree;
Or in fair series laurell'd bards be shown,
A Virgil there, and here an Addison:

shall thy Craggs (and let me call him mine)
he cast ore another Pollio shine;
h aspect open shall erect his head,
l round the orb in lasting notes be read,—
atesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
action faithful, and in honour clear;
ho broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
'ho gain'd no title, and who lost no friend;
nnobled by himself, by all approv'd,
nd prais'd, unenvied, by the Muse he lov'd.'

ODE ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

1703.

Descend, ye Nine! descend and sing;
The breathing instruments inspire,
Wake into voice each silent string,
And sweep the sounding lyre!
In a sadly-pleasing strain
Let the warbling lute complain;
Let the loud trumpet sound,
Till the roofs all around
The shrill echoes rebound;
While in more lengthen'd notes and slow
The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.
Hark! the numbers soft and clear
Gently steal upon the ear;
Now louder, and yet louder rise,
And fill with spreading sounds the skies:
Exulting in triumph now swell the bold n
In broken air, trembling, the wild music

ill by degrees, remote and small,
he strains decay,
nd melt away
ı a dying, dying fall.

y music minds an equal temper know,
or swell too high, nor sink too low.
'in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
.usic her soft assuasive voice applies;
r when the soul is press'd with cares,
xalts her in enlivening airs.
/arriors she fires with animated sounds;
ours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds:
:elancholy lifts her head,
:orpheus rouses from his bed,
loth unfolds her arms and wakes,
istening Envy drops her snakes;
ıtestine war no more our passions wage,
.nd giddy factions bear away their rage.

ut when our country's cause provokes to arms,
:ow martial music every bosom warms!
o when the first bold vessel dar'd the seas,
:igh on the stern the Thracian rais'd his strain,
/hile Argo saw her kindred trees
)escend from Pelion to the main:
'ransported demi-gods stood round,
.nd men grew heroes at the sound,
ıflam'd with glory's charms:
:ach chief his sevenfold shield display'd,
.nd half unsheath'd the shining blade;
.nd seas, and rocks, and skies, rebound
'o arms, to arms, to arms;

But when through all the' infernal bounds,
Which flaming Phlegethon surrounds,
Love, strong as death, the poet led
To the pale nations of the dead,
What sounds were heard,
What scenes appear'd,
O'er all the dreary coasts!
Dreadful gleams,
Dismal screams,
Fires that glow,
Shrieks of woe,
Sullen moans,
Hollow groans,
And cries of tortur'd ghosts!
But, hark! he strikes the golden lyre;
And, see! the tortur'd ghosts respire;
See, shady forms advance!
Thy stone, O Sisyphus! stands still,
Ixion rests upon his wheel,
And the pale spectres dance;
The furies sink upon their iron beds, [h
And snakes uncurl'd hang listening round

By the streams that ever flow,
By the fragrant winds that blow
O'er the' Elysian flowers;
By those happy souls who dwell
In yellow meads of asphodel,
Or amaranthine bowers;
By the heroes' armed shades,
Glittering through the gloomy glades;
By the youths that died for love,
Wandering in the myrtle grove,

Restore, restore Eurydice to life;
Oh, take the husband, or return the wife!—
He sung, and hell consented
To hear the poet's pray'r:
Stern Proserpine relented,
And gave him back the fair.
Thus song could prevail
O'er death and o'er hell,
A conquest how hard and how glorious!
Though fate had fast bound her,
With Styx nine times round her,
Yet music and love were victorious.

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes;
Again she falls, again she dies, she dies!
How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move?
No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.
Now under hanging mountains,
Beside the falls of fountains,
Or where Hebrus wanders,
Rolling in meanders,
All alone,
Unheard, unknown,
He makes his moan;
And calls her ghost,
For ever, ever, ever lost!
Now with furies surrounded,
Despairing, confounded,
He trembles, he glows,
Amidst Rhodope's snows:
See, wild as the winds o'er the desert he flies;
Hark! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanal's cries—
Ah see, he dies!

Yet ev'n in death Eurydice he sung,
Eurydice still trembled on his tongue;
Eurydice the woods,
Eurydice the floods,
Eurydice the rocks and hollow mountains rung

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
And fate's severest rage disarm:
Music can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please:
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above.
This the divine Cecilia found,
And to her Maker's praise confin'd the sound.
When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
The' immortal powers incline their ear;
Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,
While solemn airs improve the sacred fire,
And angels lean from Heaven to hear.
Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell;
To bright Cecilia greater pow'r is given:
His numbers rais'd a shade from hell,
Her's lift the soul to Heav'n.

ODE ON SOLITUDE,

WRITTEN WHEN THE AUTHOR WAS ABOUT TWELV
YEARS OLD.

Happy the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.

se herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
se flocks supply him with attire,
se trees in summer yield him shade,
nter fire.

'd, who can unconcern'dly find
s, days, and years, slide soft away,
alth of body, peace of mind,
by day:

d sleep by night; study and ease
ther mix'd; sweet recreation;
nnocence, which most does please,
meditation.

let me live, unseen, unknown,
unlamented let me die:
from the world, and not a stone
where I lie.

ODE.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

spark of heavenly flame!
O quit this mortal frame!
oling, hoping, lingering, flying;
e pain, the bliss of dying!
, fond nature! cease thy strife,
et me languish into life.

they whisper; angels say,
spirit come away.

What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul! can this be death?

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O grave! where is thy victory?
O death! where is thy sting?

TWO CHORUSES

TO THE

THE TRAGEDY OF BRUTUS.

CHORUS OF ATHENIANS.

STROPHE 1.

Ye shades, where sacred truth is sought
Groves where immortal sages taught:
Where heavenly visions Plato fir'd,
And Epicurus lay inspir'd;
In vain your guiltless laurels stood
Unspotted long with human blood.
War, horrid war, your thoughtful walks in
And steel now glitters in the Muses' shade

ANTISTROPHE 1.

O heaven-born sisters! source of art!
Who charm the sense, or mend the hea

Who lead fair virtue's train along,
Moral truth and mystic song!
To what new clime, what distant sky,
Forsaken, friendless, shall ye fly?
Say, will ye bless the bleak Atlantic shore?
Or bid the furious Gaul be rude no more?

STROPHE II.

When Athens sinks by fates unjust,
When wild Barbarians spurn her dust;
Perhaps ev'n Britain's utmost shore
Shall cease to blush with strangers' gore:
See arts her savage sons control,
And Athens rising near the pole!
Till some new tyrant lifts his purple hand,
And civil madness tears them from the land.

ANTISTROPHE II.

Ye gods! what justice rules the ball?
Freedom and arts together fall;
Fools grant whate'er ambition craves,
And men, once ignorant, are slaves.
Oh, curs'd effects of civil hate,
In every age, in every state!
Still, when the lust of tyrant power succeeds,
Some Athens perishes, some Tully bleeds.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS.

SEMICHORUS.

O tyrant Love! hast thou possess'd
The prudent, learn'd, and virtuous breast?
Wisdom and wit in vain reclaim,
And arts but soften us to feel thy flame.

Love, soft intruder, enters here,
But, entering, learns to be sincere.
Marcus with blushes owns he loves,
And Brutus tenderly reproves.
Why, virtue, dost thou blame desire
Which nature hath impress'd?
Why, nature, dost thou soonest fire
The mild and generous breast?

CHORUS.

Love's purer flames the gods approve;
The gods and Brutus bend to love:
Brutus for absent Porcia sighs,
And sterner Cassius melts at Junia's eyes.
What is loose love? a transient gust,
Spent in a sudden storm of lust,
A vapour fed from wild desire,
A wandering, self-consuming fire.
But Hymen's kinder flames unite,
And burn for ever one;
Chaste as cold Cynthia's virgin light,
Productive as the sun.

SEMICHORUS.

Oh, source of every social tie,
United wish, and mutual joy!
What various joys on one attend,
As son, as father, brother, husband, friend!
Whether his hoary sire he spies,
While thousand grateful thoughts arise;
Or meets his spouse's fonder eye,
Or views his smiling progeny;

ıt tender passions take their turns,
'hat home-felt raptures move!
heart now melts, now leaps, now burns,
'ith reverence, hope, and love.

CHORUS.

ce, guilty joys, distastes, surmises,
ce, false tears, deceits, disguises,
gers, doubts, delays, surprises,
s that scorch, yet dare not shine.
love's unwasting treasure,
nt faith, fair hope, long leisure,
f ease, and nights of pleasure;
ed Hymen! these are thine.

THE

TEMPLE OF FAME.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1711.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The hint of the following piece was taken from Chaucer's House of Fame. The design is in a manner entirely altered, the descriptions and most of the particular thoughts my own: yet I could not suffer it to be printed without this acknowledgment. The reader who would compare this with Chaucer may begin with his third book of Fame, there being nothing in the two first books that answer to their title.

In that soft season, when descending showers
Call forth the greens, and wake the rising flowers;
When opening buds salute the welcome day,
And earth relenting feels the genial ray;
As balmy sleep had charm'd my cares to rest,
And love itself was banish'd from my breast,
(What time the morn mysterious visions brings,
While purer slumbers spread their golden wings)
A train of phantoms in wild order rose,
And, join'd, this intellectual scene compose.
I stood, methought, betwixt earth, seas, and skies;
The whole creation open to my eyes:
In air self-balanc'd hung the globe below,
Where mountains rise and circling oceans flow;

naked rocks, and empty wastes were seen,
'e towery cities, and the forests green;
sailing ships delight the wandering eyes;
'e trees and intermingled temples rise:
a clear sun the shining scene displays,
transient landscape now in clouds decays.
er the wide prospect as I gaz'd around,
en I heard a wild promiscuous sound,
broken thunders that at distance roar,
llows murmuring on the hollow shore:
gazing up, a glorious pile beheld,
se towering summit ambient clouds conceal'd.
on a rock of ice the structure lay,
its ascent, and slippery was the way:
wondrous rock like Parian marble shone,
seem'd, to distant sight, of solid stone.
iptions here of various names I view'd,
greater part by hostile time subdued;
vide was spread their fame in ages past,
poets once had promis'd they should last.
fresh engrav'd appear'd of wits renown'd:
t'd again, nor could their trace be found.
s I saw, that other names deface,
fix their own, with labour, in their place:
own, like others, soon their place resign'd,
sappear'd, and left the first behind.
vas the work impair'd by storms alone,
elt the' approaches of too warm a sun;
ame, impatient of extremes, decays
nore by envy than excess of praise.
art no injuries of Heaven could feel,
crystal faithful to the graving steel:
rock's high summit, in the temple's shade,
eat could melt, nor beating storm invade.

Their names inscrib'd unnumber'd ages past
From time's first birth, with time itself shall last;
These ever new, nor subject to decays,
Spread and grow brighter with the length of days.
So Zembla's rocks (the beauteous work of frost)
Rise white in air, and glitter o'er the coast;
Pale suns, unfelt, at distance roll away,
And on the' impassive ice the lightnings play;
Eternal snows the growing mass supply,
Till the bright mountains prop the' incumbent sky!
As Atlas fix'd, each hoary pile appears,
The gather'd winter of a thousand years.
On this foundation Fame's high temple stands;
Stupendous pile! not rear'd by mortal hands.
Whate'er proud Rome or artful Greece beheld,
Or elder Babylon, its frame excell'd.
Four faces had the dome, and every face
Of various structure, but of equal grace:
Four brazen gates, on columns lifted high,
Salute the different quarters of the sky.
Here fabled chiefs in darker ages born,
Or worthies old, whom arms or arts adorn,
Who cities rais'd, or tam'd a monstrous race,
The walls in venerable order grace:
Heroes in animated marble frown,
And legislators seem to think in stone.
Westward, a sumptuous frontispiece appear'd,
On doric pillars of white marble rear'd,
Crown'd with an architrave of antique mold,
And sculpture rising on the roughen'd gold.
In shaggy spoils here Theseus was beheld,
And Perseus dreadful with Minerva's shield:
There great Alcides, stooping with his toil,
Rests on his club, and holds the' Hesperian spoil;

Orpheus sings; trees moving to the sound
from their roots, and form a shade around:
hion there the loud creating lyre
es, and beholds a sudden Thebes aspire!
æron's echoes answer to his call,
half the mountain rolls into a wall:
e might you see the lengthening spires ascend,
domes swell up, the widening arches bend,
growing towers, like exhalations, rise,
the huge columns heave into the skies.
e eastern front was glorious to behold,
diamond flaming, and barbaric gold.
e Ninus shone, who spread the' Assyrian fame,
the great founder of the Persian name:
e in long robes the royal magi stand,
e Zoroaster waves the circling wand;
sage Chaldeans rob'd in white appear'd,
brachmans, deep in desert woods rever'd,
e stopp'd the moon, and call'd the' unbodied shades
nidnight banquets in the glimmering glades;
visonary fabrics round them rise,
airy spectres skim before their eyes;
lismans and sigils knew the pow'r,
careful watch'd the planetary hour.
rior, and alone, Confucius stood,
taught that useful science,—to be good.
on the south, a long majestic race
Egypt's priests the gilded niches grace,
measur'd earth, describ'd the starry spheres,
trac'd the long records of lunar years.
on his car Sesostris struck my view,
m scepter'd slaves in golden harness drew:
nands a bow and pointed javelin hold;
iant limbs are arm'd in scales of gold.

Between the statues obelisks were plac'd,
And the learn'd walls with hieroglyphics grac'd.
Of gothic structure was the northern side,
O'erwrought with ornaments of barbarous pride.
There huge colosses rose, with trophies crown'd,
And runic characters were grav'd around:
There sat Xamolxis with erected eyes,
And Odin here in mimic trances dies,
There on rude iron columns, smear'd with blood,
The horrid forms of Scythian heroes stood,
Druids and bards, (their once loud harps unstrung)
And youths that died to be by poets sung.
These and a thousand more of doubtful fame,
To whom old fables gave a lasting name,
In ranks adorn'd the temple's outward face:
The walls in lustre and effect like glass,
Which o'er each object casting various dyes,
Enlarges some, and others multiplies:
Nor void of emblem was the mystic wall,
For thus romantic fame increases all.
The temple shakes, the sounding gates unfold,
Wide vaults appear, and roofs of fretted gold,
Rais'd on a thousand pillars, wreath'd around
With laurel foliage, and with eagles crown'd:
Of bright transparent beryl were the walls,
The friezes gold, and gold the capitals:
As heav'n with stars, the roof with jewels glows,
And ever-living lamps depend in rows.
Full in the passage of each spacious gate,
The sage historians in white garments wait;
Grav'd o'er their seats the form of Time was found,
His scythe revers'd, and both his pinions bound.
Within stood heroes, who through loud alarms
In bloody fields pursued renown in arms.

on a throne, with trophies charg'd, I view'd
'outh that all things but himself subdued;
:et on sceptres and tiaras trod,
ıis horn'd head belied the Lybian god.
: Cæsar, grac'd with both Minervas, shone;
', the world's great master, and his own;
v'd, superior still in every state.
carce detested in his country's fate.
ıief were those who not for empire fought,
ith their toils their people's safety bought:
o'er the rest Epaminondas stood;
con, glorious in his brother's blood;
Scipio, saviour of the Roman state,
in his triumphs, in retirement great;
'ise Aurelius, in whose well-taught mind
ɔoundless power unbounded virtue join'd
vn strict judge, and patron of mankind.
h-suffering heroes next their honours claim,
of less noisy and less guilty fame,
rtue's silent train: supreme, of these
:ver shines the godlike Socrates:
om ungrateful Athens could expel,
times just but when he sign'd the shell:
ıis abode the martyr'd Phocion claims,
Agis, not the last of Spartan names:
quer'd Cato shows the wound he tore,
rutus his ill genius meets no more.
in the centre of the hallow'd choir
ımpous columns o'er the rest aspire;
l the shrine itself of Fame they stand,
ıe chief honours, and the fane command.
n the first the mighty Homer shone;
l adamant compos'd his throne;
of verse! in holy fillets dress'd,
er beard wav'd gently o'er his breast;

Though blind, a boldness in his looks appears;
In years he seem'd, but not impair'd by years.
The wars of Troy were round the pillar seen:
Here fierce Tydides wounds the Cyprian queen;
Here Hector, glorious from Patroclus' fall;
Here, drag'd in triumph round the Trojan wall.
Motion and life did every part inspire,
Bold was the work, and prov'd the master's fire;
A strong expression most he seem'd to affect,
And here and there disclos'd a brave neglect.

A golden column next in rank appear'd,
On which a shrine of purest gold was rear'd;
Finish'd the whole and labour'd every part,
With patient touches of unwearied art.
The Mantuan there in sober triumph sate,
Compos'd his posture, and his looks sedate;
On Homer still he fix'd a reverend eye,
Great without pride, in modest majesty.
In living sculpture on the sides were spread
The Latian wars, and haughty Turnas dead:
Eliza stretch'd upon the funeral pyre;
Æneas bending with his aged sire:
Troy flam'd in burning gold, and o'er the thron
'Arms and the man' in golden ciphers shone.

Four swans sustain a car of silver bright,
With heads advanc'd, and pinions stretch'd for flig
Here, like some furious prophet, Pindar rode,
And seem'd to labour with the' inspiring god.
Across the harp a careless hand he flings,
And boldly sinks into the sounding strings.
The figur'd games of Greece the column grace
Neptune and Jove survey the rapid race:
The youths hang o'er their chariots as they run
The fiery steeds seem starting from the stone;

The champions in distorted postures threat:
And all appear'd irregularly great.
  Here happy Horace tun'd the' Ausonian lyre
To sweeter sounds, and temper'd Pindar's fire;
Pleas'd with Alcæus' manly rage to' infuse
The softer spirit of the Sapphic Muse.
The polish'd pillar different sculptures grace,
A work outlasting monumental brass.
Here smiling loves and bacchanals appear,
The Julian star, and great Augustus here:
The doves, that round the infant poet spread
Myrtles and bays, hang hovering o'er his head.
  Here, in a shrine that cast a dazzling light,
Sate fix'd in thought the mighty Stagirite;
His sacred head a radiant zodiac crown'd,
And various animals his sides surround;
His piercing eyes, erect, appear to view
Superior worlds, and look all nature through.
  With equal rays immortal Tully shone;
The Roman rostra deck'd the consul's throne:
Gathering his flowing robe, he seem'd to stand
In act to speak, and graceful stretch'd his hand.
Behind, Rome's genius waits with civic crowns,
And the great father of his country owns.
  These massy columns in a circle rise,
O'er which a pompous dome invades the skies:
Scarce to the top I stretch'd my aching sight,
So large it spread, and swell'd to such a height.
Full in the midst proud Fame's imperial seat
With jewels blaz'd, magnificently great:
The vivid emeralds there revive the eye,
The flaming rubies show their sanguine dye,
Bright azure rays from lively sapphires stream,
And lucid amber casts a golden gleam.

With various-colour'd light the pavement shone,
And all on fire appear'd the glowing throne:
The dome's high arch reflects the mingled blaze,
And forms a rainbow of alternate rays.——
When on the goddess first I cast my sight,
Scarce seem'd her stature of a cubit's height;
But swell'd to larger size, the more I gaz'd,
Till to the roof her towering front she rais'd.
With her, the temple every moment grew,
And ampler vistas open'd to my view:
Upward the columns shoot, the roofs ascend,
And arches widen, and long aisles extend.
Such was her form, as ancient bards have told;
Wings raise her arms, and wings her feet infold;
A thousand busy tongues the goddess bears,
A thousand open eyes, and thousand listening ears.
Beneath, in order rang'd, the tuneful Nine
(Her virgin handmaids) still attend the shrine;
With eyes on Fame for ever fix'd, they sing;
For fame they raise the voice, and tune the string;
With time's first birth began the heavenly lays,
And last, eternal through the length of days.
  Around these wonders as I cast a look,
The trumpet sounded, and the temple shook,
And all the nations, summon'd at the call,
From different quarters fill the crowded hall,
Of various tongues the mingled sounds were heard,
In various garbs promiscuous throngs appear'd:
Thick as the bees, that with the spring renew
Their flowery toils, and sip the fragrant dew.
When the wing'd colonies first tempt the sky,
O'er dusky fields and shaded waters fly,
Or, settling, seize the sweets the blossoms yield,
And a low murmur runs along the field.

ions of suppliant crowds the shrine attend,
l all degrees before the goddess bend:
poor, the rich, the valiant, and the sage,
l boasting youth, and narrative old age.
ir pleas were different, their request the same;
good and bad alike are fond of Fame.
ıe she disgrac'd, and some with honours crown'd;
ike successes equal merits found.
.s her blind sister, fickle Fortune, reigns,
, undiscerning, scatters crowns and chains.
irst at the shrine the learned world appear,
. to the goddess thus prefer their pray'r:—
ng have we sought to' instruct and please man-
h studies pale, with midnight vigils blind; [kind,
thank'd by few, rewarded yet by none,
here appeal to thy superior throne:
wit and learning the just prize bestow,
fame is all we must expect below.'
he goddess heard, and bade the Muses raise
golden trumpet of eternal praise:—
n pole to pole the winds diffuse the sound,
t fills the circuit of the world around;
all at once, as thunder breaks the cloud,
notes at first were rather sweet than loud;
ust degrees they every moment rise,
the wide earth, and gain upon the skies.
:very breath were balmy odours shed,
.ch still grew sweeter as they wider spread;
; fragrant scents the' unfolding rose exhales,
pices breathing in Arabian gales.
ext these the good and just, an awful train,
s on their knees address'd the sacred fane:
ce living virtue is with envy curs'd,
the best men are treated like the worst,

Do thou, just goddess, call our merits forth,
And give each deed the' exact intrinsic worth.'
'Not with bare justice shall your act be crown'd,
(Said Fame) but high above desert renown'd:
Let fuller notes the' applauding world amaze,
And the loud clarion labour in your praise.'
This band dismiss'd, behold another crowd
Prefer'd the same request, and lowly bow'd;
The constant tenor of whose well-spent days
No less deserv'd a just return of praise.
But straight the direful trump of Slander sounds
Through the big dome the doubling thunder bounds
Loud as the burst of cannon rends the skies,
The dire report through every region flies,
In every ear incessant rumours rung,
And gathering scandals grew on every tongue.
From the black trumpet's rusty concave broke
Sulphureous flames, and clouds of rolling smoke
The poisonous vapour blots the purple skies,
And withers all before it as it flies.
A troop came next, who crowns and armour wore
And proud defiance in their looks they bore:
'For thee (they cried) amidst alarms and strife,
We sail'd in tempests down the stream of life;
For thee whole nations fill'd with flames and blood
And swam to empire through the purple flood:
Those ills we dar'd, thy inspiration own;
What virtue seem'd, was done for thee alone.'
'Ambitious fools! (the queen replied, and frown'd)
Be all your acts in dark oblivion drown'd;
There sleep forgot, with mighty tyrants gone,
Your statues moulder'd, and your names unknown!
A sudden cloud straight snatch'd them from my
And each majestic phantom sunk in night. [sight

Then came the smallest tribe I yet had seen;
in was their dress, and modest was their mien:
reat idol of mankind! we neither claim
e praise of merit, nor aspire to fame!
: safe in deserts from the' applause of men,
uld die unheard of, as we liv'd unseen!
; all we beg thee, to conceal from sight
ose acts of goodness which themselves require.
et us still the secret joy partake,
follow virtue ev'n for virtue's sake.'
And live there men who slight immortal fame?
o then with incense shall adore our name?
, mortals! know, 'tis still our greatest pride,
blaze those virtues which the good would hide.
! Muses, rise! add all your tuneful breath,
se must not sleep in darkness and in death.'
said: in air the trembling music floats,
. on the winds triumphant swell the notes;
oft, though high, so loud, and yet so clear,
a listening angels lean'd from Heaven to hear:
urthest shores the' ambrosial spirit flies,
et to the world, and grateful to the skies.
ext these a youthful train their vows express'd,
a feathers crown'd, with gay embroidery dress'd:
her (they cried) direct your eyes, and see
men of pleasure, dress, and gallantry;
is the place at banquets, balls, and plays,
ghtly our nights, polite are all our days;
ts we frequent, where 'tis our pleasing care
ay due visits and address the fair;
ct, 'tis true, no nymph we could persuade,
still in fancy vanquish'd every maid;
nknown duchesses lewd tales we tell,
would the world believe us, all were well.

Pleas'd with the strange success, vas
Around the shrine, and made the same r
'What, you, (she cried) unlearn'd in arts
Slaves to yourselves, and ev'n fatigued w
Who lose a length of undeserving days,
Would you usurp the lover's dear-bough
To just contempt, ye vain pretenders! f
The people's fable, and the scorn of all.'
Straight the black clarion sends a horrid
Loud laughs burst out, and bitter scoffs
Whispers are heard, with taunts reviling
And scornful hisses run through all the c
Last, those who boast of mighty mischi
Enslave their country, or usurp a throne
Or who their glory's dire foundation laid
On sovereigns ruin'd, or on friends betra
Calm, thinking villains, whom no faith c
Of crooked counsels and dark politics;
Of these a gloomy tribe surround the th
And beg to make the' immortal treasons
The trumpet roars, long flaky flames ex

·t less in number were the spacious doors
an leaves on trees, or sands upon the shores;
hich still unfolded stand, by night, by day,
rvious to winds, and open every way.
flames by nature to the skies ascend,
weighty bodies to the centre tend,
to the sea returning rivers roll,
d the touch'd needle trembles to the pole;
:her, as to their proper place, arise
various sounds from earth, and seas, and skies,
spoke aloud, or whisper'd in the ear;
r ever silence, rest, or peace is here.
on the smooth expanse of crystal lakes
e sinking stone at first a circle makes,
e trembling surface, by the motion stir'd,
:eads in a second circle, then a third;
de, and more wide, the floating rings advance,
l all the watery plain, and to the margin dance:
us every voice and sound, when first they break,
neighbouring air a soft impression make;
other ambient circle then they move;
at, in its turn, impels the next above;
rough undulating air the sounds are sent,
d spread o'er all the fluid element.
There various news I heard of love and strife,
peace and war, health, sickness, death, and life,
loss and gain, of famine and of store,
storms at sea, and travels on the shore,
prodigies, and portents seen in air,
fires and plagues, and stars with blazing hair,
turns of fortune, changes in the state,
e falls of favourites, projects of the great,
old mismanagements, taxations new,
neither wholly false, nor wholly true.

Above, below, without, within, around,
Confus'd, unnumber'd multitudes are found,
Who pass, repass, advance, and glide away,
Hosts rais'd by fear, and phantoms of a day:
Astrologers, that future fates foreshew,
Projectors, quacks, and lawyers not a few;
And priests, and party zealots, numerous bands,
With home-born lies, or tales from foreign lands;
Each talk'd aloud, or in some secret place,
And wild impatience star'd in every face.
The flying rumours gather'd as they roll'd,
Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told;
And all who told it added something new,
And all who heard it made enlargements too;
In every ear it spread, on every tongue it grew.
Thus flying east and west, and north and south,
News travell'd with increase from mouth to mouth.
So from a spark, that kindled first by chance,
With gathering force the quickening flames advance;
Till to the clouds their curling heads aspire,
And towers and temples sink in floods of fire.
When thus ripe lies are to perfection sprung,
Full grown, and fit to grace a mortal tongue,
Through thousand vents, impatient, forth they flow
And rush in millions on the world below:
Fame sits aloft, and points them out their course,
Their date determines, and prescribes their force
Some to remain, and some to perish soon,
Or wane and wax alternate like the moon.
Around a thousand winged wonders fly,
Borne by the trumpet's blast, and scatter'd throug
the sky.
There, at one passage, oft you might survey
A lie and truth contending for the way;

And long 'twas doubtful, both so closely pent,
Which first should issue through the narrow vent;
At last agreed, together out they fly,
Inseparable now the truth and lie:
The strict companions are for ever join'd,
And this or that, unmix'd, no mortal e'er shall find.
While thus I stood, intent to see and hear,
One came, methought, and whisper'd in my ear:
'What could thus high thy rash ambition raise?
Art thou, fond youth, a candidate for praise?'
'Tis true, (said I) not void of hopes I came,
For who so fond as youthful bards of fame?
But few, alas! the casual blessing boast,
So hard to gain, so easy to be lost.
How vain that second life in others' breath,
The' estate which wits inherit after death!
Ease, health, and life, for this they must resign,
(Unsure the tenure, but how vast the fine!)
The great man's curse, without the gains, endure,
Be envied, wretched; and be flatter'd, poor;
All luckless wits their enemies profess'd,
And all successful, jealous friends at best.
Nor fame I slight, nor for her favours call;
She comes unlook'd for, if she comes at all.
But if the purchase costs so dear a price,
As soothing folly, or exalting vice;
Oh! if the Muse must flatter lawless sway,
And follow still where fortune leads the way;
Or if no basis bear my rising name,
But the fall'n ruins of another's fame;
Then teach me, Heav'n! to scorn the guilty bays,
Drive from my breast that wretched lust of praise;
Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown:
Oh, grant an honest fame, or grant me none!

EPISTLES.

TO

*ROBERT EARL OF OXFORD AND MOR TIMER.**

Such were the notes thy once-lov'd poet sung,
Till death untimely stopp'd his tuneful tongue.
Oh, just beheld and lost! admir'd and mourn'd!
With softest manners, gentlest arts, adorn'd!
Bless'd in each science! bless'd in every strain!
Dear to the Muse! to Harley dear—in vain!

For him thou oft hast bid the world attend,
Fond to forget the statesman in the friend;
For Swift and him despis'd the farce of state,
The sober follies of the wise and great;
Dextrous the craving, fawning crowd, to quit,
And pleas'd to 'scape from flattery to wit.

Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear,
(A sigh the absent claims, the dead a tear)
Recal those nights that clos'd thy toilsome days,
Still hear thy Parnell in his living lays;
Who, careless now of interest, fame, or fate,
Perhaps forgets that Oxford e'er was great;
Or deeming meanest what we greatest call,
Beholds thee glorious only in thy fall.

* Sent to the Earl of Oxford with Dr. Parnell's Poems, published by our author after the Earl's imprisonment in the Tower and retreat into the country, in the year 1721.

And sure if aught below the seats divine
Can touch immortals, 'tis a soul like thine;
A soul supreme, in each hard instance tried,
Above all pain, all passion, and all pride,
The rage of power, the blast of public breath,
The lust of lucre, and the dread of death.
In vain to deserts thy retreat is made,
The Muse attends thee to thy silent shade:
'Tis her's the brave man's latest steps to trace,
Rejudge his acts, and dignify disgrace.
When interest calls off all her sneaking train,
And all the' oblig'd desert, and all the vain,
She waits, or to the scaffold or the cell,
When the last lingering friend has bid farewell.
Ev'n now she shades thy evening walk with bays;
(No hireling she, no prostitute to praise)
Ev'n now, observant of the parting ray,
Eyes the calm sunset of thy various day,
Through fortune's cloud one truly great can see,
Nor fears to tell that Mortimer is he.

TO

JAMES CRAGGS, ESQ.

SECRETARY OF STATE. 1720.

A SOUL, as full of worth as void of pride,
Which nothing seeks to show, or needs to hide,
Which nor to guilt nor fear its caution owes,
And boasts a warmth that from no passion flows.
A face untaught to feign; a judging eye,
That darts severe upon a rising lie,
And strikes a blush through frontless flattery.

All this thou wert; and being this before,
Know kings and fortune cannot make thee r
Then scorn to gain a friend by servile ways,
Nor wish to lose a foe these virtues raise;
But candid, free, sincere, as you began,
Proceed—a minister, but still a man.
Be not (exalted to whate'er degree)
Asham'd of any friend, not ev'n of me:
The patriot's plain but untrod path pursue;
If not, 'tis I must be ashamed of you.

TO

MR. JERVAS,

WITH MR. DRYDEN'S TRANSLATION OF FRI
ART OF PAINTING.*

This verse be thine, my friend! nor thou re
This from no venal or ungrateful Muse.
Whether thy hand strike out some free desig
Where life awakes, and dawns at every line,
Or blend in beauteous tints the colour'd mas
And from the canvass call the mimic face;
Read these instructive leaves, in which cons
Fresnoy's close art and Dryden's native fire;
And reading wish, like theirs, our fate and f
So mix'd our studies, and so join'd our name
Like them to shine through long succeeding
So just thy skill, so regular my rage.
Smit with the love of sister arts we came,
And met congenial, mingling flame with flan

* This epistle, and the two following, were written son
before the rest, and originally printed in 1717.

e friendly colours found them both unite,
l each from each contract new strength and light.
v oft in pleasing tasks we wear the day,
ile summer-suns roll unperceiv'd away!
v oft our slowly-growing works impart,
ile images reflect from art to art!
v oft review; each finding, like a friend,
ıething to blame, and something to commend!
What flattering scenes our wandering fancy wrought,
ne's pompous glories rising to our thought!
;ether o'er the Alps, methinks we fly,
d with ideas of fair Italy.
:h thee on Raphael's monument I mourn,
wait inspiring dreams at Maro's urn:
:h thee repose where Tully once was laid,
seek some ruin's formidable shade.
ile fancy brings the vanish'd piles to view,
l builds imaginary Rome anew,
·e thy well-studied marbles fix our eye;
ıding fresco here demands a sigh:
:h heavenly piece unwearied we compare,
:ch Raphael's grace with thy lov'd Guido's air,
racci's strength, Correggio's softer line,
ılo's free stroke, and Titian's warmth divine.
Iow finish'd with illustrious toil appears
s small well-polish'd gem, the work of * years!
still how faint by precept is express'd
: living image in the painter's breast!
:nce endless streams of fair ideas flow,
ike in the sketch, or in the picture glow;
:nce beauty, waking all her forms, supplies
angel's sweetness, or Bridgewater's eyes.

* *Fresnoy* employed above 20 years in finishing his poem.

Muse! at that name thy sacred sorrows shed
Those tears eternal that embalm the dead;
Call round her tomb each object of desire,
Each purer frame inform'd with purer fire;
Bid her be all that cheers or softens life,
The tender sister, daughter, friend, and wife;
Bid her be all that makes mankind adore,
Then view this marble, and be vain no more!

Yet still her charms in breathing paint engage,
Her modest cheek shall warm a future age.
Beauty, frail flow'r, that every season fears,
Blooms in thy colours for a thousand years.
Thus Churchill's race shall other hearts surprise,
And other beauties envy Worsley's eyes;
Each pleasing Blount shall endless smiles bestow
And soft Belinda's blush for ever glow.

O! lasting as those colours may they shine!
Free as thy stroke, yet faultless as thy line:
New graces yearly like thy works display,
Soft without weakness, without glaring gay:
Led by some rule that guides, but not constrains
And finish'd more through happiness than pains.
The kindred arts shall in their praise conspire,
One dip the pencil, and one string the lyre.
Yet should the Graces all thy figures place,
And breathe an air divine on every face;
Yet should the Muses bid my numbers roll
Strong as their charms, and gentle as their soul;
With Zeuxis' Helen thy Bridgewater vie,
And these be sung till Granville's Myra die:
Alas! how little from the grave we claim!
Thou but preserv'st a face, and I a name.

TO MISS BLOUNT.

WITH THE WORKS OF VOITURE. 1717.

hese gay thoughts the loves and graces shine,
l all the writer lives in every line;
easy art may happy nature seem;
les themselves are elegant in him.
e to charm all was his peculiar fate,
o without flattery pleas'd the fair and great;
l with esteem no less convers'd than read;
h wit well-natur'd, and with books well-bred:
heart, his mistress and his friend did share,
time, the Muse, the witty and the fair.
is wisely careless, innocently gay,
erful he play'd the trifle life away;
fate scarce felt his gentle breath suppress'd,
miling infants sport themselves to rest.
rival wits did Voiture's death deplore,
l the gay mourn'd who never mourn'd before;
truest hearts for Voiture heav'd with sighs;
ure was wept by all the brightest eyes:
smiles and loves had died in Voiture's death,
that for ever in his lines they breathe.
et the strict life of graver mortals be
ng, exact, and serious comedy;
very scene some moral let it teach,
, if it can, at once both please and preach:
mine an innocent gay farce appear,
more diverting still than regular;
e humour, wit, a native ease and grace,
ugh not too strictly bound to time and place.
ics in wit or life are hard to please;
write to those, and none can live to these.

Too much your sex is by their forms confi
Severe to all, but most to womankind;
Custom, grown blind with age, must be your
Your pleasure is a vice, but not your pride;
By nature yielding, stubborn but for fame,
Made slaves by honour, and made fools by sh
Marriage may all those petty tyrants chase,
But sets up one, a greater, in their place:
Well might you wish for change by those acc
But the last tyrant ever proves the worst.
Still in constraint your suffering sex remains,
Or bound in formal or in real chains:
Whole years neglected for some months ado
The fawning servant turns a haughty lord.
Ah! quit not the free innocence of life
For the dull glory of a virtuous wife;
Nor let false shows nor empty titles please:
Aim not at joy, but rest content with ease.

The gods, to curse Pamela with her pray'
Gave the gilt coach and dappled Flanders m
The shining robes, rich jewels, beds of state,
And, to complete her bliss, a fool for mate.
She glares in balls, front-boxes, and the ring,
A vain, unquiet, glittering, wretched thing!
Pride, pomp, and state, but reach her outward
She sighs, and is no duchess at her heart.

But, madam, if the fates withstand, and yo
Are destin'd Hymen's willing victim too,
Trust not too much your now resistless chari
Those age or sickness, soon or late, disarms;
Good-humour only teaches charms to last,
Still makes new conquests, and maintains th
Love rais'd on beauty will like that decay,
Our hearts may bear its slender chain a day

As flowery bands in wantonness are worn,
A morning's pleasure, and at evening torn;
This binds in ties more easy, yet more strong,
The willing heart, and only holds it long.
Thus Voiture's early care* still shone the same,
And Monthausier was only chang'd in name:
By this ev'n now they live, ev'n now they charm,
Their wit still sparkling, and their flames still warm.
Now crown'd with myrtle on the' Elysian coast,
Amid those lovers joys his gentle ghost;
Pleas'd while with smiles his happy lines you view,
And finds a fairer Rambouillet in you.
The brightest eyes of France inspir'd his Muse;
The brightest eyes of Britain now peruse;
And dead, as living, 'tis our author's pride,
Still to charm those who charm the world beside.

TO THE SAME,

ON HER LEAVING THE TOWN AFTER THE CORONATION. 1715.

As some fond virgin, whom her mother's care
Drags from the town to wholesome country air,
Just when she learns to roll a melting eye,
And hear a spark, yet think no danger nigh;
From the dear man unwilling she must sever,
Yet takes one kiss before she parts for ever:
Thus from the world fair Zephalinda flew,
Saw others happy, and with sighs withdrew;
Not that their pleasures caus'd her discontent;
She sigh'd not that they stay'd, but that she went.

* Mademoiselle Paulet.

To part her time 'twixt reading and bu
To muse, and spill her solitary tea,
Or o'er cold coffee trifle with the spoo
Count the slow clock, and dine exact a
Divert her eyes with pictures in the fir
Hum half a tune, tell stories to the 'squ
Up to her godly garret after seven,
There starve and pray, for that's the way

Some squire, perhaps, you take delig
Whose game is whist, whose treat a toa
Who visits with a gun, presents you bir
Then gives a smacking buss, and cries—
Or with his hounds comes hallooing from
Makes love with nods, and knees bene
Whose laughs are hearty, though his jests
And loves you best of all things—but hi

In some fair evening on your elbow l
You dream of triumphs in the rural sha
In pensive thought recal the fancied sc
See coronations rise on every green:
Before you pass the' imaginary sights

Just when his fancy points your sprightly eyes,
Or sees the blush of soft Parthenia rise,
Gay pats my shoulder, and you vanish quite,
Streets, chairs, and coxcombs, rush upon my sight;
Vex'd to be still in town I knit my brow,
Look sour, and hum a tune, as you may now.

TO MR. JOHN MOORE,

AUTHOR OF THE CELEBRATED WORM-POWDER.

How much, egregious Moore! are we
  Deceiv'd by shows and forms!
Whate'er we think, whate'er we see,
  All human kind are worms.

Man is a very worm by birth,
  Vile reptile, weak, and vain!
Awhile he crawls upon the earth,
  Then shrinks to earth again.

That woman is a worm we find,
  E'er since our grandam's evil;
She first convers'd with her own kind,
  That ancient worm, the devil.

The learn'd themselves we book-worms name,
  The blockhead is a slow-worm;
The nympth whose tail is all on flame,
  Is aptly term'd a glow-worm.

The fops are painted butterflies
  That flutter for a day;
First from a worm they take their rise,
  And in a worm decay.

The flatterer an ear-wig grows;
  Thus worms suit all conditions;
Misers are muck-worms; silk-worms, bea
  And death-watches, physicians.

That statesmen have the worm, is seen
  By all their winding play;
Their conscience is a worm within
  That gnaws them night and day.

Ah, Moore! thy skill were well employ'd
  And greater gain would rise,
If thou couldst make the courtier void
  The worm that never dies!

O learned friend of Abchurch Lane,
  Who sett'st our entrails free;
Vain is thy art, thy powder vain,
  Since worms shall eat ev'n thee.

Our fate thou only canst adjourn
  Some few short years, no more!
Ev'n Button's wits to worms shall turn,
  Who maggots were before.

TO MRS. M. B.

ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

Oh, be thou bless'd with all that Heav'n can send,
Long health, long youth, long pleasure, and a friend:
Not with those toys the female world admire,
Riches that vex, and vanities that tire.
With added years, if life bring nothing new,
But like a sieve let every blessing through,
Some joy still lost, as each vain year runs o'er,
And all we gain, some sad reflection more:
Is that a birth-day? 'tis, alas! too clear,
'Tis but the funeral of the former year.
Let joy or ease, let affluence or content,
And the gay conscience of a life well spent,
Calm every thought, inspirit every grace,
Glow in thy heart, and smile upon thy face.
Let day improve on day, and year on year,
Without a pain, a trouble, or a fear;
Till death, unfelt, that tender frame destroy,
In some soft dream, or ecstasy of joy,
Peaceful sleep out the sabbath of the tomb,
And wake to raptures in a life to come.

TO MR. T. SOUTHERN,

ON HIS BIRTH-DAY. 1742.

Resign'd to live, prepar'd to die,
With not one sin but poetry,
This day Tom's fair account has run
(Without a blot) to eighty-one.

Kind Boyle, before his poet, lays
A table with a cloth of bays;
And Ireland, mother of sweet singers,
Presents her harp still to his fingers.
The feast, his towering genius marks
In yonder wild-goose and the larks!
The mushrooms show his wit was sudde
And for his judgment, lo, a pudden!
Roast beef, though old, proclaims him s
And grace, although a bard, devout.
May Tom, whom Heav'n sent down to r
The price of prologues and of plays,
Be every birth-day more a winner,
Digest his thirty-thousandth dinner;
Walk to his grave without reproach,
And scorn a rascal and a coach.

JANUARY AND MAY.

FROM CHAUCER.

RE liv'd in Lombardy, as authors write,
ıys of old, a wise and worthy knight;
entle manners, as of generous race, [grace:
s'd with much sense, more riches, and some
led astray by Venus' soft delights,
carce could rule some idle appetites;
long ago, let priests say what they could,
k sinful laymen were but flesh and blood.
ıt in due time, when sixty years were o'er,
ow'd to lead this vicious life no more;
ther pure holiness inspir'd his mind,
otage turn'd his brain, is hard to find;
his high courage prick'd him forth to wed,
try the pleasures of a lawful bed.
was his nightly dream, his daily care,
to the heavenly powers his constant pray'r,
, ere he died, to taste the blissful life
kind husband and a loving wife.
ıese thoughts he fortified with reason still
none want reasons to confirm their will.)
e authors say, and witty poets sing,
: honest wedlock is a glorious thing:
depth of judgment most in him appears,
wisely weds in his maturer years.

Then let him choose a damsel young and fair,
To bless his age, and bring a worthy heir;
To soothe his cares, and, free from noise and str
Conduct him gently to the verge of life.
Let sinful bachelors their woes deplore,
Full well they merit all they feel, and more:
Unaw'd by precepts, human or divine,
Like birds and beasts, promiscuously they join;
Nor know to make the present blessing last,
To hope the future, or esteem the past:
But vainly boast the joys they never tried,
And find divulg'd the secrets they would hide.
The married man may bear his yoke with ease
Secure at once himself and Heav'n to please;
And pass his inoffensive hours away,
In bliss all night, and innocence all day:
Though fortune change, his constant spouse rem
Augments his joys, or mitigates his pains.
But what so pure which envious tongues will sp
Some wicked wits have libell'd all the fair.
With matchless impudence they style a wife
The dear-bought curse, and lawful plague of li
A bosom serpent, a domestic evil,
A night-invasion, and a mid-day devil.
Let not the wise these slanderous words regar
But curse the bones of every lying bard.
All other goods by fortune's hand are giv'n,
A wife is the peculiar gift of Heav'n.
Vain fortune's favours, never, at a stay,
Like empty shadows, pass, and glide away;
One solid comfort, our eternal wife,
Abundantly supplies us all our life:
This blessing lasts (if those who try say true)
As long as hearts can wish—and longer too.

ur grandsire Adam, ere of Eve possess'd,
ne, and ev'n in Paradise unbless'd,
h mournful looks the blissful scenes survey'd,
l wander'd in the solitary shade.
Maker saw, took pity, and bestow'd
man, the last, the best reserv'd of God.
wife! ah, gentle deities! can he
it has a wife e'er feel adversity?
uld men but follow what the sex advise,
things would prosper, all the world grow wise.
vas by Rebecca's aid that Jacob won
father's blessing from an elder son:
isive Nabal ow'd his forfeit life
the wise conduct of a prudent wife:
oic Judith, as old Hebrews show,
serv'd the Jews, and slew the' Assyrian foe:
Hester's suit the persecuting sword
s sheath'd, and Israel liv'd to bless the Lord.
'hese weighty motives January the sage
urely ponder'd in his riper age:
l, charm'd with virtuous joys, and sober life,
uld try that christain comfort, call'd a wife.
friends were summon'd on a point so nice
pass their judgment, and to give advice;
fix'd before, and well resolv'd was he,
men that ask advice are wont to be.)
My friends,' he cried, (and cast a mournful look
ound the room, and sigh'd before he spoke),
neath the weight of threescore years I bend,
l, worn with cares, am hastening to my end;
w I have liv'd, alas! you know too well,
worldly follies which I blush to tell;
gracious Heav'n has op'd my eyes at last,
'h due regret I view my vices past,

And, as the precept of the church decrees,
Will take a wife, and live in holy ease:
But since by counsel all things should be done,
And many heads are wiser still than one;
Choose you for me, who best shall be content
When my desire's approv'd by your consent.
'One caution yet is needful to be told,
To guide your choice; this wife must not be old
There goes a saying, and 'twas shrewdly said,
Old fish at table, but young flesh in bed.
My soul abhors the tasteless dry embrace
Of a stale virgin with a winter face;
In that cold season love but treats his guest
With bean-straw, and tough forage at the best.
No crafty widows shall approach my bed;
These are too wise for bachelors to wed.
As subtle clerks by many schools are made,
Twice married dames are mistresses o' the' trad
But young and tender virgins, rul'd with ease,
We form like wax, and mould them as we pleas
'Conceive me, sirs, nor take my sense amiss;
'Tis what concerns my soul's eternal bliss;
Since if I found no pleasure in my spouse,
As flesh is frail, and who (God help me) knows:
Then should I live in lewd adultery,
And sink downright to Satan when I die:
Or were I curs'd with an unfruitful bed,
The righteous end were lost for which I wed;
To raise up seed to bless the pow'rs above,
And not for pleasure only, or for love.
Think not I dote; 'tis time to take a wife,
When vigorous blood forbids a chaster life:
Those that are bless'd with store of grace divin
May live like saints by Heav'ns consent and mi

And since I speak of wedlock, let me say,
s, thank my stars in modest truth I may)
/ limbs are active, still I'm sound at heart,
ıd a new vigour springs in every part.
ıink not my virtue lost, though time has shed
hese rev'rend honours on my hoary head:
hus trees are crown'd with blossoms white as snow,
he vital sap then rising from below.
Old as I am, my lusty limbs appear
Like winter greens, that flourish all the year.
Now, sirs, ye know to what I stand inclin'd,
Let every friend with freedom speak his mind.'
He said; the rest in different parts divide;
The knotty point was urged on either side;
Marriage, the theme on which they all declaim'd,
Some prais'd with wit, and some with reason blam'd.
Till, what with proofs, objections, and replies,
Each wondrous positive, and wondrous wise,
There fell between his brothers a debate:
Placebo this was call'd, and Justin that.
First to the knight Placebo thus begun,
(Mild were his looks, and pleasing was his tone)
'Such prudence, sir, in all your words appears,
As plainly proves experience dwells with years!
Yet you pursue sage Solomon's advice,
To work by counsel when affairs are nice:
But, with the wise man's leave, I must protest,
So may my soul arrive at ease and rest,
As still I hold your own advice the best.
'Sir, I have liv'd a courtier all my days,
And studied men, their manners, and their ways;
And have observ'd this useful maxim still,
To let my betters always have their will.
'*Nay, if my* lord affirm'd that black was white,
My word was this, "Your honor's in the right."

The' assuming wit, who deems himself so wi
As his mistaken patron to advise,
Let him not dare to vent his dangerous thou
A noble fool was never in a fault.
This, sir, affects not you, whose every word
Is weigh'd with judgment, and befits a lord:
Your will is mine; and is (I will maintain)
Pleasing to God, and should be so to man;
At least, your courage all the world must pr
Who dare to wed in your declining days.
Indulge the vigour of your mounting blood,
And let grey fools be indolently good,
Who, past all pleasure, damn the joys of sen
With rev'rend dulness and grave impotence.
Justin, who silent sate, and heard the man,
Thus, with a philosophic frown, began:—
'A heathen author, of the first degree,
(Who, though not faith, had sense as well as
Bids us be certain our concerns to trust
To those of generous principles and just.
The venture's greater, I'll presume to say,
To give your person, than your goods away:
And, therefore, sir, as you regard your rest,
First learn your lady's qualities at least:
Whether she's chaste or rampant, proud or c
Meek as a saint, or haughty as the devil;
Whether an easy, fond, familiar fool,
Or such a wit as no man e'er can rule.
'Tis true, perfection none must hope to find
In all this world, much less in womankind;
But if her virtues prove the larger share,
Bless the kind fates and think your fortune r
Ah, gentle sir, take warning of a friend,
Who knows too well the state you thus com

And spite of all his praises must declare,
All he can find is bondage, cost, and care.
Heav'n knows I shed full many a private tear,
And sigh in silence, lest the world should hear;
While all my friends applaud my blissful life,
And swear no mortal's happier in a wife;
Demure and chaste as any vestal nun,
The meekest creature that beholds the sun!
But, by the' immortal pow'rs, I feel the pain,
And he that smarts has reason to complain.
Do what you list, for me; you must be sage,
And cautious sure; for wisdom is in age:
But at these years to venture on the fair!
By him who made the ocean, earth, and air,
To please a wife, when her occasions call,
Would busy the most vigorous of us all.
And trust me, sir, the chastest you can choose
Will ask observance, and exact her dues.
If what I speak my noble lord offend,
My tedious sermon here is at an end.'
'Tis well, 'tis wondrous well,' the knight replies,
'Most worthy kinsman, faith you're mighty wise!
We, sirs, are fools; and must resign the cause
To heathenish authors, proverbs, and old saws.'
He spoke with scorn, and turn'd another way:—
'What does my friend, my dear Placebo, say?
'I say,' quoth he, 'by Heav'n the man's to blame,
To slander wives, and wedlock's holy name.'
At this the council rose, without delay;
Each, in his own opinion, went his way;
With full consent, that, all disputes appeas'd,
The knight should marry, when and where he pleas'd.
Who now but January exults with joy?
The charms of wedlock all his soul employ:

Each nymph by turns his wavering mind posses
And reign'd the short-liv'd tyrant of his breast;
Whilst fancy pictur'd every lively part,
And each bright image wander'd o'er his heart
Thus, in some public forum fix'd on high,
A mirror shows the figures moving by;
Still, one by one, in swift succession, pass
The gliding shadows o'er the polish'd glass.
This lady's charms the nicest could not blame,
But vile suspicions had aspers'd her fame;
That was with sense, but not with virtue bless'd
And one had grace, that wanted all the rest.
Thus doubting long what nymph he should obe
He fix'd at last upon the youthful May.
Her faults he knew not, love is always blind,
But every charm revolv'd within his mind:
Her tender age, her form divinely fair,
Her easy motion, her attractive air,
Her sweet behaviour, her enchanting face,
Her moving softness, and majestic grace.

Much in his prudence did our knight rejoice;
And thought no mortal could dispute his choic
Once more in haste he summon'd every friend,
And told them all their pains were at an end.
'Heav'n, that (said he) inspir'd me first to wed
Provides a consort worthy of my bed:
Let none oppose the' election, since on this
Depends my quiet, and my future bliss.

'A dame there is, the darling of my eyes,
Young, beauteous, artless, innocent, and wise;
Chaste, though not rich; and, though not n
Of honest parents, and may serve my turn. [b
Her will I wed, if gracious Heav'n so please,
To pass my age in sanctity and ease;

d, thank the pow'rs, I may possess alone
e lovely prize, and share my bliss with none!
ou, my friends, this virgin can procure,
joys are full, my happiness is sure.
One only doubt remains: full oft I've heard,
casuits grave, and deep divines averr'd,
at 'tis too much for human race to know
e bliss of heav'n above, and earth below:
w should the nuptial pleasures prove so great,
match the blessings of the future state,
ose endless joys were ill exchang'd for these;
en clear this doubt, and set my mind at ease.'
This Justin heard, nor could his spleen control,
uch'd to the quick, and tickled at the soul.
r knight,' he cried, 'if this be all your dread,
av'n put it past your doubt whene'er you wed;
d to my fervent pray'rs so far consent,
at e'er the rites are o'er you may repent!
od Heav'n, no doubt, the nuptial state approves,
ce it chastises still what best it loves.
en be not, sir, abandon'd to despair;
k, and perhaps you'll find among the fair,
e, that may do your business to a hair;
t ev'n in wish your happiness delay,
t prove the scourge to lash you on your way:
en to the skies your mounting soul shall go,
ift as an arrow soaring from the bow!
vided still, you moderate your joy,
r in your pleasures all your might employ,
t reason's rule your strong desires abate,
r please too lavishly your gentle mate.
l wives there are, of judgment most acute,
o solve these questions beyond all dispute;

Consult with those, and be of better cheer;
Marry, do penance, and dismiss your fear.'
So said, they rose, nor more the work delay'd.—
The match was offer'd, the proposals made.
The parents, you may think, would soon comply:
The old have interest ever in their eye.
Nor was it hard to move the lady's mind;
When fortune favours, still the fair are kind.
I pass each previous settlement and deed,
Too long for me to write, or you to read;
Nor will with quaint impertinence display
The pomp, the pageantry, the proud array.
The time approach'd; to church the parties went,
At once with carnal and devout intent:
Forth came the priest, and bade the' obedient wife,
Like Sarah or Rebecca lead her life;
Then pray'd the pow'rs the fruitful bed to bless,
And made all sure enough with holiness.
And now the palace gates are open'd wide,
The guests appear in order, side by side,
And, plac'd in state, the bridegroom and the bride.
The breathing flute's soft notes are heard around,
And the shrill trumpets mix their silver sound;
The vaulted roofs with echoing music ring,
These touch the vocal stops, and those the trembling string.
Not thus Amphion tun'd the warbling lyre,
Nor Joab the sounding clarion could inspire,
Nor fierce Theodamas, whose sprightly strain
Could swell the soul to rage, and fire the martial train.
Bacchus himself, the nuptial feast to grace,
(So poets sing) was present on the place:
And lovely Venus, goddess of delight,
Shook high her flaming torch in open sight,
And danc'd around, and smil'd on every knight.

'd her best servant would his courage try,
ss in wedlock, than in liberty.
nany an age old Hymen had not spied
nd a bridegroom, or so bright a bride.
ırds! renown'd among the tuneful throng
;entle lays, and joyous nuptial song,
k not your softest numbers can display
matchless glories of this blissful day;
joys are such as far transcend your rage,
ı tender youth has wedded stooping age.
e beauteous dame sat smiling at the board,
darted amorous glances at her lord.
Hester's self, whose charms the Hebrews sing,
look'd so lovely on her Persian king:
ıt as the rising sun, in summer's day,
fresh and blooming as the month of May!
joyful knight survey'd her by his side,
envied Paris with the Spartan bride;
as his mind revolv'd with vast delight
entrancing raptures of the' approaching night,
ess he sat, invoking every pow'r,
peed his bliss, and haste the happy hour.
ıtime the vigorous dancers beat the ground,
songs were sung, and flowing bowls went round
odorous spices they perfum'd the place,
mirth and pleasure shone in every face.
mian alone, of all the menial train,
n the midst of triumphs, sigh'd for pain;
an alone, the knights obsequious 'squire,
um'd at heart, and fed a secret fire.
ovely mistress all his soul possess'd,
ook'd, he languish'd, and could take no rest.
ask perform'd, he sadly went his way,
on his bed, and loath'd the light of day:—

There let him lie: till his relenting dame
Weep in her turn, and waste in equal flame.
The weary sun, as learned poets write,
Forsook the' horizon, and roll'd down the light:
While glittering stars his absent beams supply,
And night's dark mantle overspread the sky.
Then rose the guests, and as the time requir'd,
Each paid his thanks, and decently retir'd.
The foe once gone, our knight prepar'd to' undress,
So keen he was, and eager to possess;
But first thought fit the' assistance to receive,
Which grave physicians scruple not to give:
Satyrion near, with hot eringoes stood,
Cantharides, to fire the lazy blood,
Whose use old bards describe in luscious rhymes,
And critics learn'd explain to modern times.
By this the sheets were spread, the bride undress'd,
The room was sprinkled, and the bed was bless'd.
What next ensued beseems not me to say;
'Tis sung, he labour'd till the dawning day,
Then briskly sprung from bed with heart so light,
As all were nothing he had done by night,
And sipp'd his cordial as he sat upright.
He kiss'd his balmy spouse with wanton play,
And freely sung a lusty roundelay:
Then on the couch his weary limbs he cast;
For every labour must have rest at last.
But anxious cares the pensive 'squire oppress'd,
Sleep fled his eyes, and peace forsook his breast:
The raging flames that in his bosom dwell,
He wanted art to hide, and means to tell:
Yet hoping time the' occasion might betray,
Compos'd a sonnet to the lovely May:

ich, writ and folded with the nicest art,
wrapt in silk, and laid upon his heart.
When now the fourth revolving day was run,
'was June, and Cancer had receiv'd the sun)
th from her chamber came the beauteous bride,
e good old knight mov'd slowly by her side.
h mass was sung, they feasted in the hall;
e servants round stood ready at their call.
e 'squire alone was absent from the board,
l much his sickness griev'd his worthy lord,
o pray'd his spouse, attended with her train,
visit Damian, and divert his pain.
e' obliging dames obey'd with one consent:
y left the hall, and to his lodging went.
e female tribe surround him as he lay,
l close beside him sat the gentle May:
ere, as she tried his pulse, he softly drew
eaving sigh, and cast a mournful view!
n gave his bill, and brib'd the pow'rs divine,
h secret vows to favour his design.
Who studies now but discontented May?
her soft couch uneasily she lay:
lumpish husband snor'd away the night,
coughs awak'd him near the morning light.
at then he did, I'll not presume to tell,
if she thought herself in heav'n or hell:
est and dull in nuptial bed they lay,
the bell toll'd, and all arose to pray.
'ere it by forceful destiny decreed,
lid from chance, or nature's pow'r proceed:
hat some star, with aspect kind to love,
l its selectest influence from above;
tever was the cause, the tender dame
the first motions of an infant flame;

Receiv'd the' impressions of the love-sick 'squire
And wasted in the soft infectious fire.
Ye fair, draw near, let May's example move
Your gentle minds to pity those who love!
Had some fierce tyrant in her stead been found,
The poor adorer sure had hang'd, or drown'd;
But she, your sex's mirror, free from pride,
Was much to meek to prove a homicide.
But, to my tale;—Some sages have defin'd
Pleasure the sovereign bliss of humankind:
Our knight (who studied much we may suppose)
Deriv'd his high philosophy from those;
For, like a prince, he bore the vast expense
Of lavish pomp, and proud magnificence:
His house was stately, his retinue gay,
Large was his train, and gorgeous his array.
His spacious garden made to yield to none,
Was compass'd round with walls of solid stone;
Priapus could not half describe the grace
(Though god of gardens) of this charming place
A place to tire the rambling wits of France
In long descriptions, and exceed romance:
Enough to shame the gentlest bard that sings
Of painted meadows, and of purling springs.
Full in the centre of the flowery ground
A crystal fountain spread its streams around,
The fruitful banks with verdant laurels crown'd
About this spring (if ancient fame say true)
The dapper elves their moonlight sports pursu
Their pigmy king, and little fairy queen,
In circling dances gambol'd on the green,
While tuneful sprites a merry concert made,
An airy music warbled through the shade.
Hither the noble knight would oft repair,
(His scene of pleasure, and peculiar care:)

ıis he held it dear, and always bore
ilver key, that lock'd the garden door.
is sweet place, in summer's sultry heat,
'd from noise and business to retreat;
ıere in dalliance spend the live-long day,
cum sola, with his sprightly May:
/hate'er work was undischarg'd a-bed,
luteous knight in this fair garden sped.
t ah! what mortal lives of bliss secure?
short a space our worldly joys endure!
rtune, fair, like all thy treacherous kind,
ıithless still, and wavering as the wind!
.nted monster, form'd mankind to cheat,
pleasing poison, and with soft deceit!
rich, this amorous, venerable knight,
lst his ease, his solace, and delight,
:k blind by thee, resigns his days to grief,
calls on death, the wretch's last relief.
ıe rage of jealousy then seiz'd his mind,
nuch he fear'd the faith of womankind.
vife not suffer'd from his side to stray,
captive kept, he watch'd her night and day,
dg'd her pleasures, and confin'd her sway.
oft in tears did hapless May complain,
sigh'd full oft; but sigh'd and wept in vain:
look'd on Damian with a lover's eye:
ɔh, 'twas fix'd; she must possess or die!
less impatience vex'd her amorous 'squire,
l with delay, and burning with desire.
ch'd as she was, yet could he not refrain
ecret writing to disclose his pain;
dame by signs reveal'd her kind intent,
both were conscious what each other meant.
h! *gentle* knight, what would thy eyes avail,
ıgh they could see as far as ships can sail?

'Tis better, sure, when blind, deceiv'd to be,
Than be deluded when a man can see!
Argus himself, so cautious and so wise,
Was over-watch'd, for all his hundred eyes:
So many an honest husband may, 'tis known,
Who, wisely, never thinks the case his own.
The dame at last, by diligence and care,
Procur'd the key her knight was wont to bea
She took the wards in wax before the fire,
And gave the' impression to the trusty 'squire
By means of this some wonder shall appear,
Which, in due place and season, you may hea
Well sung sweet Ovid, in the days of yore,
What flight is that which love will not explor
And Pyramus and Thisbe plainly show
The feats true lovers, when they list, can do:
Though watch'd and captive, yet, in spite of
They found the art of kissing through a wall.
But now no longer from our tale to stray,
It happ'd that, once upon a summer's day,
Our reverend knight was urg'd to amorous pl
He rais'd his spouse ere matin-bell was rung,
And thus his morning canticle he sung.
'Awake, my love, disclose thy radiant eyes
Arise, my wife, my beauteous lady, rise!
Hear how the doves with pensive notes compl
And in soft murmurs tell the trees their pain:
The winter's past; the clouds and tempests fl
The sun adorns the fields, and brightens all the
Fair without spot, whose every charming part
My bosom wounds, and captivates my heart;
Come, and in mutual pleasures let's engage,
Joy of my life, and comfort of my age.
This heard, to Damian straight a sign she
To haste before; the gentle 'squire obey'd:

'et and undescried he took his way,
ambush'd close behind an arbour lay.
was not long ere January came,
hand in hand with him his lovely dame;
d as he was, not doubting all was sure,
urn'd the key, and made the gate secure.
Here let us walk,' he said, 'observ'd by none,
scious of pleasures to the world unknown:
nay my soul have joy, as thou my wife
far the dearest solace of my life;
rather would I choose, by heav'n above,
lie this instant, than to lose thy love.
ect what truth was in my passion shown,
en, unendow'd, I took thee for my own,
sought no treasure but thy heart alone.
as I am, and now depriv'd of sight,
lst thou art faithful to thy own true knight,
age, nor blindness, rob me of delight.
h other loss with patience I can bear,
loss of thee is what I only fear.
Consider then, my lady and my wife,
solid comforts of a virtuous life.
irst, the love of Christ himself you gain;
t, your own honour undefil'd maintain;
l, lastly, that which sure your mind must move,
whole estate shall gratify your love:
e your own terms, and ere to-morrow's sun
lays his light, by heav'n it shall be done.
al the contract with a holy kiss,
l will perform, by this—my dear, and this—
e comfort, spouse, nor think thy lord unkind;
love, not jealousy, that fires my mind:
when thy charms my sober thoughts engage,
join'd to them my own unequal age,

From thy dear side I have no pow'r to part,
Such secret transports warm my melting heart.
For who that once possess'd those heavenly charms,
Could live one moment absent from thy arms?"
He ceas'd, and May with modest grace replied;
(Weak was her voice, as while she spoke she cried)
'Heav'n knows (with that a tender sigh she drew)
I have a soul to save as well as you;
And, what no less you to my charge commend,
My dearest honour, will to death defend.
To you in holy church I gave my hand,
And join'd my heart in wedlock's sacred band:
Yet after this, if you distrust my care,
Then hear, my lord, and witness what I swear:
'First may the yawning earth her bosom rend,
And let me hence to hell alive descend;
Or die the death I dread no less than hell,
Sew'd in a sack, and plung'd into a well;
Ere I my fame by one lewd act disgrace,
Or once renounce the honour of my race.
For know, sir knight, of gentle blood I came:
I loath a whore, and startle at the name.
But jealous men on their own crimes reflect,
And learn from thence their ladies to suspect:
Else why these needless cautions, sir, to me?
These doubts and fears of female constancy?
This chime still rings in every lady's ear,
The only strain a wife must hope to hear.'
Thus while she spoke a sidelong glance she cast
Where Damian kneeling worshipp'd as she past.
She saw him watch the motions of her eye,
And singled out a pear-tree planted nigh:
'Twas charg'd with fruit that made a goodly show,
And hung with dangling pears was every bough.

the' obsequious 'squire address'd his pace,
nbing, in the summit took his place;
ght-and lady walk'd beneath in view,
et us leave them, and our tale pursue.
w the season when the glorious sun
enly progress through the twins had run;
, exalted, his mild influence yields,
the glebe, and paint the flowery fields:
s the day, and Phœbus, rising bright,
ik'd the azure firmament with light;
'd the glittering clouds with golden streams,
n'd the womb of earth with genial beams.
efel, in that fair morning-tide,
es sported on the garden-side,
e midst their monarch and his bride.
trip'd the light-foot ladies round,
hts so nimbly o'er the greensward bound,
ce they bent the flowers, or touch'd the
ound.
es ended, all the fairy train
and daisies search'd the flowery plain;
a bank reclin'd of rising green,
h a frown, the king bespoke his queen.
oo apparent, argue what you can,
hery you women use to man:
d authors have this truth made out,
experience leaves no room for doubt.
n rest thy spirit, noble Solomon,
nonarch never saw the sun:
h, all honours, the supreme degree
y bliss, was well bestow'd on thee!
y hast thou said, of all mankind,
just and righteous hope to find:
lst thou search the spacious world around,
od woman is not to be found.

'Thus says the king, who knew your wickedne
The son of Sirach testifies no less.
So may some wildfire on your bodies fall,
Or some devouring plague consume you all;
As well you view the lecher in the tree,
And well this honourable knight you see:
But since he's blind and old (a helpless case)
His 'squire shall cuckold him before your face.
'Now by my own dread majesty I swear,
And by this awful sceptre which I bear,
No impious wretch shall 'scape unpunish'd long
That in my presence offers such a wrong.
I will this instant undeceive the knight,
And in the very act restore his sight:
And set the strumpet here in open view,
A warning to these ladies, and to you,
And all the faithless sex, for ever to be true.'
'And will you so,' replied the queen, 'indeed
Now, by my mother's soul, it is decreed,
She shall not want an answer at her need.
For her and for her daughters, I'll engage,
And all the sex in each succeeding age;
Art shall be theirs to varnish an offence,
And fortify their crimes with confidence.
Nay, were they taken in a strict embrace,
Seen with both eyes, and pinion'd on the place,
All they shall need is to protest and swear,
Breathe a soft sigh, and drop a tender tear;
Till their wise husbands, gull'd by arts like thes
Grow gentle, tractable, and tame as geese.
'What though this slanderous Jew, this Solom
Call'd women fools, and knew full many a one;
The wiser wits of later times declare
How constant, chaste, and virtuous, women ar

ess the martyrs, who resign'd their breath,
ıe in torments, unconcern'd in death;
witness next what Roman authors tell,
Arria, Porcia, and Lucretia fell.
ut since the sacred leaves to all are free,
men interpret texts, why should not we?
ıis no more was meant, than to have shown,
sovereign goodness dwells in him alone,
only Is, and is but only One.
;rant the worst; shall women then be weigh'd
/ery word that Solomon hath said?
: though this king (as ancient story boasts)
a fair temple to the Lord of Hosts;
ɜas'd at last his Maker to adore,
lid as much for idol gods, or more.
re what lavish praises you confer
rank lecher and idolater;
ɜe reign indulgent God, says holy writ,
ıut for David's righteous sake permit;
l the monarch after heav'n's own mind,
lov'd our sex, and honour'd all our kind
'ell, I'm a woman, and as such must speak;
ce would swell me, and my heart would break
/ then, I scorn your dull authorities,
idle wits, and all their learned lies:
eav'n, those authors are our sex's foes,
m, in our right, I must and will oppose.'
ay, (quoth the king) dear madam, be not wroth:
d it up; but since I gave my oath,
this much-injur'd knight again should see,
st be done—I am a king,' said he,
. one whose faith has ever sacred been—'
nd so has mine (she said)—I am a queen:

Who in the garden, with his lovely
Sung merrier than the cuckoo or th
This was his song, 'O kind and cons
Constant and kind I'll ever prove to

Thus singing as he went, at last h
By easy steps to where the pear-tre
The longing dame look'd up, and sp
Full fairly perch'd among the bough
She stop'd, and sighing, 'O good go
'What pangs, what sudden shoots di
O for that tempting fruit, so fresh, s
Help, for the love of heav'ns immort
Help, dearest lord, and save at once
Of thy poor infant, and thy loving w

Sore sigh'd the knight to hear his
But could not climb, and had no serv
Old as he was, and void of eye-sight
What could, alas! a helpless husban
'And must I languish then (she said)
Yet view the lovely fruit before my
At least, kind sir, for charity's sweet

›rove your patience, gentle ladies all!
t on me your heavy anger fall:
uth I tell, though not in phrase refin'd;
·h blunt my tale, yet honest is my mind.
feats the lady in the tree might do,
as gambols never known to you;
re it was a merrier fit, she swore,
ın her life she ever felt before.
ıat nice moment, lo! the wondering knight
d out, and stood restor'd to sudden sight.
ht on the tree his eager eyes he bent,
: whose thoughts were on his spouse intent;
hen he saw his bosom-wife so dress'd,
ge was such as cannot be express'd.
ıntic mothers when their infants die,
louder clamours rend the vaulted sky:
ed, he roar'd, he storm'd, he tore his hair;
ı! hell! and furies! what dost thou do there?"
ıat ails my lord?" the trembling dame replied,
ıght your patience had been better tried:
your love, ungrateful and unkind,
ny reward for having cur'd the blind?
was I taught to make my husband see,
uggling with a man upon a tree?
for this the power of magic prove?
›py wife, whose crime was too much love!"
this be struggling, by this holy light,
ruggling with a vengeance (quoth the knight)
ıv'n preserve the sight it has restor'd,
th these eyes I plainly saw the whor'd;
'd by my slave—perfidious wretch! may hell
·ely seize thee, as I saw too well."
ıard me, good angels! (cried the gentle May)
· heav'n this magic work proper way!

Alas, my love! 'tis certain, could you see,
You ne'er had us'd these killing words to me:
So help me, fates! as 'tis no perfect sight,
But some faint glimmering of a doubtful light.'
'What I have said (quoth he) I must maintain,
For by the' immortal pow'rs it *seem'd* too plain—'
'By all those pow'rs, some frenzy seiz'd your mind,
(Replied the dame) are these the thanks I find?
Wretch that I am, that e'er I was so kind!'
She said; a rising sigh express'd her woe,
The ready tears apace began to flow,
And as they fell she wip'd from either eye
The drops, (for women, when they list, can cry.)
The knight was touch'd; and in his looks appear
Signs of remorse, while thus his spouse he cheer'd:
'Madam, 'tis past, and my short anger o'er!
Come down, and vex your tender heart no more
Excuse me, dear, if aught amiss was said,
For, on my soul, amends shall soon be made:
Let my repentance your forgiveness draw;
By heav'n, I swore but what I *thought* I saw.'
'Ah, my lov'd lord! 'twas much unkind (s
cried)
O. bare suspicion thus to treat your bride.
But ·ıı your sight's establish'd, for a while,
Impern ·ct objects may your sense beguile.
Thus, w· - from sleep we first our eyes display,
The balls ar · wounded with the piercing ray,
And dusky · ·ours rise, and intercept the day;
So just recov ·ıng from the shades of night,
Your swimmin eyes are drunk with sudden light
Strange phanto dance around, and skim befor
your sight

seem!
ısult your reason, and you soon shall find
/as you were jealous, not your wife unkind:
e ne'er spoke oracle more true than this,
ıe judge so wrong as those who think amiss.'
Vith that she leap'd into her lord's embrace,
th well-dissembled virtue in her face.
hugg'd her close, and kiss'd her o'er and o'er,
turb'd with doubts and jealousies no more:
.h, pleas'd and bless'd, renew'd their mutual vows:
ruitful wife, and a believing spouse.
'hus ends our tale, whose moral next to make:
: all wise husbands hence example take;
l pray, to crown the pleasure of their lives,
be so well deluded by their wives.

END OF VOL. XX.

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